Saturday Review

October 12, 1963 25¢

THE AMERICAS:

the people

the places

the problems

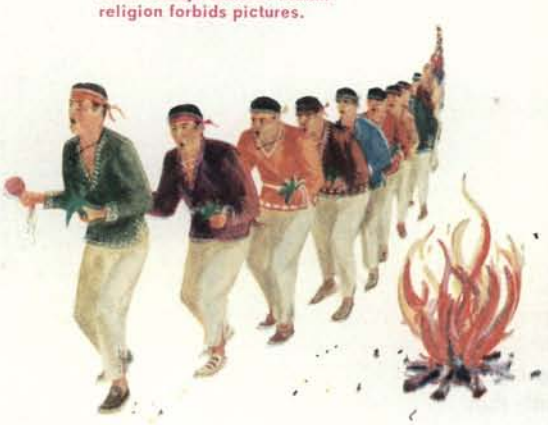
the portent

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

MISS MARTHA ALY
2210 E UNIVERSITY
MERCER MOTEL
URBANA ILL
5h5c6983-1 404-45IN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Watch but do not photograph local Navajo dances. Indian religion forbids pictures.



The Cliff Palace is one of Mesa Verde's most picturesque ruins.

MESA VERDE

where you discover the people time forgot

If you've ever dreamed of being a great explorer and discovering a "lost civilization," drive to Mesa Verde National Park in Colorado and start looking. America's first great civilization vanished here 200 years before Columbus; you might help archeologists piece its history together.

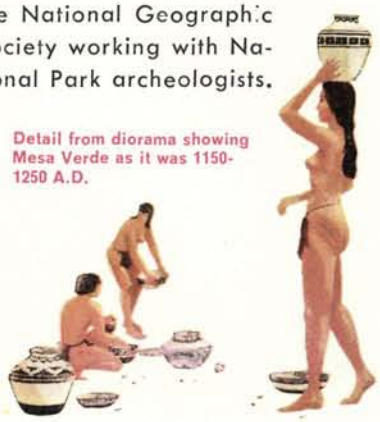
Actually, there were three cultures: the prehistoric Hunter-folk, the Basket Makers of 700 A.D., and the "Ancient Ones" whose cliff-dwellings still perch like fantastic swallows' nests on the canyon walls. Each is pictured in the museum dioramas which trace their development from savage nomads to a high culture that built 200-room apartment houses, grew corn in irrigated fields and traded for salt and jewels. Their pottery, jewelry and textiles, displayed here, are fabulous.

Age-old patterns are still woven by today's Indians on looms little changed through the centuries.

But no museum is as exciting as an actual visit to their homes, dug into the earth of the Mesa, or, like the Cliff Palace, built on the cliff faces. As you go past room after room, you half expect to meet one of the women who ground corn here, or the child whose handprint you see on the wall. In the *kivas* or ceremonial rooms, which were built underground to be near the Corn Goddess, you can almost hear the prayers for rain.

No rains came; by thick or thin rings on the "tree calendar," scientists know that a long drought began in 1276, and in a generation, this civilization withered and died. But its grandeur remains and even today, more of its history is being revealed by the National Geographic Society working with National Park archeologists.

Detail from diorama showing Mesa Verde as it was 1150-1250 A.D.



You can still see the artists' fingerprints on many ancient vases.

Within a day's drive of Mesa Verde are other historic and scenic wonders — Aztec Ruins and Chaco Canyon in New Mexico, Arches and Natural Bridges in Utah, the Petrified Forest and Canyon de Chelly in Arizona. Come and enjoy these treasures of our natural heritage set aside by patriotic conservationists for the enjoyment of all Americans.

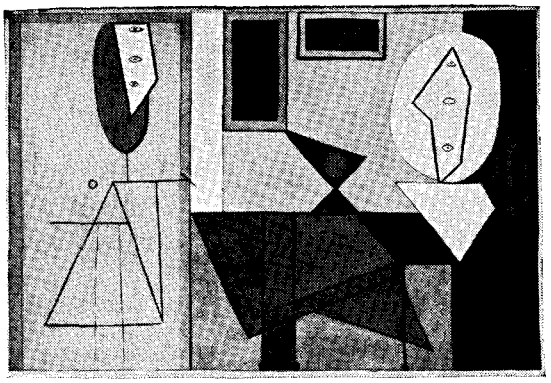
FREE — *Recreational Guide and Vacation Planning Map of National Parks — "What to See, What to Do, How to Enjoy Your National Parks." Lists points of unusual scenic and historic interest, accommodations, facilities and recreational activities in National Parks and Monuments. Write Sinclair for your free copy.*

FREE TOUR SERVICE — *Let Sinclair help plan your trip to Mesa Verde or other National Parks, or anywhere in the U. S., Canada, Mexico. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Building, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York.*

Sinclair

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas



Can you see any similarity between these two paintings?

TO THE UNDISCERNING EYE these paintings—one by Picasso, the other by the 17th-century Dutch artist Vermeer—appear to be about as unrelated as any two works of art could possibly be. To the knowing eye, however, there are striking similarities between them, quite as obvious as their differences. In fact, the Picasso work, to quote from one of the portfolios in the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art, "is such a close parallel to the Vermeer that it might almost have been painted to demonstrate how the Vermeer could be translated into abstract terms."

Knowing what to look for when you stand before great works of art obviously adds immeasurably to your enjoyment; indeed, to be able to view paintings with understanding can be one of life's most rewarding experiences. Yet it is surprising how many cultivated persons have cut themselves off from this rare form of pleasure. When visiting a museum, they see nothing beyond what the paintings are "about"—and frequently they are unsure even of that.

Anyone who suffers from this sort of bafflement probably has never had the opportunity to take a good art appreciation course at a university or to attend a clarifying series of lectures at a museum. It was to remedy this situation that The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York developed its unusual program of assisted self-education in the appreciation of art.

More than 200,000 families throughout the country have now subscribed to this remarkable program. To acquaint you with the thorough nature of the course . . .

The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York

INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FOR TWO WEEKS' EXAMINATION

THE FIRST PORTFOLIO OF

ART SEMINARS IN THE HOME

Published and administered by the **Book-of-the-Month Club**

THE IDEA: **A well-rounded and comprehensive course of lectures in the appreciation of art in which the whole family can participate, separately or together. . . . You learn by comparison among paintings, utilizing no fewer than 144 large full-color prints of great works. . . . It is like being conducted over a period of time through all the world's museums by an experienced lecturer who makes clear the fundamental things to look for in whatever paintings you may ever see.**

EACH LESSON comes in the form of a portfolio, the core of which is the lecture. But in each portfolio is a pocket containing twelve large full-color reproductions. These pictures are provided separately so that they can be compared side by side with one another to clarify whatever points the lecture aims to illuminate. They have a great advantage, however, over reproductions thrown upon a screen in a lecture hall: they can be studied for as long as one wants, and can be referred to again and again. Another advantage is that members of a family can "take the course" separately or simultaneously.

HOW THE COURSE OPERATES • One can enroll in this program of twelve portfolios just as one would enroll in a semester course in art at a university—with one important difference: you may, if you wish, drop out of the program at any point without proceeding with the complete course. The portfolios are sent consecutively—one every thirty days—but you may, of course, proceed at whatever rate you choose. The price of each portfolio is $3.75 (plus a small charge for mailing expense). This cost includes the twelve separate full-color reproductions, mat size 9½" x 12½", which come with each portfolio. In most retail stores each set of twelve would sell by itself, in comparable reproductions, for from $4 to $7.50.

CONTENTS OF THE COURSE

APPRECIATION OF ART • 12 PORTFOLIOS

What Is a Painting? • Realism • Expressionism • Abstraction • Pictures as Patterns • Pictures as Structures • Arrangement as Expression • Fresco • Tempera and Oil • Water Color, Pastel and Prints • The Artist as a Social Critic • The Artist as a Visionary

ART SEMINARS IN THE HOME S166-10-1
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N.Y.

PLEASE enroll me as a subscriber to ART SEMINARS IN THE HOME and send me Portfolio No. 1: *What Is a Painting?* for a two-week trial examination. If at the end of that time I decide not to continue the course, I may return the portfolio, canceling the subscription. If I retain it, you will bill me $3.75 for it (plus a small charge for mailing expense) and for each of the remaining portfolios in the Seminars as it is received. I may cancel this subscription at any time.

MR. }
MRS. } .....
MISS } (Please print plainly)

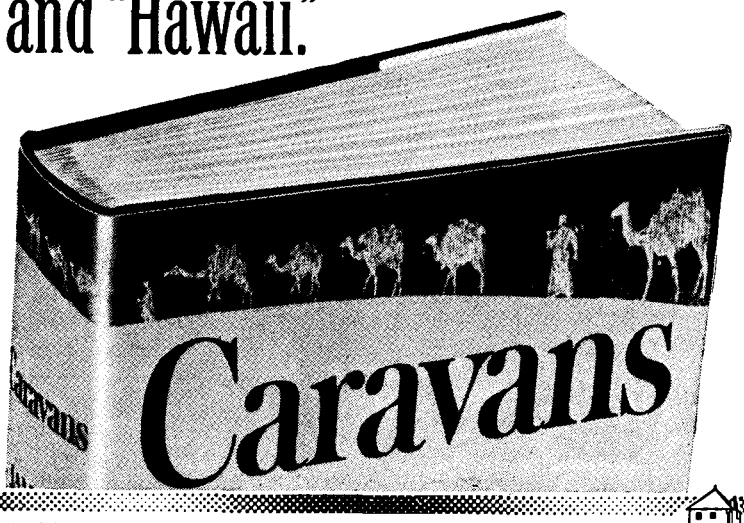
Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

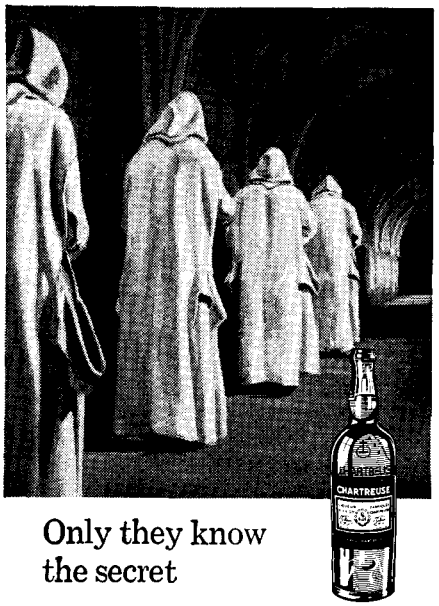
PLEASE NOTE: In Canada the price of each portfolio is $4.25 (plus a small charge for mailing expense)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAMES A. MICHENER'S new bestseller is in the great tradition of his "South Pacific" and "Hawaii."



CARAVANS will be produced as a major motion picture by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
A Book-of-the-Month Club selection. $5.95, now at your bookstore. **RANDOM HOUSE**



Only they know the secret

Only four monks of the Carthusian Order know the secret of making Chartreuse, a secret preserved for more than 350 years. Their dedication is rewarded by your enjoyment of this superb liqueur. Before or after dinner, or as a delightful chilled drink, Chartreuse is enjoyable in a variety of ways. For illustrated booklet on Chartreuse, write Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., New York, Dept. Y

CHARTREUSE
Yellow 86 Proof • Green 110 Proof

A PROVOCATIVE NEW SURVEY REVEALING . . .

THE FAILURE OF THEOLOGY IN MODERN LITERATURE

John Killinger. This readable survey is a perceptive, major examination of writings by Lewis, Faulkner, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Camus, and Wolfe in relation to basic doctrines of Christian theology. Using Dante's COMMEDIA as his yardstick, Dr. Killinger points out that few modern works adequately reflect the essential mood of the Christian faith. 240 pages. Indexed **$5**

Order from your bookstore

ABINGDON PRESS
Publisher of THE INTERPRETER'S DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE and THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE

Saturday Review

October 12, 1963

Cover photo by Ewing Krainin

A Special Issue on Latin America

SR: Ideas

23 The New World of Latin America: A Twentieth-Century Adventure in Discovery, by Teodoro Moscoso
28 A Formula for Prosperity: A Guest Editorial, by David Rockefeller

SR: Communications

50 News and Latin America: A Balance Sheet, by Barnard L. Collier
52 What's Happening to Journalism Education? by John Tebbel

SR: Travel

63 The Americas: The People, the Places, the Problems, the Portent —A Special Section

SR: Books

31 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
31 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

6 Phoenix Nest, by Martin Levin
10 Trade Winds: Jerome Beatty, Jr., with tales from Leipzig, London, and Honolulu
14 Manner of Speaking: John Ciardi's summer festivals—II
29 Letters to the Editor
30 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes reviews *The Rehearsal* and *Luther*
32 Literary I. Q.
40 Literary Crypt
44 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert reviews *The Resurrection* and *The Conjugal Bed*
117 Music to My Ears, by Irving Kolodin
118 Mid-Month Recordings
130 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1540

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Gerson. Subscriptions $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVI, No. 41, October 12, 1963. Second-Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

© 1963 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited.

Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.**
BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Midwest Office: Raymond W. Welch, Jr., Mgr., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois; West Coast Offices: Fletcher S. Udall & Company, 1221 Hearst Building, San Francisco 3, California, and 422 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photograph by Ormond Gigli

"I know what I like!"

THERE ARE TWO SCHOOLS OF THOUGHT ABOUT THAT.

The art-y set contends that people who don't "know anything about art" have no right to an opinion. The man who has an opinion contends — roughly — "Phooey!"

We see a germ of truth in both viewpoints. For instance . . .

When you cross a bridge, buy a new car, or listen to your hi-fi, you are forming opinions. If the bridge holds up, the car purrs quietly and the music resounds beautifully, your instinctive impression is, "Good job. Well done." And quite correctly so. You may not understand the fine points, but you like the result.

But — if you're an engineer, a machinist, or an audio technician, you view your experience a little differently. The observing eye becomes a critical eye. The bridge becomes a symphony of stress, thrust, and tension; the car's compression ratio is an exciting innovation; an amplifier circuit is dazzling in its efficiency. In short, you see more. And art is much the same. Each creation speaks to each viewer's total experience. The more we know and understand, the more we appreciate and admire.

ERGO: ART IN AMERICA

The basic generosity of the human spirit is typified by the universal desire to share. That's why ART IN AMERICA exists. Certainly you know what you like. We also think that you'd like more things if you understood them better.

We therefore invite you to discover more of the good things — past and present — that the world of art has to offer by adding to your experience the stimulating, informative, provocative views of ART IN AMERICA. In its pages man's greatest achievements are illustrated and examined. ART IN AMERICA offers you a pictorial gallery of paintings, sculpture, architecture, photographs, furniture and artifacts that are man's greatest heritage from the past and man's greatest legacy to the future.

Because each issue of this hardbound, 9″ x 12″ bi-monthly contains literally hundreds of full color plates and photo engravings, it costs more than conventional magazines. But, because we sell it on a subscription basis, and can plan our press runs accordingly, ART IN AMERICA—each issue a complete art book in itself — is priced far lower than comparable books.

ARE YOU READY FOR DISCOVERY?

If you'd like to see for yourself what ART IN AMERICA can mean to you, we'll meet you halfway. As an introductory offer, we will deliver the next six issues to your door for just $2.50 each (regular price $3.95). We think you'll gain a world of new pleasure from your investment and we'll gain a regular subscriber from ours.

SR10-12A

Art in America

635 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York

Please send me ART IN AMERICA for one year (6 issues), regularly $3.95 each, at the special Charter Subscription Price of only $2.50 each, $15.00 for the year. A savings of $3.00 over regular subscription costs. This offer expires November 30th, 1963.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

☐ I enclose payment of $15.00 ☐ Bill me later.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUMER GODDEN

In every sense, her biggest and most engrossing novel—"a magnificent tour de force"

"Once again Rumer Godden has woven a magic spell.... The tension that balances the story—the intuitive truth of childhood pitted against the facts of adult love—is absolutely taut.... The growth and change in each person, the crises and their reversals, often very funny, belong in the highest tradition of the chronicling of human striving and imperfection. A magnificent tour de force."
—KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON, *Harpers* $5.00

The BATTLE of the VILLA FIORITA

THE VIKING PRESS

Coincidental Intelligence

Edited by Martin Levin

BUT I KNOW WHAT I LIKE

Young Abigail in ninety-eight
Kept threading ribbons through
a plate.
She thought it pretty
To gild some fallen pine-cones,
too,
And postcard racks to hold her
views
Of foreign cities.

Descendant Abigail's a part,
Like her progenitor, of Art:
Dark Afric's masks
Leer fearsomely within her hall,
And in the sunlight on her wall
An abstract basks.

In distant days of Kingdom Come
Arbitri elegantiarum
Shall rule what's nobbier:
The gilded pine-cone, baby shoe,
The Afric mask, the easel view,
Or F. Picabia.
—HENRIETTA FORT HOLLAND.

• • •

EARTHSHAKING COINCIDENCES

IT IS not known whether the recent earthquake at Las Vegas that followed the explosion of the underground atomic tests was triggered by them, or if the timing was a coincidence. Earthquakes and coincidences seem to go together.

My friend George had a responsible and hard-working position at Universal Pictures. He was very jealous of his day of rest, which he spent stretched out in the patio of his home in the San Fernando Valley. On the day of which I am writing his rest was disturbed. He had for weeks been promising his wife to fix the sink, and she had chosen this day to make him keep his promise. It took considerable nagging. Finally he got to his feet, went down to the cellar, turned off the water, found a Stillson wrench, went up to the kitchen, fastened it around a nut connecting the pipes, and gave an angry tug. The entire wall of the kitchen buckled into the room.

"George!" his wife screamed, "what are you doing?" George was too amazed at his strength to answer. Then came the second shock of the earthquake and they got the hell out of the house.

In 1925 an earthquake caused considerable damage and havoc in Santa Barbara, California. Among the items of interest in the newspaper accounts were the damage to the local theatre and the fact that the actors and actresses of a touring company were among those who fled their hotel rooms to the streets.

A year or so later I was chatting with an actor of my acquaintance. We were exchanging news of ourselves since we had last met. He mentioned he had been with the Western company of *The Cat and the Canary*, and had been in Santa Barbara on the night of the earthquake.

"I'll never forget it," he told me. "In the middle of the night the bed started to go like this." He gestured with his arms, describing the motion of a boat in a tempest-tossed sea. "I didn't know what was happening. The bureau started away from the wall toward the floor, then slammed back against the wall. The window shade snapped up to the top of the window." He had clearly been terrified. He aroused my sympathy.

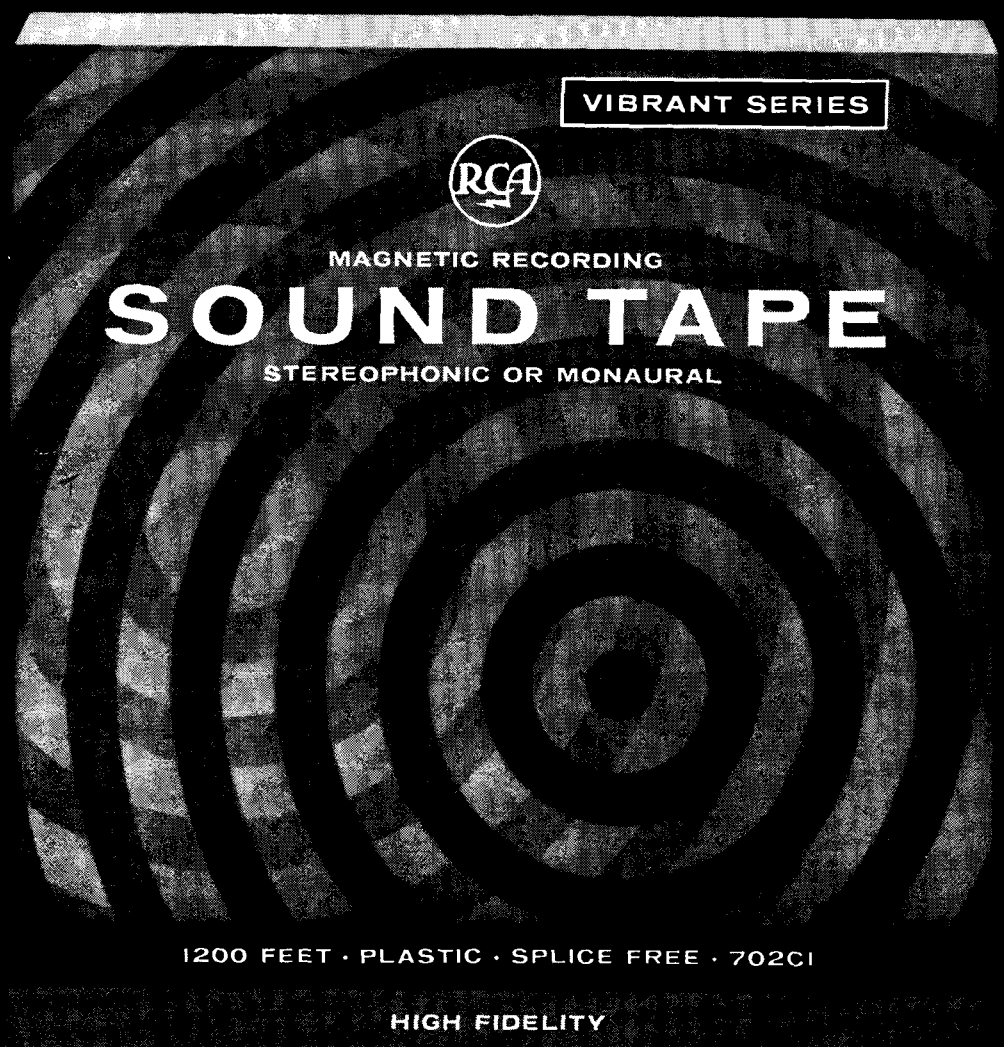
Some time later I was interviewing a young actress about a possible engagement. In outlining her theatrical experience she mentioned she had been with the Pacific Coast company of *The Cat and the Canary*. "Then you were in the earthquake," I interrupted. "Oh, yes," she said. "It was horrible! Suddenly the bed started to go like this." She gestured. "And I saw the bureau start away from the wall and then it crashed back against it. The window shade snapped up to the top of the window." She had clearly had a bad time. She aroused my sympathy—and my interest.

In 1933 a severe earthquake hit Long Beach, California, and Hollywood was severely shaken. I was there at the time, earning the wages of cinema, living on the top floor of the Chateau Elysée, an apartment house favored by writers. When the first shock came, those of us who were at home hurried out to the elevator, and it was here I encountered this young Englishman. I heard him speak only five words, but in an unmistakable British accent. In his case I do not know exactly what the earthquake was coincidental to, but I can well imagine.

Writers had come from all over the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when will $2.50* buy quality brand recording tape?



TODAY!
...just ask for RCA VIBRANT

Yes, today a 1200-foot reel of RCA Vibrant Sound Tape costs you only $2.50*! And you can be sure every inch will live up to RCA's world-wide reputation as "The Most Trusted Name in Sound." Use it to record everything—from musical performances and baby's first precious words to just-for-fun party conversations. The sound reproduction capability of RCA Vibrant Sound Tape actually exceeds that of most home recorders!

RCA "Vibrant Series" Sound Tape comes in all popular lengths, tape thicknesses and reel sizes. It is available in Acetate, Mylar† or Tensilized Mylar.

Only $2.50 for 1200 feet — it's the greatest value in *brand name* tape on the market! So be sure that you keep lots of extra tape on hand — now you can afford to!

Vibrant Series Sound Tape RCA **The Most Trusted Name in Sound**

*Manufacturer's nationally advertised price optional with dealer.

†Registered Du Pont Trademark

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF YOU READ *Saturday Review* YOU NEED...

...the new

MERRIAM-WEBSTER UNABRIDGED

It's the only dictionary that puts you in full command of the new words, new meanings in art, music, the theater, education, and today's English language in general

In recent years the English language has changed tremendously. Your everyday language. And the language of the arts, music, education, and double acrostics.

In your position you need to keep up with these changes. And the way to do it — *the only way* — is to get the new Merriam-Webster Unabridged: Webster's Third New International Dictionary.

The first completely new unabridged in 29 years, this new Merriam-Webster puts you in command of 100,000 new words and new meanings — 450,000 entries. It covers every area of human thought, answers more questions about today's English language than any other dictionary.

Today, get the new Merriam-Webster Unabridged at your book, department, or stationery store. It is recognized as the final word authority by the U. S. Government Printing Office, by federal and state courts of law.

To be sure you're right . . . insist on

A Merriam-Webster
REG U S PAT OFF.

FREE BOOKLET — just mail coupon

G. & C. Merriam Co., Dept. 318, Springfield 2, Mass.

I'd like to know more about our changing language and the completely new Merriam-Webster Unabridged. Please send me a free copy of your 12-page booklet, "Hold the English language in your two hands."

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

world to Hollywood to pick up some of the profits the "talkies" were piling up. It was not easy; even for the successful it was often blood money. There were agonies and frustrations to be gone through at the hands of producers, directors, story editors, agents, stars—any of the deadly crew of the Hollywood establishment.

This chap was late in joining the little group waiting for rescue. He must have paused to ask the switchboard what the deuce was going on and had been told it was an earthquake. Down the long hall he came, his dressing gown flying behind him. As he joined us he shook his finger in our collective face. *"This,"* he announced with bitter finality, *"this* is the last straw!"

—Howard Lindsay.

• • •

WHAT'S IN A NAME GAME

The success of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* has in no way dimmed my determination to proceed with great vigor and complete my historical play called *Go Rebecca West, Young Man.*

This work did not start out with the simple title and purpose that the name suggests.

My original idea was to do a three-act comedy about basketball scandals in the land grant universities, and call it: *It Matters Not If You Win or Sinclair Lewis—It's How You Play the Game."*

As I got into the actual writing, I found that the character of the college president began to dominate the action and pull the basic theme toward his problem of raising endowment money, and I changed the name to *The W. Somerset Maugham the Merrier.*

Since college life has always been a good solid background for musical comedy, the thought came to me that perhaps I should switch my play to a musical with, of course, Rudy Vallee as the college president. This suggested the almost inevitable title of *Lift Your Gertrude Stein for Dear Old Maine.*

But Rudy was unavailable. So I abandoned the college idea entirely and, inspired by several days of television watching, arrived at my present frontier theme and title, which I definitely decided upon after abandoning my working title, *Wagons from Tennessee Williams.*

—Carroll Carroll.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here, in two oversize volumes, the world's outstanding psychologists, philosophers, novelists, poets, and mystics delve into the mind and motives of man: his struggles with others, and with himself; his perceptions, myths, and dreams; his encounters with self-discovery, love, hate, and sex; his fears and his guilt.

In **THE WORLD OF PSYCHOLOGY,** you will find theories and case studies by leading psychologists—such as Freud, Jung, Fromm, and Pavlov—whose works have changed the course of twentieth century thought, standing beside their counterparts in classical philosophy. Moreover, each great theme is then exemplified by a relevant piece of fiction which portrays the problem in its lived immediacy. In this juxtaposition of theory, philosophy, and literature the condition of man is meaningfully and memorably described.

The retail price of this valuable and entertaining reference work is $17.50. Yet you may have it *without charge,* as a demonstration of the many benefits of membership in The Book Find Club.

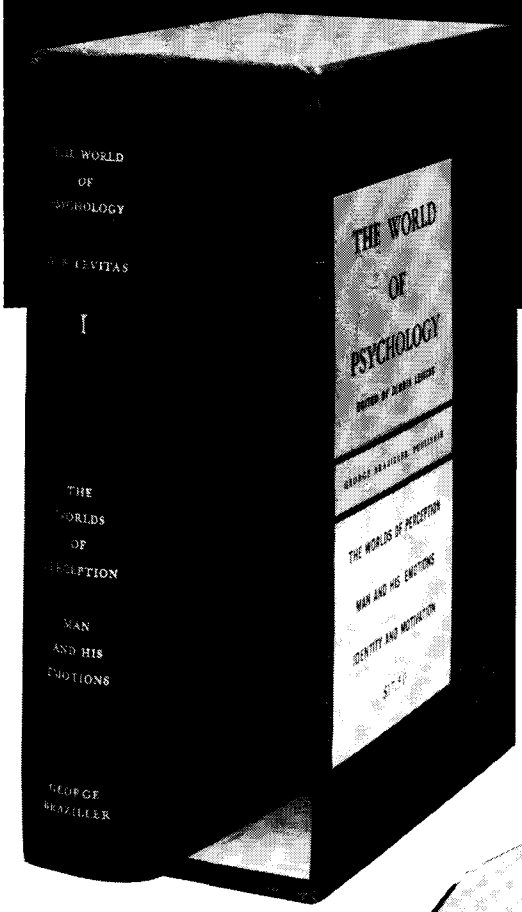
THE WORLD OF PSYCHOLOGY

PARTIAL CONTENTS

THE WORLDS OF PERCEPTION ■ The World of the Child: *Piaget • Rousseau • Merrill* ■ The World As We See It and the World As It Is: *Bacon • Goodman • Carroll • Hardy* ■ The Worlds of the Blind and the Deaf: *James • Twersky • Swift • McCullers* ■ The Worlds of Smell and Taste: *Wayne and Clinco • Huysmans • Proust • O. Henry* ■ The Sixth Sense: *Aristotle Price • Defoe* ■ **and many others**

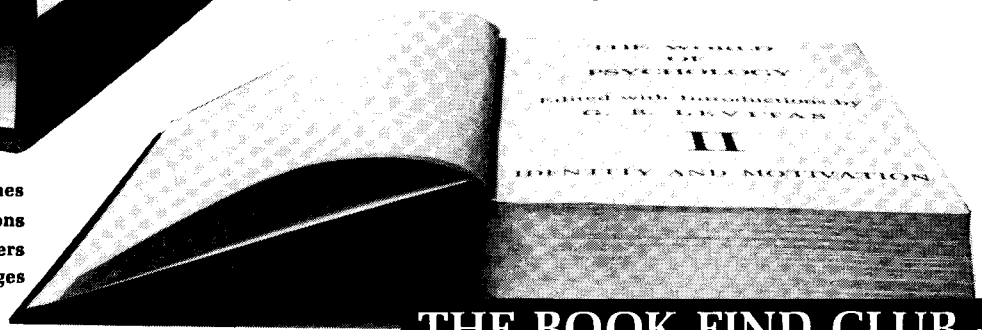
MAN AND HIS EMOTIONS ■ The Expression of Emotions: *Jones • Freud Klineberg • Akutagawa • Blake • Greene • Lawrence • Twain* ■ Schizophrenia and Manic-Depressive Psychoses: *Erikson • Kraepelin • Aiken* ■ Hysteria and Anxiety Neuroses: *Strecker • Fromm • Poe • Dreiser* ■ Obsessions and Compulsions: *Freud • Nelson • Dostoevski* ■ **and many others**

IDENTITY AND MOTIVATION ■ The Pawn of Fate: *Plato • Descartes Pavlov • Freud • Kafka • Yeats* ■ The Master of Fate: *Leibniz • Nietzsche Vaisberg • Sartre* ■ The Power-Seeker and the Security-Seeker: *Adler Wolfenstein • Huxley* ■ The Guilt-Ridden: *St. Augustine • Reik • Jones Roth* ■ The Alienated: *Mead • Sartre • Ginsberg • James* ■ The Religious Man: *St. Augustine • St. John of the Cross • Jung • de Unamuno* ■ The Whole Man: *Mill • Maslow • Emerson • Montague* ■ **and many others**



RETAIL $17.50 FREE

The important new 2-volume set **THE WORLD OF PSYCHOLOGY** and the outstanding books listed below are among the recent selections that the Book Find Club has offered its members at substantial savings. You will recognize them as works of current interest and lasting value—solid, readable books that range from social science to the fine arts. ■ **CONVENIENCE.** Membership in the Book Find Club makes it possible for you to shop for the books you want in the comfort of your own home—enabling you to build your library conveniently and inexpensively. Moreover, you need choose **only** the books you want. ■ **AVERAGE SAVINGS OF 40%.** As a member you will regularly enjoy savings of 40% on the books you take. Furthermore, on certain choices your savings will reach and even exceed 50%. ■ **BONUS BOOKS.** When your introductory agreement has been completed, you will be entitled to a free bonus book of your own choosing after every third selection that you take. ■ Why not take advantage of this extraordinary offer today? And receive **THE WORLD OF PSYCHOLOGY** free as an introductory gift.



- **2 volumes**
- **90 outstanding contributions**
- **Over 80 foremost writers**
- **1,146 pages**

BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH ONE OF THESE OUTSTANDING SELECTIONS

Eichmann in Jerusalem: *A Report on the Banality of Evil,* Hannah Arendt; and **Love Declared:** *Essays on the Myths of Love,* Denis de Rougemont. Combined retail price $10.00.....Member's price $5.95

This Kind of War, T. R. Fehrenbach. Retail $10.00.....Member's price $6.50

Freedom in the Western World, Herbert J. Muller. Retail $8.50 .....Member's price $5.95

The Feminine Mystique, Betty Friedan. Retail $5.95.....Member's price $4.95

Identity and Anxiety: *Survival of the Person in Mass Society.* Including Mead, Orwell, Richards, Gorer, Howe, Jaspers, Mills, and many others. Retail $7.50 .....Member's price $4.95

The City in History, Lewis Mumford. Retail $11.50.....Member's price $6.95

The Other Side of The River: *Red China Today,* Edgar Snow. Retail $10.00 .....Member's price $6.95

The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell, Retail $10.00.....Member's price $5.95

The Children of Sanchez, Oscar Lewis. Retail $7.50.....Member's price $5.50

The Paper Economy, David T. Bazelon. Retail $6.95.....Member's price $5.50

THE BOOK FIND CLUB, INC.

215 Park Avenue South, New York 3, N. Y.

You may enroll and send me THE WORLD OF PSYCHOLOGY free, with my first selection at the special member's price (plus postage and handling.) I agree to buy four additional selections or alternates in the next 12 months, from the wide range of books that will be made available to me at substantial savings. When I do not want the current selection—or prefer to order another book—I may do so on the convenient form provided for this purpose. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the four additional books.

First Selection_____

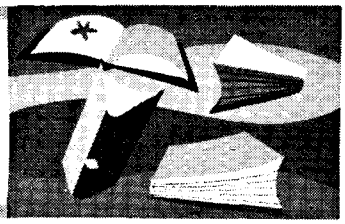
Mr.
Mrs.
Miss Please print full name
Address.....

City.....Zone.....State B63-108-1

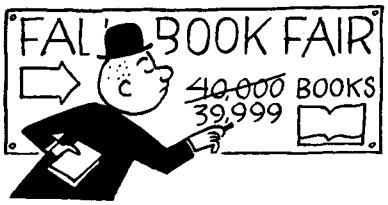
(Same offer and prices in Canada. 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds



THERE WAS A LITTLE BIT of excitement at the September opening of the Fall Book Fair in Leipzig, East Germany. The traditional exhibit, which dates back to the twelfth century, covered five floors this year and displayed 40,000 books from all over the world.



At the opening ceremonies, East German Culture Minister Hans Bentzien boasted that many Western books were represented among the titles, but he did emphasize that "we will continue to keep out those books which are not in accord with our political ideals."

But the Culture Minister spoke too quickly. There's a display stand on the fourth floor with many fascinating books about U.S. economics and maritime law. And there's also one entitled *Poland 1944-1962: The Sovietization of a Captive People*, published by Louisiana State University Press. East Germans are having a marvelous time reading the book jacket, which reports: "Poland is a satellite state dominated by Soviet power, directed toward the fulfilment of Soviet policies, and governed by Soviet puppets."

It took Mr. Bentzien and his boys two days to catch up with it. But now they've got the jitters worrying about the remaining 39,999 books.

I MUST PLEAD GUILTY to having once asked Horace Sutton, our travel editor, the cliché question: "Having been practically every place in the world, where would you live if you had your choice?" He said Hawaii. At last he's had his chance. He has moved his headquarters to Honolulu and taken on the additional job of Editorial Director of the bimonthly magazine *Paradise of the Pacific*.

Horace has started off in typical fashion by including in the current issue a fascinating article he wrote about James Michener. In it he contradicts *Who's Who* and all official biographies by revealing the true circumstances of Michener's birth. Or, I should say, by revealing the lack of circumstances. Michener is supposed to have been born February 3, 1907, in New York, the son of Edwin and Mabel Michener. The fact is that Michener is not sure of his birthplace, his age, or who his parents were. Mabel Michener picked the boy up as a waif in Doylestown, Pennsylvania, and reared him as her own. When James enlisted in the Navy, he had to supply natal information, so he made up the facts that have, until now, never been explained in public.

JOHN AND ELIZABETH Fowles spent the summer looking for a new home in London. They now live in very small quarters in Hampstead in a house of the Queen Anne period, built in 1721. They wish to exchange Anne for George, but Georgian homes are very hard to come by in London, although they are sixpence a dozen in the suburbs. Besides, John wants a studio with a view, so while he is writing his new novel he can look out at the city. To satisfy these requirements they have hurried about town, looking at about forty different places, either arriving too late or not finding what they wanted.

The housing situation is very tight in London, but they were fortunate enough the first week in September to be able to put down a big payment on a place they wanted. On Friday, September 6, John Fowles was trying to do some work in the old Hampstead house. His novel *The Collector* was going like a house afire in the States. He had quit his teaching job and grown a beard. Now he was going to live in a Georgian house in which there was enough room to move around.

The phone rang. It was his American publisher, Little, Brown and Company. Could he fly to the States in about a week for a go at some promotion? The answer was yes. Vaccinations and visas behind him, John was finally packed and ready to go when the phone rang again. This time it was the Georgian house chap who said, "Sorry, but someone else has offered more for the place so your down payment is being returned." (That's the way they do business, I guess.) A saddened John climbed aboard the plane, leaving Elizabeth to take up again the search for a Georgian home.

John Fowles spent a busy week on this, his initial visit to America. The first thing Little, Brown did was to tear up the out-of-date, smooth-faced-Fowles pictures and rush him to a photographer for some shots of that fine, black beard. Then they sent him on a tour that included at least eight radio interviews, four television appearances, nine conferences with one or more members of the press, a meeting with a paperback book publisher, five luncheons, three dinners, and a cocktail party at Mrs. Vanderbilt's.

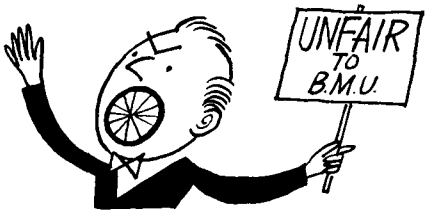
All in all, America was pretty good to a fellow who is determined to live in a house named after that villain George.

SHARPS AND FLATS: I am inclined to go along with radio station WOR, whose news announcer said that the people who bombed the church in Birmingham were "hotheads."

►I am also in agreement with Arlene Francis, who commented that "most decent people in the world" are against such acts.

►Elizabeth Shafer wonders about the sign at the entrance to Colorado Springs' Evergreen Cemetery: BE PREPARED TO STOP.

►Richard von Hallberg's definition of the Bossa Nova: what you get when you change jobs.



►Charles Simonian tells me that when they wanted to make some complaints to management the Bicycle Manufacturers Union elected a spokesman.

►What happened to the old Cuban rallying cry, "As the *Maine* goes, so goes the *Vermont*"?

►Mike Stern, according to *Reader's Digest*, made a phone call. The voice on the other end said it was the wrong number. "Are you sure?" Stern insisted.

The stranger replied, "Have I ever lied to you before?"

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1539)

CALVIN H. PLIMPTON:
REFLECTIONS

(Address at Memorial Service, Amherst College, February 17, 1963)

Robert Frost was a man who liked an incredibly large amount of sugar in an incredibly small portion of rum. He did not want anesthesia. He did not want ever to lose anything. As he said: "I don't like to drink much, because it makes me lose the top of my head."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[Send for Your Free Starter Kit Today!]

WINE COLLECTING TAKES UP LESS SPACE THAN ANTIQUE CARS, IS QUIETER THAN HI-FI, AND TASTES BETTER THAN STAMPS

People always say that every man ought to have a hobby but they never mention the real reason, which is: it's the only way he can be alone at home.

Most men, therefore, will choose a hobby that is so bulky, messy, noisy, or boring that no one can bear to be near him; a high price to pay for solitude.

The wise man will forsake these self-tortures and take up wine collecting. It works just as well, no one will bother him: A) children do not drink and so are not interested; B) women love to have wine at the table, but they feel, quite rightly, that the collecting of wine is, like hunting, man's work. And so it is.

Wine collecting has one magnificent advantage over other hobbies: you can drink it. Also, it is neither expensive nor complicated to start. One may begin with two or three different reds and two or three whites; but which ones? To help you we will be happy to send you the labels of all thirteen Paul Masson table wines (plus a description of the delicious differences of each) to give you a collector's feel right away. Write: Paul Masson Vineyards, Dept. S-1, Saratoga, California.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK SALE AT

2723. THE WAR THEY FOUGHT. Ed. by R. B. Harwell. A splendid Civil War anthology revealing its dramatic events through letters, songs, articles and speeches drawn from both North and South. Illus., 751 pages. *Orig. $6.95.* *Only* **1.98**

1638. Simone de Beauvoir: THE PRIME OF LIFE. The intimate and brilliant account of her life with Sartre in the inner Parisian world of Litterateurs and artists, written with remarkable candor, by the author of *The Mandarins* and *The Second Sex.* *Orig. $6.95.* *Only* **1.98**

P-300.
DIANA THE HUNTRESS.
Elegant, beautifully textured, a silk-screen of the famous 2nd century A.D. mosaic from Utica near Carthage in shades of green, fawn and beige, terra cotta, black, pink, and white. 26" wide x 32" high. **4.95**

2685. ERNI: Elements of Future Painting. Ed. by Frank Thiessing. Comprehensive survey of the work of Hans Erni—exhibiting its vitality, its many-sidedness and its fundamental unity—a fascinating synthesis of free and applied art. 88 plates, 13 in color, 9¼" x 11". *Orig. $7.50.* *Only* **3.98**

2687. IN THE BEGINNING . . .: An Interpretation of the Old Testament in Art. By Mykola Shramchenko. Moments of Biblical history with meaning for our perilous times, with vibrant, original drawings illuminating the text. Illus. 8½" x 11¼". *Orig. $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

2698. 41ST ANNUAL OF ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL ART AND DESIGN. By the Art Directors Club of N.Y. The only continuing historical record of graphic art in the United States in a sumptuously produced, color-laden collection of the year's best advertising and editorial art; 8½" x 11½", boxed. *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **2.98**

2705. THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LUCREZIA BORGIA. By Maria Bellonci. A sensitive biography of a magnificent woman in passionate Renaissance Italy. Soft-bound. *Orig. $1.65.* *Only* **1.00**

1727. WORD ORIGINS: The Romance of Language. By Cecil Hunt. From classical mythology to contemporary word-makers, this comprehensive, absorbing and instructive book covers the centuries; it will fascinate every book-lover and prove an indispensable reference for all who write. *Orig. $4.75.* *Only* **1.98**

7175. MICHELANGELO. Text by Margaretta Salinger. The monumental Lost Judgement in a portfolio of 10 fine, full-color reproductions, each tipped-in—with an authoritative text and commentary upon the work, in whole and in detail. *Special* **1.00**

6663. DOWN THERE: La Bas, A Study in Satanism. By J. K. Huysmans. The infamous book that offers, in its lurid details of Satanic practices, our most trustworthy picture of *fin-de-siecle* occultism. With a fascinating introduction by Robert Baldick. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **2.98**

8714. THE KAMA SUTRA OF VATSYAYANA. The classic Hindu treatise on love and social conduct; one of the most readable and enjoyable of the classics of antiquity, long forbidden in America, it is of great value to the student of the East and a delight to the sophisticated general reader. Soft-bound. *Special* **2.98**

6277. WORD ORIGINS AND THEIR ROMANTIC STORIES. By Wilfred Funk. Reveals the fascinating derivations of more than 3,000 words in common use, with unusual stories you can use to spark any conversation. 432 pp. *Special* **1.98**

2718. ENGLISH CHINA AND ITS MARKS. By Thomas H. Ormsbee. A brilliant and comprehensive record of English china—just match the mark on your piece with the mark in the book—688 marks, 205 makers. Illus. *Orig. $8.50* *Only* **4.98**

2622. PICASSO CERAMICS. Foreword by Suzanne and Georges Ramie. Picasso, turned potter at Vallauris, in a strikingly beautiful portfolio of 18 color plates, each tipped in — gorgeous colors, magnificent artistry. 11" x 15¼", softbound. *Orig. $7.00.* *Only* **3.98**

2697. 40TH ANNUAL OF ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL ART AND DESIGN. By the Art Directors Club of N.Y. The only continuing historical record of graphic art in the United States in a sumptuously produced, color-laden collection of the year's best advertising and editorial art; 8½" x 11½", boxed. *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **2.98**

2719. THE WINDSOR CHAIR. By Thomas H. Ormsbee. A definitive, superbly illustrated history of Windsor chairs and related pieces—and of the great craftsmen who developed this rich style. 81 photos. *Orig. $7.95.* *Only* **4.98**

2629. GREEK LITERATURE, A CONCISE DICTIONARY. By James H. Mantinband. A convenient, clearly written guide to Greek literature from the Fall of Troy to the Fall of Constantinople—the Classical, Hellenistic, Greco-Roman, and Byzantine periods—2700 entries. *Orig. $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

2128. THE WHITE PAPER. An anonymous short novel that delineates in striking detail the strange passions of a young Frenchman whose love affairs went beyond normal bounds. With a Preface and illustrations by Jean Cocteau. *Orig. $3.50.* *Only* **1.49**

2164. HUMAN PERSONALITY: And Its Survival of Bodily Death. By F. W. H. Myers. A classic in Psychical Research, by one of the founders of the famous Society dealing with the subliminal self, self-transcendence, non-sensory communication—introduction by Gardner Murphy, tribute by William James. 2 Volumes, 1360 pages. *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **5.95**

2580. CONCISE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORLD RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVES. Ed. by P. Ransome-Wallis. Unique in scope and coverage, concise, authoritative, readable—covering constructional detail, problems of operation and design, with special sections on diesel, electric, non-condensing steam turbomotive, and gas-turbine-electric locomotives. Illus. with 144 pages of photos, 16 in full color; 512 pages, 7¾" x 10". *Orig. $12.95.* *Only* **5.95**

2260. MUSEUM MASTERPIECES 1964 ENGAGEMENT CALENDAR. An appointment book, calendar, memo and address book, aglow with full-color museum and gallery choice reproductions by Picasso, Dufy, Chagall, Klee and other great modern painters. Spiral bound, 8" high x 5½" wide. *Special* **1.00**

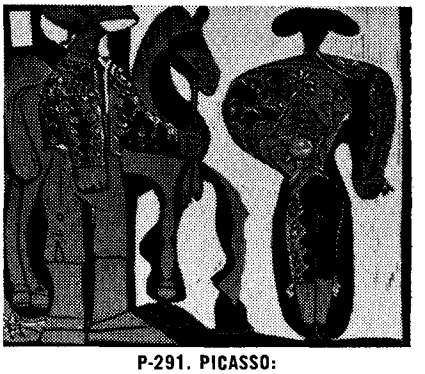
P-299.
CENTAUR.
Breath - taking silk-screen from the ever - contemporary 12th century *Limousin Enamels,* originally on copper, in sea greens, blues, dark red and brown, and off-white, on a metallic gold background. 24" high x 22⅞" wide, on heavy stock. *Special* **2.98**

2615. THE EDGE OF THE SWORD: Israel's War of Independence, 1947-1949. By Netanel Lorch, intro. by Gen. S. L. A. Marshall. The first detailed account of the Arab-Israeli conflict, objectively recreating the events from the British evacuation to the signing of the truce, the siege of Jerusalem, the conquest of the Negev, the massive defeat of Egypt. *Illus. Orig. $7.95.* *Only* **2.98**

1415. THE COMPLETE NOVELS OF JANE AUSTEN. The teeming world of Austen's unforgettable characters, abundant of tenderness and humor, in a single volume complete and unabridged: arranged chronologically, *Sense and Sensibility, Pride and Prejudice, Mansfield Park, Emma, Northanger Abbey, Persuasion.* 1000 pages *Special* **2.98**

2574. FREEMASONRY: A Comprehensive Dictionary. By Ernest Beha. Written simply and clearly, an indispensable guide to all who wish to understand Freemasonry as well as for Masons themselves, by the Past Master of West Kent Lodge No. 1297 and editor of The Freemason. *Orig. $4.00.* *Only* **2.49**

2276. OIL-PAINTING LESSONS. By Willy Pogany. A step-by-step complete course in the technique of oil painting—the various methods clearly explained—an invitation for the uninitiated who feel the urge to paint. Illus. *Orig. $5.00.* *Only* **1.49**



P-291. PICASSO:
PICADOR AND MATADOR.
Bold areas of terra cotta, yellow-ochre and black are strikingly arranged in this handsome silk-screen print of a linoleum cut, circa 1957. 18" high x 20" wide. *Special* **1.98**

1838. CLASSICS IN PSYCHOLOGY. Ed. by Thorne Shipley. A monumental volume of over 1300 pages, containing the major writings of the great psychologists and psychiatrists of the past 150 years, covering all the significant schools and branches. *Orig. $20.00.* *Only* **5.95**

2581. GREAT GARDENS OF THE WESTERN WORLD. By Peter Coats, introduction by Harold Nicolson. Sumptuous pictorial treasury of the finest gardens of Europe and America, described and pictured in all their infinite variety and loveliness, arranged to show the changing fashions from the 16th century to the present day—France, Italy, Spain and Portugal, Germany, Russia, Ireland, U.S., Britain, and Holland, 39 gardens. 390 illus., 40 in full color, 10¼" x 12½". *To be pub. at $22.95.* *Pre-pub* **19.95**

1143. APHRODISIACS: From Legend to Prescription. By Alan Hull Walton. The strange, fascinating story of the use and misuse of aphrodisiacs down through the centuries. Here is a history of love potions from ancient times to the present day; a Cookery of Love, describing the effects upon sexual vigor of various foods, beverages and extracts; a discussion of pharmaceutical preparations affecting virility, including testosterone; and a bibliography. *Orig. $7.95.* *Only* **3.98**

2730. BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By G. H. Putnam. Long unobtainable — covers the production and distribution of literature from the fall of the Roman Empire to the 18th century—facts and sidelights on scribes and chroniclers, the scriptorium and monastic libraries, the book trade before and after movable type, and much more. 997 pages, 2 volumes slipcased; limited ed. reissue. *Orig. $17.50.* *Only* **9.95**

7176. MODIGLIANI. Text by Jacques Lipchitz. Portfolio of 10 tipped-in brilliant, full-color plates, and 15 black-and-white illus: representative of the painter's life-work—with an authoritative text by Modigliani's friend and confidant. *Special* **1.00**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARBORO $1 and up

9740. THE BRIDAL BED. By Joseph Braddock. 17 Photos. Absorbing, entertaining, forthright book on marriage with all its implications; romantic, erotic and practical. *Orig. $4.50.* *Only* **1.49**

6280. Sartre: EXISTENTIALISM AND HUMAN EMOTIONS. Here's the heart of Sartre's philosophy —that man is personally responsible for what he does—that there are no values external to man—that man may choose different values. *Orig. $2.75.* *Only* **1.00**

2571. ORION BOOK OF EVOLUTION. By Jean Rostand. A provocative history, in a beautifully illustrated volume, posing stimulating questions: Where did all the species come from? Do they all share a common origin with man?—the idea of evolution from Greek antiquity to the neo-Darwinians. Over 70 illus., 12 in color. *Orig. $6.95.* *Only* **2.98**

2562. SONGS OF WORK AND FREEDOM. By Edith Fowke and Joe Glazer. Rousing, ever singable—100 songs, from *The Cutty Wren* of 1381 to *The Song of the Guaranteed Wage* of 1955, including such favorites as *Casey Jones, Sixteen Tons, Drill Ye Tarriers Drill,* and *The Scabs Crawl In,* with notes on each song about its origins and background. 7½" x 10¾". *Orig. $5.00. (Hardbound)* *Only* **1.98**

2568. ORION BOOK OF THE SUN. By Etienne Lalou. Clear, comprehensive, beautifully illustrated story of our sun, the center of our planetary system and the symbolic, organizing principle of man's emotional, moral and intellectual life—the transformation of astrology into astronomy, the latest findings of physics and radio astronomy. Over 50 illus., 12 in color. *Orig. $6.95.* *Only* **2.98**

2594. THE MODERN POLISH MIND. Ed. by Maria Kuncewicz. A remarkable collection of stories and essays, all but one previously untranslated, by writers living in a Poland spread-eagled across the frontier of a world divided. 440 pages. *Orig. $8.50.* *Only* **1.98**

2567. ORION BOOK OF THE SKY. By Jean-Claude Pecker. Engaging, ambitious, beautifully illustrated survey of man's attempts to know the heavens—from the ancient Greeks, the Chinese and Aztecs, to modern scientific knowledge—up-to-date, timely, with photos from U.S., Russian, and French observatories. Over 50 illus., 12 in color. *Orig. $6.95.* *Only* **2.98**

2569. ORION BOOK OF BALLOONS. By Charles Dollfus. Join the dreamers of yesterday; soar with them in man's first attempts to sail above the earth, in a beautifully illustrated volume depicting the history of balloons and the basic scientific facts of early aviation history. Over 70 illus., 10 in full color. *Orig. $6.95.* *Only* **2.98**

2264. SINCLAIR LEWIS: An American Life. By Mark Schorer. The monumental, totally absorbing study of the creator of *Babbitt* and *Main Street,* the first U.S. literary Nobel prize winner—in a volume incorporating 10 years of unsparing research tracing Lewis' colorful, tormented and tragic life. 867 pages, illus. *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

1754. THE FAMOUS HILLYER BOOKS: All by V. M. Hillyer. Revised by Edw. G. Huey. *A Child's History of the World, A Child's Geography of the World, A Child's History of Art.* A tremendous 1428 page set of highly informative and entertaining material for children 8-12. Hundreds of illustrations. Handsome red library binding. *Orig. $18.00.* *3 vol. set only* **5.95**

2570. ORION BOOK OF TIME. By Francois Le Lionnais. Time, ever-perplexing, ever-important—in this lavishly illustrated volume is Time in all its facets, facts and ideas, from time measurement to the theory of relativity, Time in science fiction, in Proust, in Mondrian. Over 500 illus., 12 in color. *Orig. $6.95.* *Only* **2.98**

2573. Heroes, Gods, and Men: MYTHS OF THE HERO. By Norma Lorre Goodrich. Myths and tales of courage, heroes wrestling with gods, men and monsters, in pageantry and adventure, in terror and glory—Beowulf and Grendel, Siegfried and Fafnir, Theseus, Gilgamesh, The Cid, and many others—beautifully bound with 105 illus., in color and black and white, 415 pages. *Orig. $12.50.* *Only* **4.95**

2731. When Cotton Was King: TALES OF EDISTO. By Nell S. Graydon. Stirring, captivating stories of this S. Carolina island, its almost unbelievable wealth and romantic plantation families, its ghosts and slaves, and its Yankee occupation during the Civil War. Photos. *Orig. $5.25.* *Only* **1.98**

P-231. *MEDIEVAL MANUSCRIPT II.* This German illuminated manuscript from the Middle Ages, now in the Bibliotheque du Roi in Paris, has been silk-screened onto a special parchment paper in metallic gold and brilliant red, blue, green and yellow. 21½" high x 15" wide. *Special* **2.98**

6293. Sartre: BEING AND NOTHINGNESS. Transl. & intro. by Hazel Barnes. Jean-Paul Sartre's magnum opus, a *sine qua non* for understanding Existentialism and its importance. Over 700 pp. *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

2572. ORION BOOK OF THE WRITTEN WORD. By Etiemble of the Sorbonne. A colorful investigation, lavishly illustrated, into the origins and developments of the written word—exciting reading on the art of writing, from Phoenicia to contemporary art-calligraphy. Over 60 illus., 12 in color. *Orig. $6.95.* *Only* **2.98**

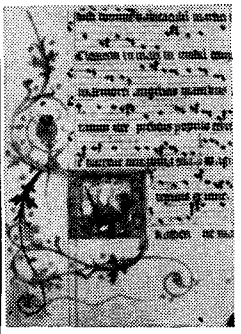
2423. LE MORTE D'ARTHUR: The Book of King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table. By Sir Thomas Mallory. Intro. by Robert Graves. Modern English trans. by Keith Baines. Handsome edition of the 15th century classic with the great tales of adultery, Lancelot and Guinevere, Tristan and Isolde, the pre-Christian magic and their Christian symbols. *Orig. $6.00.* *New complete edition* **2.98**

1353. *A Pictorial Treasury*—THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. A magnificent edition of one of the great treasures of world literature, *exquisitely illustrated in full color* by the noted Persian artist Sarkis Katchadourian. Printed on genuine rag paper, beautifully bound, 7" x 10". *Special* **1.98**

7159. DEGAS. Text by Daniel Catton Rich. Portfolio of 10 color plates printed to preserve the greatest possible fidelity to the originals, with an authoritative text and individual commentaries opposite each painting. *Special* **1.00**

1516. PICASSO. By Keith Sutton. A magnificent volume of 48 full color reproductions of Picasso's most representative paintings, with an introduction, biographical notes and comments on the plates. 9½" x 11". *Special* **1.98**

4749. MODERN SEX TECHNIQUES. By R. Street. A frank discussion of sexual practices, presenting detailed instructions for achieving mutual satisfaction and offering straightforward information on basic principles and techniques. Illus. *Orig. $3.95.* *Only* **1.98**



P-277. *ILLUMINATED LETTER.* A superb silk-screen print on special parchment paper, this 1487 music manuscript depicts St. Catherine in brilliant blue, red and yellow against a black and metallic gold background, framed by the letter U in green; the handsome border is purple, blue, red, green, yellow and metallic gold; the notes and lettering are black on brown lines. 24" high x 17" wide. *Special* **2.98**

2590. L'ART DES CONQUISTADORS. By Claude Arthaud, F. Hebert-Stevens, and Francois Cali. The beautifully bound luxuriously illustrated Arthaud edition of the *Art of the Conquistadors;* a survey, with authoritative French text, of their 16th, 17th, and 18th century painting, sculpture, and architecture. 181 photos, 4 color plates, 21 drawings, with bibliography, 298 pages, 8½" x 9⅞". *Orig. $17.50.* *Only* **5.95**

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

marboro **Dept. S-982, 131 Varick St., New York 13, N.Y.**

Please send me postage prepaid, the bargains circled below. (Please add 25¢ postage and handling on all orders under $5.00.)

☐ Enclosed find $_____

☐ Send C.O.D.* } Limited to orders of $5.00 or more

☐ Charge my Diners' Club Account #_____

☐ Charge my American Express account#_____

1143 1353 1415 1516 1638 1727 1754 1838 2128 2164 2260 2264 2276 2423
2562 2567 2568 2569 2570 2571 2572 2573 2574 2580 2581 2590 2594 2615
2622 2629 2685 2687 2697 2698 2705 2718 2719 2723 2730 2731 4749 6277
6280 6293 6663 7159 7175 7176 8714 9740
P231 P277 P291 P299 P300

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP CODE_____

☐ **Check here if you receive our monthly bargain circular**

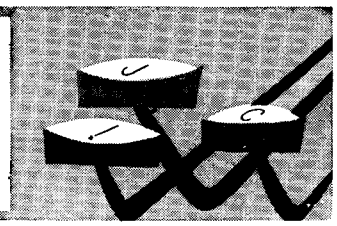
New York City residents add 4% sales tax. *A few cents extra for C.O.D. Add 25c per title for deliveries outside U.S.A. and possessions. 10-DAY SATISFACTION OR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

VISIT A MARBORO BOOK SHOP

NEW YORK: 47 W. 42 St. • 56 W. 8 St. • 144 W. 57 St. • 8 E. 59 St.
PHILADELPHIA: 1614 Walnut St.
LOS ANGELES: 21616 Sherman Way, Canoga Park • 923 Broxton Ave., Westwood
HOUSTON: 5020 Westheimer at Post Oak

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manner of Speaking



SUMMER FESTIVALS—II: Last week I got my notes on my summer festival as far as July 20 in Milwaukee, a metropolis approximately 1,000 miles west of a summer hamlet named New York City.

On the way back from Milwaukee I stopped off to sample another sort of festival, this one under the management of the Chautauqua Institute on Lake Chautauqua, New York.

"Chautauqua," I was told by the old hands, is from Indian dialect of some sort and means "sack tied in the middle," a description of the shoreline of Lake Chautauqua, which bulges out at both ends and almost loops back on itself in the middle. "Never trust folk etymology," the doctor told me when I was born (whereupon he slapped me to help me remember), "but let all the world's pertinences and impertinences take place and be remembered," he added, applying the grease.

It took no philologist to track down the true meaning of "doctor" for me. In Chautauqua the term can only mean "one who specializes in geriatrics." The average age of the Chautauquan I take to be about 107¾ in the shade of each senior citizen's own blue-tinted white thatch.

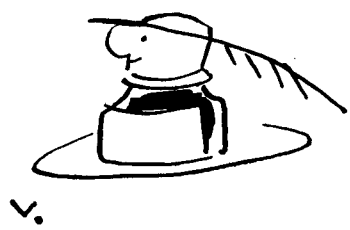
Look under that thatch, however, and you are likely to find some well-lighted eyes. I do not mean, exactly, that the wave of the future breaks like a tsunami upon the shores of Lake Chautauqua. I do mean that I have walked on and off enough platforms to have developed an old spiel-man's sense of whether or not an audience is receiving what is being transmitted, and in my sense of it this audience was receiving, no matter how many hearing aids were in residence. Chautauqua puts good eyes in front of a speaker.

And for its bright eyes and perked ears (with or without hearing aids), it also puts on the sort of festival that poverty-stricken Manhattan seems unable to afford in the summer months. Not only does it offer a catalogue of short courses in, seemingly, everything, but it offers regular programs by a resident repertory theatre, a resident string quartet, a resident symphony, and a resident opera company.

I was there only three days, from July 22 to July 24, but even without the morning lecture programs, it was both festival and feast. Monday, July 22, for instance, ticked off an afternoon all-Schubert program by the Mischakoff String Quartet and an evening performance of *Figaro*. The quartet performed in a huge auditorium, and since I arrived late and had to sit in the back row, I got little out of it but the sound of distant music. That, however, was my own fault and served me right. I had good seats for the *Figaro*, though, and it went off gloriously, led by an athletic and sure-voiced Vernon Shinall as Figaro and by Patricia Welting (about the size of a bird but with a bird's pure throat) as Susanna.

Wednesday night's happy feature was a children's concert with Walter Hendl leading the Chautauqua Symphony. A few excellently controlled opening pitches by Walter Hendl (and the Lone Ranger) had the kids (don't ask me where they came from) shouting happily with him as he explained the *William Tell Overture*, which the orchestra then performed brilliantly, and which it followed with a brisk and lyric *Peter and the Wolf* grandly narrated by Gil Gallagher, a fine performer previously unknown to my ignorance. Mr. Hendl and the orchestra then went on to a real loop-the-loop performance of something called *Symphony No. Five-and-a-Half* by a happy Texan named Don Gillis, who had previously been only a vaguely unplaced name in my dim mind. And the whole thing marched home with a great blaring rat-a-tat of Sousa's "Semper Fidelis." I am happy to say the child in me ate it up. And because of the unusual construction of the Chautauqua amphitheatre, I had the special fun of being able to take Benn around into the choir stalls to sit three feet behind the back row of trombones. To be sure, we couldn't hear what the other side of the orchestra was playing, not more than half the time, but we got the brass in full blare, and Benn liked it that way; so did I.

Wednesday, July 24, was our last night and offered the symphony in another program, but we were booked for a party on the other side of the lake, by water-haul, and had to miss it, as we had to miss the next night's performance of *Much Ado About Nothing*, because by then we had rolled down the turnpike.



A few days later we were not only home but I had been carried away to the point of buying a new car. To celebrate it, we drove into New York where the Summer Festival is supposed to be, and where we picked up, for obviously too much money, two last-minute seats to *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* The trouble with New York theatre is not all on the stage nowadays. From the suburbanite's point of view it just plain costs too much. Add up the price of dinner, tolls, babysitter, parking, taxis, and a drink after the show, and the suburban man-and-wife tab for a New York show rounds out to something very like $50.

In return for our steel engraving of General Grant we got a spirited portrait by a cast that did its professional damndest to make something like the illusion of human lives out of a script that had not been written with any recognizable human lives in it. Frankly, I much preferred the amateur production of Clot's *The Revelation* that we caught in Milwaukee (see last week's festival column). That one left me believing it had lives in it both as individuals and as penetrations into the idea of being human in a mousetrap universe.

This one left me to wonder if the American theatre would ever recover from Eugene O'Neill and his endlessly reiterated dramatic premise that everyone is really someone else. Had O'Neill ever undertaken a play with his characters straightened out to begin with, he wouldn't have had anywhere to go. As one dramatic theory among many others, to be sure, this one has some mileage in it. But as something like the central theme of what passes for American theatre, it comes a bit too close to being a recital by a one-string guitar and I, for one, can begin to be bored by it.

What is more, it was raining on the stained walls and on the soddenly drooping flag (this one in front of the Webster Hotel on 45th Street) whose airless message still asserted the shy hope that "New York Is a Summer Festival," though in the flag's wet hanging crease part of the "u" seemed to be missing and "Summer" came out, too aptly, as "Simmer."

But I was headed for Bread Loaf, forever my favorite summer festival (see next week), and it was goodbye to the Tropic of Manhattan and to all its airless flags for two more weeks.

—JOHN CIARDI.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Free trial offer!
Introductory price!
Bonus books!
Dividend certificates!
Distinguished fellow club members!
Monthly reviews!
Half-price subscriptions!
Free books if you hook your friends!

Forget it!

(All this new publication offers you are the finest short stories written anywhere in the world today.)

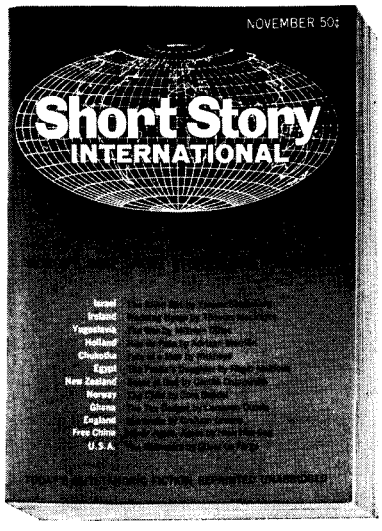
Until October 8, you would have had to know most of the world's languages to be able to enjoy these new stories. Now they're available, unabridged, in English, every month in a convenient pocket-size magazine form. It's an idea so simple you'll wonder why no one ever thought of it before.

It's called Short Story International.

The 12 stories in the first issue were written in Holland, the United States, Ireland, Yugoslavia, Israel, Egypt, New Zealand, Ghana, England, Norway, Free China and Chukotka (which has had a written language only since 1933).

Each story was selected because it has that special magic that lets you share the feelings of other human beings at moments of crisis—from a Chukchi adrift on an ice floe to a teen-ager in a Ghana courtroom.

Many of SSI's authors (Graham Greene, Milovan Djilas, Cameron Doudu, Oliver La Farge) you already know. Others, that you'll have the pleasure of discovering, are as yet unknown outside of their own countries.



You can pick up Short Story International on your newsstand for 50c a copy or mail the coupon below with $5 for a year's subscription. This is the regular price. But if you enjoy great stories, you'll probably think the price is pretty special.

SHORT STORY INTERNATIONAL
BOX 501, 240 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

ENCLOSED IS A $5.00 (CHECK) (MONEY ORDER) FOR 12 ISSUES.

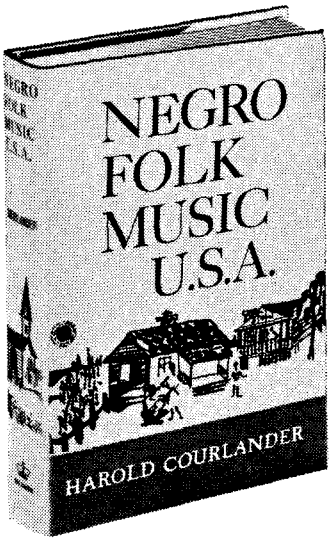
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Reminder. If you don't mail this coupon immediately, you have only yourself to blame. Act now. Send money.

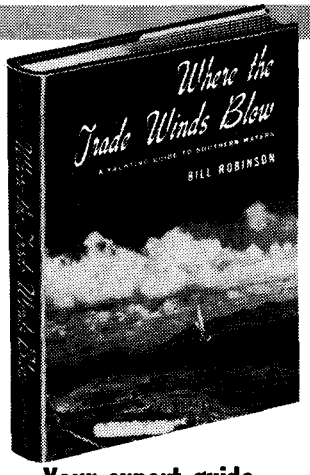
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



by Harold Courlander. Spirituals, anthems, blues, worksongs; folk dances such as calindas, buzzard lopes, reels; instruments like the gutbucket, kazoo, and banjo — the whole haunting sweep of American Negro music is seen in its historical perspective, with its social tradition, environment and poetical elements. Has music examples throughout, and a section of 43 songs with words and musical scores.

$10.00

At all bookstores
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
2960 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10027



Your expert guide to adventure in Southern waters

Vacationist or yachtsman, this book is a must for your full enjoyment of the colorful life of the southern waters area—an expert's compendium of everything you need to know for cruising adventure from Florida to the Windward Islands. 127 photographs, 5 maps. $7.50

WHERE THE TRADE WINDS BLOW by Bill Robinson

SCRIBNERS

SR's Check List of 1963's Books on Latin America

Archeology, Anthropology

AZTEC THOUGHT AND CULTURE: A Study of the Ancient Nahuatl Mind. By Miguel León Portilla. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. $5.75.

THE CUBEO: Indians of the Northwest Amazon. By Irving Goldman. Univ. of Illinois Press. Paperback, $4.

EMPIRE OF THE INCA. By Burr Cartwright Brundage. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. $6.95.

FAIR GODS AND STONE FACES. By Constance Irwin. St. Martin's. $7.50.

HOMBU: Indian Life in the Amazon Jungle. By Harald Schultz. Macmillan. $12.50.

LIFE IN A MEXICAN VILLAGE: Tepoztlán Restudied. By Oscar Lewis. Univ. of Illinois Press. Paperback, $2.95.

MAYA ARCHAEOLOGIST. By J. Eric S. Thompson. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. $5.

RACE, TRADITION AND CULTURE IN LATIN AMERICA. By Marvin Harris. Walker. $3.50. (Published Dec. 31.)

VENEZUELAN ARCHAEOLOGY. By Irving Rouse and José H. Cruxent. Yale Univ. Press. $7.50. (Nov. 20.)

Art, Architecture

THE FABULOUS LIFE OF DIEGO RIVERA. By Bertram D. Wolfe. Stein & Day. $10. (Nov. 18.)

THE MEXICAN MURAL RENAISSANCE 1920-1925. By Jean Charlot. Yale Univ. Press. $15.

Bibliography

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE ROMANCE AND RELATED FORMS IN SPANISH AMERICA. By Merle E. Simmons. Indiana Univ. Press. $4.50.

FICHERO BIBLIOGRAFICO HISPANOAMERICANO. Covering Spanish-language publications in the Western Hemisphere. Published quarterly in Spanish by R.R. Bowker. $7 per year; $5 in Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking countries.

NOTE: Bowker also plans to publish a Latin-American *Books in Print* early in 1964.

Current Affairs

ANTI-COMMUNISM IN LATIN AMERICA. By Juan José Arevalo. Translated by Carleton Beals. Lyle Stuart. (Nov.)

BRAZIL ON THE MOVE. By John Dos Passos. Doubleday. $3.95.

BRAZIL'S DEVELOPING NORTHEAST: A Study of Regional Planning and Foreign Aid. By Stefan H. Robock. Brookings Institution. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, $2.

THE CARIBBEAN: Venezuelan Development, A Case Study. Edited by A. Curtis Wilgus. Univ. of Florida Press. $7.50. (Dec.)

CHRISTIANITY AND REVOLUTION: The Lesson of Cuba. By Leslie Dewart. Herder & Herder. $5.50. (Nov.)

COLLISION COURSE: The Cuban Missile Crisis and Coexistence. By Henry M. Pachter. Praeger. $5.50.

CUBA: Tragedy in Our Hemisphere. By Maurice Zeitlin and Robert Scheer. Grove. Paperback, 95¢.

THE DILEMMA OF MEXICO'S DEVELOPMENT: The Roles of the Private and Public Sectors. By Raymond Vernon. Harvard Univ. Press. $4.95.

EVOLUTION OR CHAOS: Dynamics of Latin American Government and Politics. By Karl M. Schmitt and David D. Burks. Praeger. $6.50.

THE GREAT FEAR. By John Gerassi. Macmillan. $6.95.

INTERNATIONAL STRATIFICATION AND UNDERDEVELOPED COUNTRIES. By Gustavo Lagos. Univ. of North Carolina Press. $7.50.

JOURNEYS TOWARD PROGRESS: Studies of Economic Policy-Making in Latin America. By Albert O. Hirschman. Twentieth Century Fund. $4.

LATIN AMERICA: Evolution or Explosion? Edited by Mildred Adams. Dodd, Mead. $3.25.

LATIN AMERICA: World in Revolution. By Carleton Beals. Abelard-Schuman. $5.95. (Nov. 15.)

LATIN AMERICAN POLITICS IN PERSPECTIVE. By Martin Needler. Van Nostrand. $1.75.

THE MANSIONS AND THE SHANTIES. By Gilberto Freyre. Translated from the Portuguese by Harriet de Onís. Knopf. $10.

A NEW DEAL FOR LATIN AMERICA: The Alliance for Progress. By Lincoln Gordon. Harvard Univ. Press. $3.25.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF MEXICO: Two Studies. By William P. Glade, Jr., and Charles W. Anderson. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. $5.

THE POLITICAL ROLE OF LABOR IN DEVELOPING COUNTRIES. By Bruce H. Millen. Brookings Institution. $3.50.

THE WINDS OF REVOLUTION. By Tad Szulc. Praeger. $5.95. (Nov. 29.)

Fiction

THE BLIND. By Luis Harss. Atheneum. $5.95.

THE DEVIL TO PAY IN THE BACKLANDS. By Joao Guimaraes Rosa. Translated from the Portuguese by James L. Taylor and Harriet de Onís. Knopf. $5.95.

PRIZE STORIES FROM LATIN AMERICA. Winners of the *Life en Español* literary contest. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE PSYCHIATRIST and Other Stories. By Machado de Assís. Translated by William A. Grossman and Helen Caldwell.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

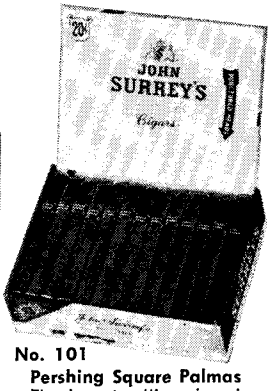
Special Trial Membership Offer

TO JOIN THE MOST EXCLUSIVE CIGAR CLUB IN AMERICA

THE John Surrey Cigar Shipment Club

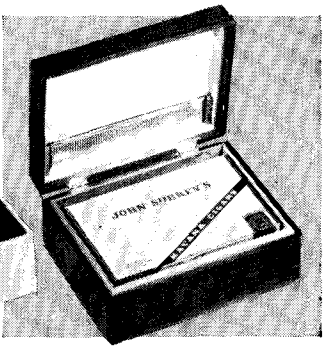
You may choose the $12.00 Humidor or any box of 50 cigars listed on this page (tax paid for 20c each or more) for only $3.95. If you sign and return the enclosed application for a 6 months trial membership in the John Surrey Cigar Shipment Club.

No. 100
Continental Imported Leaf
The Continental is a six inch cigar, made of imported leaf, full size but not fat. Its Debonair shape makes it a cigar for the fastidious. For a mild clear Imported Leaf, the Continental is one of the best. Box of 50.
With Cigar Club Membership $3.95



No. 101
Pershing Square Palmas
The largest selling cigar in our line. A blend of imported & domestic leaf. There must be a good reason for it's popularity. It is good—good smoking—good tasting. Available in dark or light wrapper. Box of 50.
With Cigar Club Membership $3.95

No. 109
American Cigar
Palma shape—5⅝" long, the #109 is a blend of several outstanding American tobaccos. With its American wrapper and binder it insures a mild mellow taste plus even burning as well as long-mild smoking. Box of 50.
With Cigar Club Membership $3.95



Regular $12.00 Humidor with Cigar Club Membership
3 GOLD INITIALS FREE
Deluxe Humidor 10½" x 8" x 4¼" —holds 50 cigars—is lined with imported Spanish cedar—inside top milk glass lined—with full length humidifier-plus 3 gold initials on top. State 3 initials desired.

A trial membership in the John Surrey Cigar Shipment Club means all this to you:

1. First, you are entitled to buy the humidor or a box of cigars at the special introductory price for the first shipment.
2. Second, it means that you will be able to choose from an assortment of 30 exclusive John Surrey fresh-from-the-factory cigars—all sizes, shapes and qualties—at prices up to 40% below retail prices for the same quality.
3. Third, it means that you agree to buy at least 1 box of cigars of your choice each month during this 6 month period, all of course at special John Surrey Cigar Shipment Club prices, up to 40% below retail prices for the same quality.
4. Fourth, you may, if you wish, cancel your subscription at the end of 6 months and you have the right to return any cigars that do not meet with your approval for exchange or refund at any time.

What permanent membership in the John Surrey Cigar Shipment Club means to you.

The permanent membership of the John Surrey Cigar Shipment Club will number 10,000 in 1963. The Club is national in scope, the only one of its kind, and its members, through it, will buy a millon dollars worth of cigars in 1963 while saving more than that on the mellow smokes of their choice.

This is a club exclusively for cigar smokers who like their cigars fresh, like them to be different from the common run, want a convenient supply of their favorites on hand when they want a smoke, and don't want to spend a fortune doing it.

John Surrey Cigar Shipment Club gives you all these and another Big Extra

FREE DIVIDENDS for your continuous buying

Every 3 months, we send you your choice of valuable FREE dividends including such items as Flyte Luggage, Toasters, Broilers, Electric Razors, Electric Hair Brush Massagers and many others.

It will pay you well and pay you often in satisfaction, savings, and prestige to join today the

JOHN SURREY CIGAR SHIPMENT CLUB—An Exclusive Organization of Cigar Smokers

John Surrey, Ltd.
59 Hempstead Gardens Drive
West Hempstead, New York

THE CIGAR SHIPMENT CLUB

Gives You—Service—Savings—Satisfaction

Thousands of men are now happy, satisfied members of the John Surrey Cigar Shipment Club. They get their cigars delivered regularly, once a week, once a month, as they wish. They not only get smoking pleasure, but value and dividends as well. You buy cigars, why not get all of these PLUS-ES at no extra cost. This is a service you will be happy to get and glad to recommend.

John Surrey Cigars are sold as low as $3.75 per box of 50, but not higher than $9.75 per box of 50, so you see our prices are right.

SEND TRIAL MEMBERSHIP ORDER NOW!

JOHN SURREY CIGAR SHIPMENT CLUB DEPT. C-69
59 Hempstead Gardens Drive West Hempstead, New York

Enclosed is $3.95. Please send me the following introductory item as my choice for the first shipment:

_____

Also, as part of the consideration in accepting this offer, please enroll me for a 6 month trail membership in the John Surrey Cigar Shipment Club.

I understand that my membership entitles me to order as many boxes of cigars as I wish from the John Surrey Cigar Shipment Club but not less than 1 box each month during the 6 month trail period. I also understand that if I am not satisfied with any of my purchases, I may return them for exchange or refund without obligation.

Written Signature _____

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAVE **YOU** GIVEN UP

CHURCH?

BECAUSE you do not accept certain religious dogmas?

BECAUSE, for you, individual freedom of belief is a sacred right?

BECAUSE your religion must not contradict reason in your way of life?

Then you are professing Unitarian-Universalist principles . . . a faith based upon reason, freedom of belief, tolerance of differences and the practical application of brotherhood in all social relations.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED 36-PAGE BOOKLET

Mail this coupon with 25¢ to

LAYMEN'S LEAGUE (Unitarian-Universalist)
Dept. SR4, 25 Beacon St., Boston 8, Mass.

Please send me booklets on Unitarian-Universalist principles.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

David E. Lilienthal

speaks out on

Change, Hope, and The Bomb

Stepping none too gently on some of the most sensitive toes in Washington, the first Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission discusses disarmament, peaceful uses of the atom, and the future of the AEC.

He argues, convincingly and constructively, that the hysteria surrounding our current preoccupation with atomic weapons distracts us from the positive steps we should be taking to build a saner, more stable world. $3.50

At your bookstore
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS
Princeton, New Jersey

Univ. of California Press. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, $1.95.

SHORT STORIES OF LATIN AMERICA. Edited by Arturo Torres-Rioseco. Las Americas. $3.50.

General, Miscellany

THE BRAZILIAN COOKBOOK. By Irene Becker Moliterno. Charles Frank Publications (dist. Crown).

BRAZIL: People and Institutions. By T. Lynn Smith. Third edition. Louisana State Univ. Press. $12.50. (Oct. 31.)

COLUMBIA. By Doris Volz Henion. Charles Frank Publications. $2.50. (Nov. 15.)

HANDBOOK OF LATIN AMERICAN STUDIES, No. 25. Edited by Earl Pariseau. Univ. of Florida Press. $17.50. (Dec.)

JAMAICA. By Mary Manning Carley. Praeger. $6.

LABYRINTH OF SOLITUDE: Life and Thought in Mexico. By Octavio Paz. Grove. Paperback, $1.95.

THE LATIN AMERICAN MIND. By Leopoldo Zea. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. $5.95.

LANDSCAPE AND RESOURCES IN LATIN AMERICA. By Kempton E. Webb. Walker. $3.50. (Dec. 31.)

MEXICO: Places and Pleasures. By Kate Simon. World. $6.

PERU. By G. H. S. Bushnell. Revised edition. Praeger. $6.50.

VENEZUELA. By Doris Volz Henion. Charles Frank Publications. $2.50. (Dec. 28.)

YOUNG PEOPLE OF SOUTH AMERICA. By Charles R. Joy. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $4.50.

History

THE AZTECS: The History of the Indies of New Spain. By Fray Diego Duran. Edited and translated by Doris Heydon and Fernando Horcasitas. Orion. $12.50.

A CULTURAL HISTORY OF SPANISH AMERICA: From Conquest to Independence. By Mariano Picón-Sales. Translated by Irving A. Leonard. Univ. of California Press. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $1.95.

THE ECONOMIC GROWTH OF BRAZIL: A Survey from Colonial to Modern Times. By Celso Furtado. Translated by Ricardo W. de Aguiar and Eric C. Crysdale. Univ. of California Press. $5.

A HISTORY OF ARGENTINE POLITICAL THOUGHT. By José Luís Romero. Translated by Thomas F. McGann. Stanford Univ. Press. $6.75.

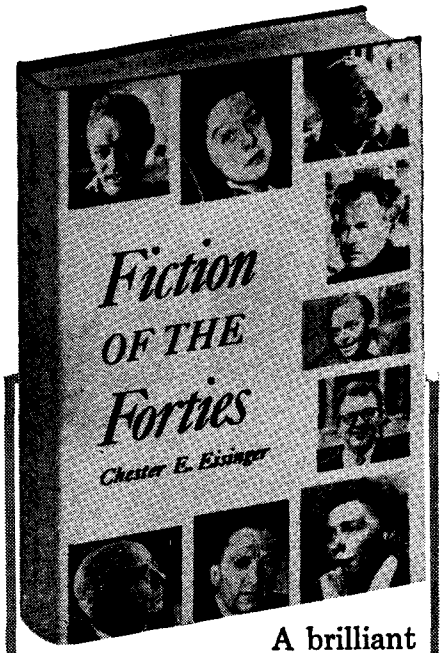
LAND AND SOCIETY IN COLONIAL MEXICO. The Great Hacienda. By François Chevalier. Translated by Alvin Eustis. Edited by Lesley Byrd Simpson. Univ. of California Press. $6.50.

LATIN AMERICA: A General History. By John Edwin Fagg. Macmillan. $9.75.

LATIN AMERICAN HISTORY. By A. Curtis Wilgus and Raul d'Eça. Fifth edition. Barnes & Noble. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.50.

LOST CITY OF THE INCAS: The Story of Machu Picchu and Its Builders. By Hiram

(*Continued on page* 125)



A brilliant discussion of the American novelists' search for self in a decade of chaos.

FICTION OF THE FORTIES
by Chester E. Eisinger

$7.95 at bookstores

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Biggest, best, completely new — a guide to spoken Spanish in the Americas!

CROWELL'S SPANISH-ENGLISH and ENGLISH-SPANISH DICTIONARY

Compiled by G. A. Gillhoff

Never before such a practical, easy-to-use, rapid reference dictionary of Spanish and English as used TODAY (idioms, slang, words pertaining to commerce, science, etc.) ! Identifies Americanisms *by each country*. 32-page pictorial insert shows hundreds of objects with bilingual labels. Pronunciation guides, verb key, abbreviations, etc. 1280 pages $4.95 Thumb-indexed, $5.95

Available Oct. 31. Reserve your copy now!

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

You never look like a tourist when you use the precision

3 1/4 oz. MINOX camera.

Isn't this your year to own one, too? Brochure? Write:

MINOX

MINOX CORP.
Forest Hills 75, N.Y.

. . a famous camera from camera-famous **West Germany**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How I spent 3 days and 6 nights in San Francisco

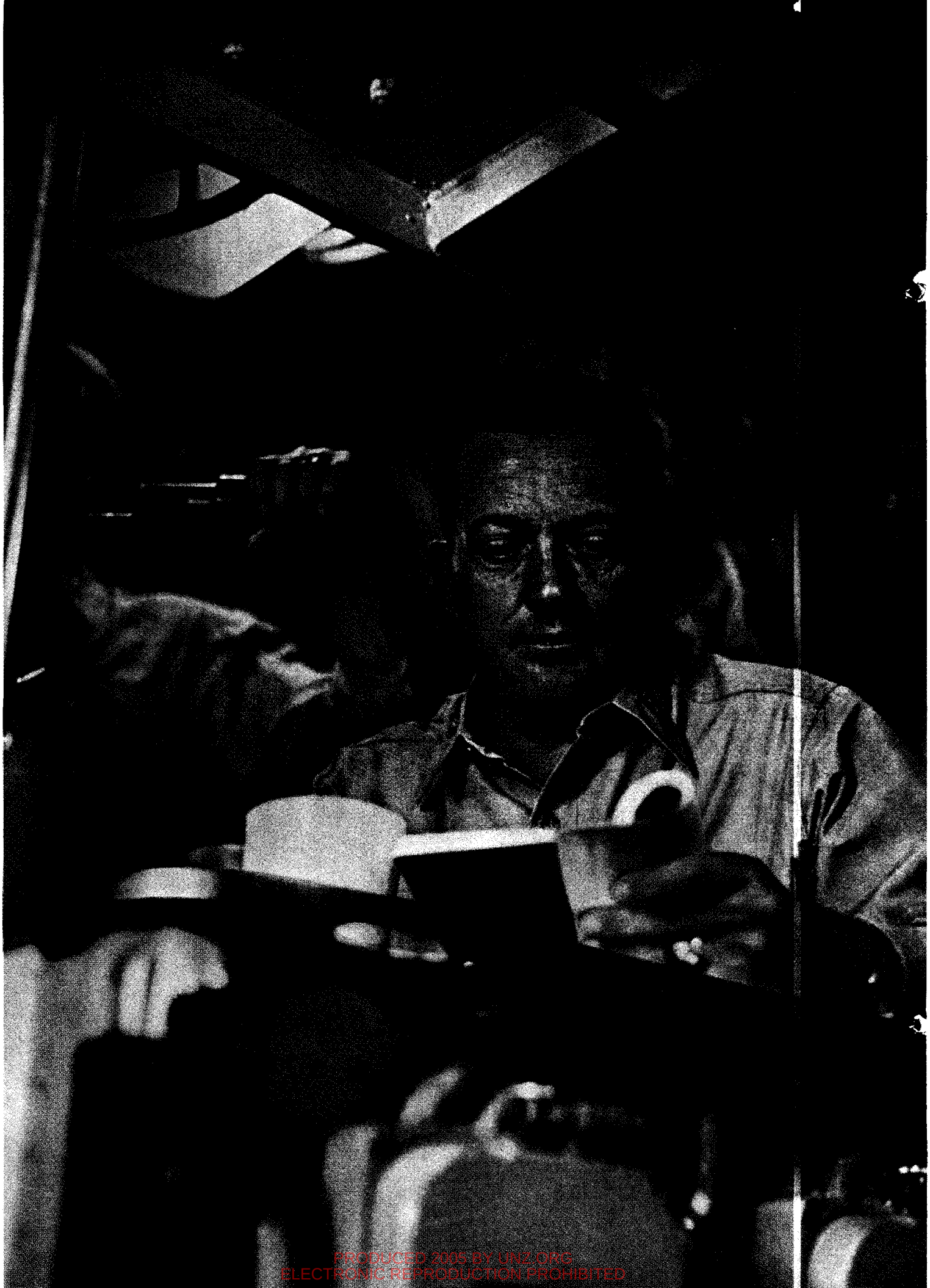
Where did those other three days go? Let me explain.

Once you've rounded a curve on the Powell Street cable car, once you've watched a yacht race from a window on Nob Hill, and once you feel you've captured the many other sights, sounds and moods of this eventful city—you have at least three more days of *must* sightseeing within a few hours' drive of San Francisco. To the North, across the Golden Gate Bridge, you'll find giant redwoods and the Wine Country (where dedicated guides will invite you to sample a glass of their best). To the South, down the Peninsula, the sea coast of Carmel and Monterey. To the East, the Bay Bridge leads you to Mt. Diablo and a view of 80,000 square miles. And to the West, the entire Pacific is at your feet.

The nights? If you can cover San Francisco's restaurants, stage plays, musicals, opera, ballet, symphony, jazz clubs, night clubs, and little theatres in less than a week—then my name isn't *Ray Bolger!*

SAN FRANCISCO
CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Send me a man who reads!"

International Paper interviews first skipper to sail under Pole

Captain William Anderson, who took the atomic-powered Nautilus under the Polar ice cap, tells I-P why the Nautilus carried over 2,000 books on her historic voyage.

On August 3, 1958, the USS Nautilus became the first submarine ever to cross through the treacherous currents and ice floes beneath the North Pole. The trip took 19 days in all. They were days filled with constant danger.

"The secret of the crew's good morale under pressure was relaxing off duty," says Anderson. "For one thing, they did a lot of reading."

What kind of reading? All kinds. From manuals on atomic power and arctic navigation to a full-scale popular library. The Nautilus even carried a librarian. (You need one to keep track of over two hundred feet of bookshelves.)

20 books for every man

"Wherever our designers found an extra cubic foot of space they gave us another book locker," says Anderson, "even in the torpedo room. The Nautilus carried over 2,000 volumes in all. That's nearly twenty books for every man on board!"

The crew of the Nautilus used the books. Eight men who were studying for advanced courses received certificates of completion at the very moment the Nautilus passed under the Pole.

Reading habits of the captain

During the 8,000 mile voyage, Anderson managed to keep up with his reading too, even though much of his extra time was devoted to writing a personal log. This log later became the basis for his first book, "Nautilus 90 North." When he's ashore, Anderson spends three to four hours a day on newspapers, magazines and books.

Reading is exploration

International Paper has learned how important reading is to the young men who are making today's great discoveries. As Anderson himself puts it, "For me, reading has always been a kind of exploration."

William Anderson's story is added evidence that *men who read more achieve more.*

Free reprints. To date, over two and a half million reprints of this series have been requested. If you would like reprints of this advertisement write: International Paper, Box 64, 220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.

and "Send me a man who reads!" are marks of International Paper Company.
©International Paper Company 1963

INTERNATIONAL PAPER

Manufacturers of papers for magazines, books, newspapers • papers for home and office use • converting papers • papers and paperboards for packaging • labels • folding cartons • milk containers • shipping containers • multiwall bags • grocery and specialty bags and sacks • pulps for industry • lumber, plywood and other building materials

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The REA Controversy

REA Power Deals Called Unfair Drain on Taxpayers
Unfortunately, this award follows a pattern that has developing rapidly—the expenditure of
Because Treasury loans to REA now make up about 3 billion dollars of the national debt, every taxpayer should be concerned. As you also pointed out in your editorial,
9 Millions Loaned to Co-op by REA
WASHINGTON—The head of the Rural Electrification Administration Monday lashed at a private power company as he announ
man M. Clapp said the loan would enable the Upshur Rural Electric
Good Intentions Going Wrong
FUNDS ADVANCED by Congress to the Rural Electrification Administration to bring power to the nation's farms give every ap
work. Working with the Department of Interior, REA is using the bulk of its annual appropriation to finance huge steam
REA Should Be Curbed
a situation which has been creating considerable interest in portions of the nation.
REA Is Ready to Wear 'Long Pants'
Once the farmer's friend—and an agency with scarcely an enemy in the world—the Rural Electrification Administration today is finding itself, increasingly, in political hot
cent federal loans which—while once essential in providing rural power—now are being used to finance huge generating
It Has Forgotten Its Purpose
A basic national issue is posed by shifts in Rural Electrification Administration policy and the increasing aggressiveness of REA
feeling the pinch of a competition few anticipated when REA was established. The specter of nationalization is seen by some unless these

You might not even know what the REA is, or that it's controversial. But a controversy exists, and it involves you as a taxpayer, as a customer of an investor-owned electric light and power company (perhaps as a shareholder, too), or as a member of a rural electric cooperative.

To begin with, REA stands for the Rural Electrification Administration, a bureau of the Federal Government in Washington. It was established in 1936 to make loans to local agencies who would help get electricity to rural America. The local agencies were called rural electric cooperatives (now sometimes "rural electric systems"). These systems borrow money from the Federal Government at 2% interest. As cooperatives, they pay no Federal income tax.

Because investor-owned electric companies and rural electric co-ops worked as good neighbors, electricity now flows in plentiful supply throughout our nation's farmlands. Yet the REA recently asked the treasury for more loan appropriations than ever before ($425 million in the last budget, compared with only $175 million back in 1952).

Many people—magazine and newspaper writers and editors, congressmen, senators, business leaders, farm leaders—have asked for an explanation of the REA's ever-growing budget. General maintenance and the "heavying up" of existing lines account for part of the huge expenditure. But the heaviest portion is requested for building generating plants and high-voltage lines.

Considering this, thoughtful people are asking whether the REA in Washington is encouraging some rural electric co-ops to build power plants and transmission lines where they are not needed. Many people are wondering whether the REA is loaning money to some co-ops to help build a Federal power system not authorized by Congress.

Many other questions have been asked about REA loans: Are they being used by REA in Washington to urge local rural electric co-ops to expand into urban and industrial service, in contradiction to the purpose for which they were established? Is it proper for the REA to lend public funds while keeping the basis for the loan a secret? Is the REA in Washington injuring its once-honored image, and also the honored images of the local rural electric cooperatives?

Naturally, we in the electric light and power companies also ask these questions. But our voice is only one among many. Perhaps your voice should join in, too, for the question of how you want your tax dollars to be used has great bearing on this nationwide controversy.

Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies... *more than 300 companies across the nation*

Sponsors' names on request through this magazine

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Teodoro Moscoso

The New World of Latin America

A 20th-Century Adventure in Discovery

This issue of *SR* is devoted mainly to a survey of Latin America and to the progress and problems of that region. Beginning on this page, Teodoro Moscoso assesses the record of the Alliance for Progress, and in an editorial on page 28 David Rockefeller views the massive development program from his special vantage point. A travel section, covering Latin America from the Rio Grande to Tierra del Fuego, opens on page 63. This week's regular book review section, also devoted to Latin America, begins on page 31.

A FEW WEEKS ago a young Brazilian educator who runs a highly successful adult literacy program in the northeastern state of Rio Grande do Norte discussed some of his problems with officials of the Alliance for Progress. These problems involved his state government, the Brazilian federal government, local political forces, and "the Alliance." Before we had got very deeply into substantive matters, one of my colleagues interrupted the visitor with the question: "What do you mean by 'the Alliance'?" This brought our young Brazilian friend up short, and after a few moments of thought, he said that he was referring to the United States AID authorities in Northeast Brazil. From his answer, it was obvious that he had never thought through what the Alliance really was, that he had suddenly become aware of this omission, and that he was feeling guilty about it. What really drove the point home was the reaction of my North American friend, who shot back: "No, the United States AID office is not the Alliance. *You* are the Alliance. Your fellow educators, school builders, state administrators, and all the other Brazilians working on development projects are the Alliance."

This kind of discussion has been repeated on innumerable occasions in many settings with people from all the Alliance countries ever since I came into this program. The shape of United States foreign aid in the past, much of which was in the form of outright grants, established a pattern of thought that has proved harmful to the understanding of the new program in the Latin American region included in the Alliance for Progress.

The habit of thinking about United States aid as a generous flow of grants from wealthy North America to the poor countries of the world remains strong, but slowly the logic of the word "Alliance" is sinking in—the logic that it takes at least two active partners to make an alliance.

When President Kennedy proposed this program on March 13, 1961, he called it "a vast cooperative effort, unparalleled in magnitude and nobility of purpose, to satisfy the basic needs of the American people for homes, work and land, health and schools." The President added that "only the most determined efforts of the American nations themselves can bring success to this effort. . . . They, and they alone, can mobilize their resources, enlist the energies of their people, and modify their social patterns so that all, and not just a privileged few, share in the fruits of growth. If this effort is made, then outside assistance will give a vital impetus to growth; without it no amount of help will advance the welfare of the people."

This definition of cooperation was subsequently incorporated in the Charter of Punta del Este. The document is named after the seaside resort in Uruguay where the finance ministers of the Latin American countries and the United States met in August 1961 to consider the President's proposal. On August 17, they adopted the Charter. It represents a commitment by the nineteen Latin American governments that signed it to undertake basic reforms in such fields as land tenure and taxation, and to undertake sound planning for national development. These internal reforms are designed to make sure that the available resources are used for high-priority purposes as defined by the Charter: jobs, housing, education, health, and rural development. For its part, the United States undertook to supply a major share of the foreign capital needed to spark and sustain the decade of development in Latin America. Total resources for investment over that period were estimated at $100 billion, of which Latin America itself would supply $80 billion. The remainder would have to come from outside, in public and private funds. During the first two years, the United States committed approximately $2 billion in public funds, or half of the estimated total external requirement.

THE BULK of this assistance was in the form of loans. Of our budget request for this fiscal year, 85 per cent is for loans and only 15 per cent for grants—the reverse proportion of total economic aid to Europe from 1949 to 1953, which included the Marshall Plan period, and of which 85 per cent was in the form of grants. Thus, we are more businesslike in our aid to Latin America today than we were in Europe fifteen years ago. Grant funds in Latin America today are being used for technical assistance, but no longer for iso-

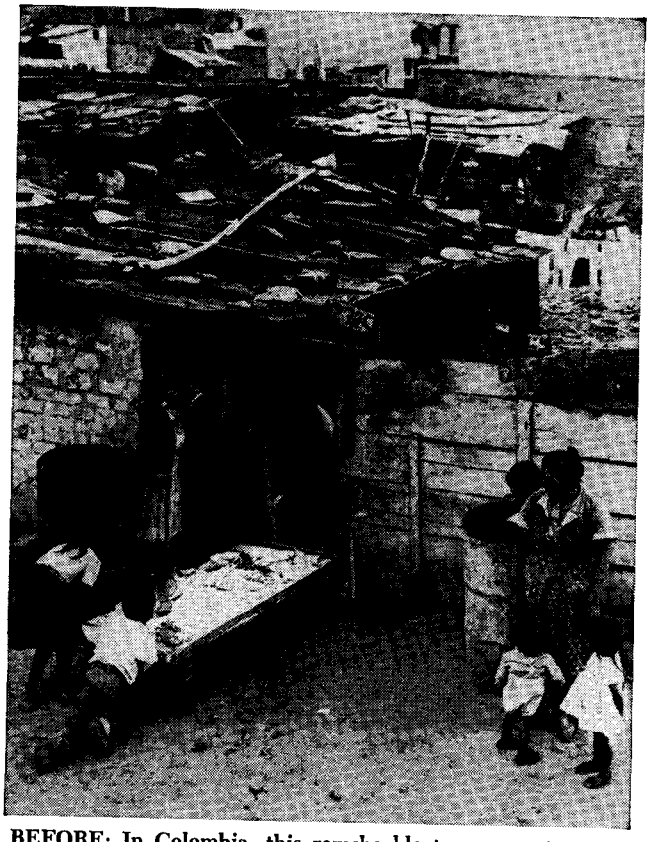
(*Continued on page 26*)

Teodoro Moscoso, formerly head of Puerto Rico's development program "Operation Bootstrap," now serves as United States Coordinator of the Alliance for Progress.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEFORE: In Bolivia, a youngster in the village of El Paso fills his water jugs from an open canal that has been contaminated by human and animal waste.

AFTER: One year later, El Paso has a new water supply system financed jointly by AID and by 907 local citizens who contributed money, material, and labor. Such self-help programs will eventually provide safer water for 85 per cent of the urban population and 500 villages. AID has provided $270,000 to help finance similar programs.

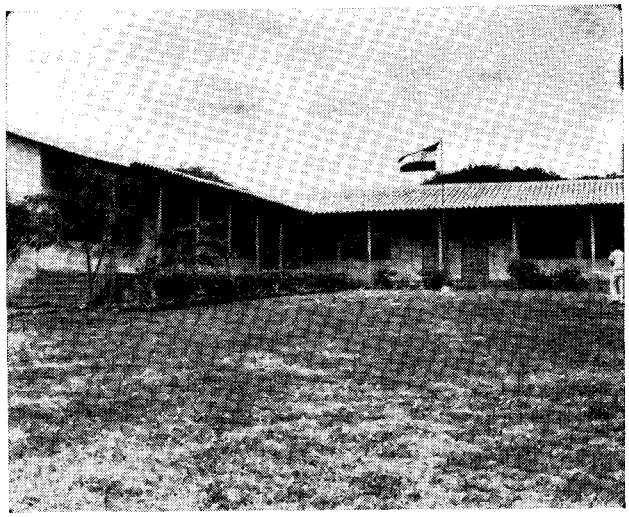


BEFORE: In Colombia, this ramshackle two-room structure has served as a home for an unemployed man, his wife, and their six children. The entire family income, earned through odd jobs, amounts to the meager total of only $1 a day.

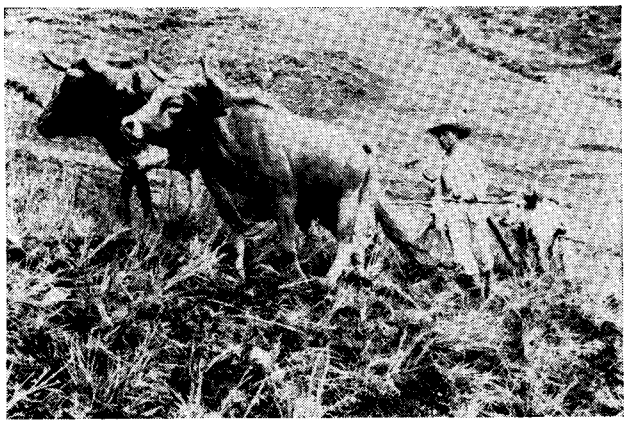
AFTER: The family will soon move to this new home in an Alliance for Progress housing project outside Bogota, where they and twenty-seven other families are now building their own houses under a system of self-help backed by AID.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

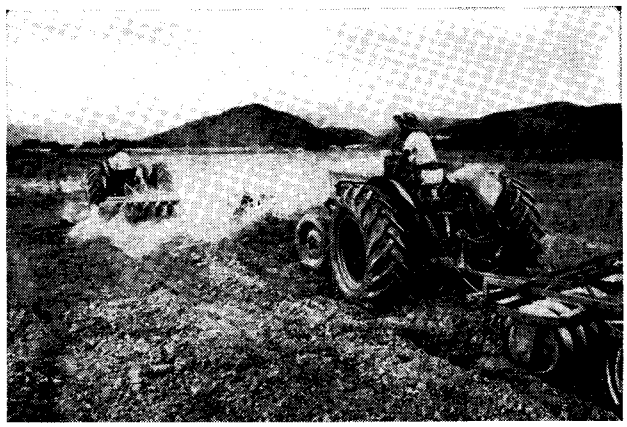
BEFORE: In Honduras, the little village of Palo Pintado until recently consisted of minimal shelters with no light, water, or sanitation facilities. Agriculture, small handicraft industries, and educational facilities were primitive.



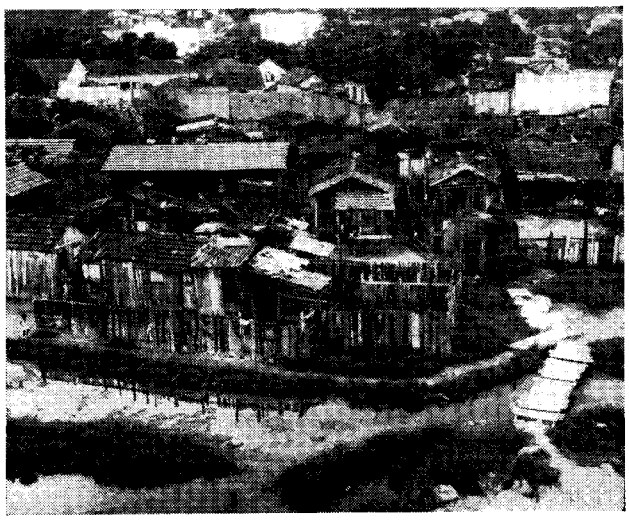
AFTER: Recent change in Palo Pintado is represented by the new Alliance for Progress school, constructed with joint support of U.S. and Honduran governments. Homes in the village have been repaired and improved with lime paint.



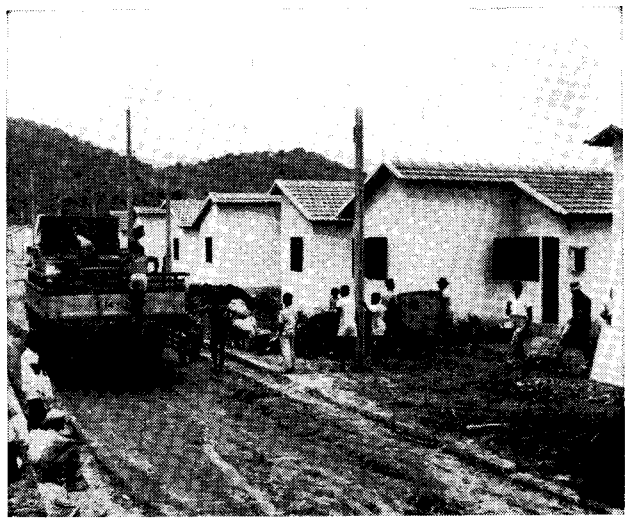
BEFORE: In Venezuela, an Andean farmer plows the land using the same primitive techniques his ancestors used for generations. Crop yields were low, and knowledge of more productive, more modern agricultural methods was nonexistent.



AFTER: Under the Alliance for Progress, mechanized agriculture has become a common sight in Venezuela. Programs combine technical assistance with credit facilities so that farmers may learn new methods and acquire machinery.



BEFORE: In Brazil, urban squalor is so common that millions live without water, electricity, or sewers. This photograph, showing a typical slum in Rio de Janeiro, suggests the magnitude of the problem the Alliance for Progress faces.



AFTER: Former residents of the slum at left are now being resettled in a new community taking shape outside Rio de Janeiro. When completed, the project will consist of 2,250 houses, which will cost an average of $33 each to build.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from page* 23)
lated projects as in the past. Technical assistance under the Alliance means aid in the building of institutions and the development of skills directly linked to the respective countries' development plans and objectives.

The basic goal of the Charter is to put Latin America's economies on a self-sustaining basis. Thus, economic development is the core of the program. Specifically, the Charter sets a goal of 2.5 per cent per capita growth a year, which is a tall order in the face of the population explosion running at 2.8 per cent at the present time. It seeks the rational industrialization of Latin America, making it possible for the American republics to diversify economies which now for the most part rely on the export of a few commodities fluctuating in price for the bulk of their foreign exchange. The Charter further calls for stabilizing the prices of these basic commodities and thus giving the Latin American countries a chance to pull themselves up. As a longer-range and more definitive solution of this and other problems, it proposes the economic integration of Latin America, where 200 million people now (and an estimated 600 million at the end of this century) have the opportunity to build history's finest common market.

While pursuing this economic objective, the Charter calls for a massive building program of homes, schools, and health facilities, and the training of the required personnel.

All this is to be done within the framework of freedom and democracy, and through the establishment and development of free institutions.

IF THIS objective seems unrealistically large, it is because for many decades both Latin America itself and the United States have been unrealistic in failing to tackle the key problems of the region. While some students feel that the United States has a record of consistent and sympathetic interest in Latin American affairs, there can be little doubt that for most of us it was a region we took for granted. We went there as tourists, and counted on it to supply us with coffee, bananas, and raw materials. It was also an area to which we exported a large volume of our manufactured products. Through these decades, Latin America either failed to develop modern economies and societies, or it reared distorted economies dependent on only one or two products—tin in Bolivia, oil in Venezuela, coffee in Brazil. All this time, blissfully ignored by all but a few, tensions and problems were growing. Revolutions made colorful, but unimportant, reading. Dictatorships and political convulsions drew from most of us a yawn rather than a quest for understanding. Only intermittent and largely ineffective attempts were made to get to the root of the problems that were growing in Latin America and that sooner or later were bound to command our attention.

Creation of the Pan American Union provided a framework for regional action, but the instrument was neither equipped nor used for significant social and economic development until a few years ago. The Good Neighbor Policy was an effective and persuasive reversal of the Big Stick policy of the earlier Roosevelt, but again it stopped short of positive action to attack the basic problems of underdevelopment. Only a few visionaries in North and Latin America were thinking about these problems in those days. We were busy tackling our own Depression, and then were absorbed in first trying to keep out of, and then win, the biggest war in history. For Latin Americans the war was an economic boon: they supplied the Western powers with a vastly increased volume of strategic materials and commodities at unprecedentedly high prices, replacing Asian and African sources which either had fallen into enemy hands or were hazardous to reach through threatened shipping lanes.

By war's end, Latin America found itself in possession of enviably large amounts of foreign exchange. But this wartime treasure soon melted away under the double impact of sharp drops in the prices of raw materials, which in peacetime became easily and amply available again from many sources, and steep rises in the prices of manufactured products that Latin America was importing from the industrialized countries, and for which a world tired of war and austerity was hungrily competing.

Add to this the revolution of rising expectations that was sweeping the whole southern half of the globe, and you have the makings of a continent heading toward crisis. While the African and Asian freedom movements had a clear-cut objective—the ouster of the colonial master—Latin American popular ferment was more diffuse. It did not have so clear and obvious a target, although it was suffering from essentially the same problems that plagued the colonies. In this context, the fact that colonial-type policies in Latin America were carried out by domestic masters who wrapped themselves proudly in the flag of their politically independent republics made it more difficult to find and fix a rallying point for the forces of change than in Asia and Africa.

But there were some in Latin America who saw the shape of things and problems to come. Among them were the economists and development experts of the newly formed United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America, under the distinguished Argentine economist Dr. Raul Prebisch. They started charting plans for economic and social development. Latin American economic integration, and other measures and policies which now have become accepted doctrine but in the early Fifties fell on deaf ears both here and in Latin America.

BY 1954, problems of underdevelopment and political pressures had become acute enough for the Latin American governments formally to propose establishment of a regional development bank—an Inter-American financing institution that could help get Latin America out of its rut. But the United States rejected the proposal. It took four more precious years, in which the problems assumed critical proportions, before we changed our mind and agreed to the establishment of the now fully functioning and effective Inter-American Development Bank. And it was not until 1958, when Vice President Nixon was subjected to a series of shocking and eye-opening indignities during a Latin American trip, that the United States began to consider Latin America as a potential threat to free world security in general and to United States interests in particular.

In that year Juscelino Kubitschek, then President of Brazil, proposed a blueprint for action. He called it Operation Panamerica—a cooperative hemisphere-wide program for economic development. But we still did not have sufficient sense of urgency to act effectively on that proposal.

Then, in January 1959, Fidel Castro made his triumphant entry into Havana. And when he literally screamed defiance from that city, which had always been a place where Americans felt very much at home, we were hurt, shocked, and finally convinced that something was very wrong very close to our borders.

In 1960 we agreed to the Act of Bogotá, the first inter-American program to make a comprehensive attack on the social ills of Latin America. And a few months later President Kennedy came forward with his all-out proposal for an Alliance for Progress.

But the Act of Bogotá and the Charter of the Alliance reflect our and the Latin American governments' recognition that what was wrong in Latin America was by no means confined to Cuba. The conditions that gave Cas-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tro the arguments to sway the people of Cuba existed in far more acute form in most of the rest of Latin America. Castro was merely the symptom of a deep-rooted problem. To correct it was right in human and moral terms, urgent in terms of our national interest, and vital for the survival of Latin America in freedom.

What was wrong can be gleaned in part from a few statistics:

Per capita income for Latin America is less than $400 a year.

An estimated 10 per cent of landholders in Latin America own approximately 90 per cent of the region's farm land.

Almost half of the people of Latin America are illiterate.

Average life expectancy is fifty years.

At present, Latin America is short 12 to 14 million housing units, affecting some 40 per cent of her people.

Between 1953 and 1960 Latin American exports grew by 30 per cent in volume, but because of sharp drops in prices, foreign exchange earnings rose by only 4 per cent. (A one-cent drop in the price of coffee here means a loss of 30 to 40 million dollars to the Latin American coffee-producing countries.)

The disproportion of our aid to Latin America between 1946 and 1961 can be gleaned from these figures: in those fifteen years, total United States economic assistance abroad was $61.5 billion. Of this, only a little more than 8 per cent—or $5 billion—went to Latin America. And of this 8 per cent, 80 per cent was in the form of loans.

BUT more is wrong—and it cannot be described in numbers. What is wrong is that the traditional leadership in the Latin American countries has failed to take heed of these problems, has in fact helped create them, and the people of Latin America have begun to realize it. What is wrong is that it was demagogues like Peron and Castro who made the awakening masses feel that they deserved recognition as full and equal citizens, and that only Peronism and Castroism would give it to them.

What the Alliance must do, then, besides correcting the tangible ills of economic and social underdevelopment, is to find ways and means to satisfy the people's craving for respect and recognition without the bitter aftermath of communism, dictatorship, and corruption.

It is these needs that Peron and Castro recognized and exploited—more than the material requirements. Both Argentina and Cuba were among the materially most advanced of the Latin American countries—a fact that cuts the ground from under the simplistic view that communism and fascism breed on empty stomachs alone. They breed on a variety of conditions, among them the psychological needs of large numbers of people who are looking for a man or movement that takes note of their existence, offers to correct social injustices, and gives them a place at the national table.

More and more, we must think of the Alliance in these wider dimensions. This program will never succeed if it is treated merely as a job for planners, economists, and social development experts. It is above all a job for enlightened political leaders who, with timely and broad-minded support from us, can gain the confidence of the masses and rally and organize the forces that can translate plans into action.

It is in the perspective of this catalogue of needs and problems accumulated over many decades that we must view the record of the first two years of the Alliance for Progress. In these two years, the Alliance has some accomplishments to chalk up. But, more important, we have learned a great deal and have identified problems which should accelerate accomplishments in the future.

In the area of reforms, eleven countries are in the process of changing their tax systems. Seven others have improved tax collections or await congressional action on bills to change the tax laws. Brazil's new legislation enforces the withholding tax system for the first time. In Chile, prosecutions for tax evaders are underway—a "first" in that country's history.

When we speak of land reform, we do not mean the mere parceling out of expropriated estates to individual farmers. We mean a sensible and productive system of land tenure; often this will involve expropriation with compensation along with supervised credit, extension service, and the availability of modern and efficient tools and machinery. Effective land reform programs are now underway in Venezuela and in the Dominican Republic, as well as in two states of Brazil. Programs of more limited scope are moving ahead in five other countries.

One of the basic goals of the Charter—economic integration—is making headway in Central America. This region of almost 10,000,000 people has removed tariffs from the vast majority of items traded among the member countries and within three years plans to have a completely free common market, with unrestricted movement of persons and goods. Institutions have been established to plan and execute programs of regional industrialization, transportation, and rural development. The United States is fully supporting this movement.

Meanwhile, eight South American countries and Mexico have formed a free trade association which, while moving more slowly than the Central American program, has already succeeded in substantially increasing trade among the member countries.

In terms of physical accomplishment, United States-aided programs under the Alliance alone have resulted in the construction of an estimated 140,000 low- and middle-income homes, 8,200 classrooms, 700 community water systems and wells, and 900 hospitals and health centers. Four million schoolbooks have been produced, 160,000 agricultural credit loans issued, and 15,000,000 people—among them more than 9,000,000 children—have received food out of United States Food for Peace stocks.

This record does not take into account programs undertaken by the Latin American countries out of their own resources or with the assistance of other nations.

But beyond these tangible accomplishments, the Alliance has something more important to its credit: It has changed the character of public and private concern and debate in Latin America. Between the extremes of cynisism and callousness on one side and of ill-motivated appeals to mass emotion on the other, there has developed an area of constructive discussion of realities.

Much of this discussion is critical of one or another aspect of the Alliance, but it tacitly accepts the basic premises of the program. A growing body of opinion no longer contests the need for reforms, although there is much debate on what kind of reform should come first or in what direction it should go. The initial expectation that the Alliance would be an inexhaustible fountain of dollars that would overnight transform the continent into an appropriately Latin American blend of the best of the United States and Europe has given way to more realistic thinking. (Incidentally, some of these Pollyannish expectations also prevailed in this country and have since been reduced to more manageable size.)

More people in Latin America are beginning to realize that the biggest and most difficult part of the job has to be done by them, that it cannot and will not be done overnight, but that in the doing itself there is tremendous challenge and excitement.

As these new ideas take hold, we

(*Continued on page* 110)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS
Publisher: J. R. COMINSKY
Associate Editors: HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN, HORACE SUTTON

Associate Publisher
W. D. PATTERSON

Managing Editor
RICHARD L. TOBIN

Science Editor
JOHN LEAR

Poetry Editor
JOHN CIARDI

Education Editor
PAUL WOODRING

Production Manager
PEARL M. STEINHAUS

Book Review Editor
ROCHELLE GIRSON

General Editor
HALLOWELL BOWSER

Feature Editor
JAMES F. FIXX

Editors-at-Large
CLEVELAND AMORY
HARRISON BROWN
JOHN MASON BROWN
FRANK G. JENNINGS
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
T. S. MATTHEWS
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JOHN STEINBECK

Contributing Editors
HOLLIS ALPERT
ALICE DALGLIESH
HENRY HEWES
GRANVILLE HICKS
ARTHUR KNIGHT
KATHARINE KUH
MARTIN LEVIN
ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
MARGARET R. WEISS
JOHN T. WINTERICH

A Formula for Prosperity

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial, written for this special Latin American issue of SR, is by David Rockefeller, president of the Chase Manhattan Bank and a member of the Commerce Department Committee for the Alliance for Progress.*

"WE HAVE seen the light," wrote Simón Bolívar about the Latin American nations, "and it is not our desire to be thrust back into darkness."

These words, written a century and a half ago during the South American colonies' revolt against the shackles of Spanish rule, are fully as relevant today as the area struggles to throw off the shackles of backwardness and speed its economic development. The message they convey is reflected in the Alliance for Progress, in which the United States and the Latin American countries openly acknowledge that inadequate living standards, together with militant communism, confront the hemisphere with a critical need for swifter economic advance. Both we and they have agreed to undertake major commitments to help achieve broad social and economic goals within the framework of freedom and democracy.

These goals include a minimum average income growth of 2½ per cent a year per person over the next decade, more equitable distribution of national income, elimination of illiteracy, an increase in life expectancy of at least five years, enactment of comprehensive land and tax reforms, and, finally, the encouragement of private enterprise.

Nothing so ambitious has ever been tried anywhere in so short a time span. The differences between the Alliance and the Marshall Plan effort in Western Europe are fundamental. In Europe, the machinery of economic development was already in place—a highly diversified industrial complex, an extensive network of investment and credit, a large and skilful managerial class. In Latin America, the task is chiefly one of fashioning the machinery. Markets are small. The institutional structure of capital formation is inadequate. Rapid population growth and explosive increases in the size of cities have created serious social problems. Only half of the childhood population goes to school. Although there are great disparities between countries, per capita income for the region as a whole amounts to less than $400 a year, compared with about $1,100 in Western Europe and $2,450 in the United States.

How the Alliance has fared in its first two years is a matter of controversy. No one denies that Latin America faces formidable problems. Yet there is a positive side that is too often ignored and should not be. On the basis of my own recent travels in the area and the findings of our economic research specialists, I believe there are some notably encouraging trends running in many countries.

Investment in significant areas of Latin America has shown signs of resiliency. Many U.S.-financed companies have continued to expand their operations. Exports appear headed for another record year. There are several reassuring aspects to the manufacturing picture, including sharp rises in production of automobiles, television sets, and electric motors. The growth of industry and the consequent need for expanded markets have provided a powerful thrust to economic integration plans such as the Latin American Free Trade Association and the Central American Common Market.

THESE trends in investment, trade, production, and economic integration are profoundly heartening. Still, in my judgment, something more is needed on both sides, something that can be summed up in two words: better understanding.

On the Latin American side, this means better understanding of how to attract new private investment, both domestic and foreign. Latin American governments must understand that they cannot lure foreign capital by harassing companies already there; that they cannot bring in new industries unless they demonstrate political stability; that they cannot put local capital to work effectively in an inflation-ridden economy. Improvement of the investment climate is an indispensable step in the success of the Alliance.

On the United States side, there must be better understanding of those common principles underlying the Alliance which Americans, both North and South, believe in and which bind us together. The people of the U.S. must understand that our own example of a prosperous and socially conscious nation, operating under a system of free enterprise supplemented by government, can be an inspiration to peaceful evolution by less favored peoples everywhere.

We must not try to force Latin American countries to create societies in our image. These countries must adapt their institutions and policies to their own conditions. It is in our interest that they should be both effective in satisfying the aspirations of the people and consistent with democratic processes. But our own experience and that of Western Europe have demonstrated beyond doubt the great variety of policies and institutions under which economies can prosper in a free society.

If we recognize those fundamental principles we have in common and work in concert to live up to them, we can, I am confident, achieve the noble goals of the Alliance.

"Then," as Simón Bolívar wrote, "will we march majestically toward that great prosperity for which [Latin America] is destined."

—DAVID ROCKEFELLER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ENTOMOLOGICAL EXERCISES

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH's article "Men, Apes, and Termites" [*SR*, Sept. 21], on the relationship of the behavioral sciences to individual human freedom, seems to be based on a severely limited notion of the behavioral sciences.

First, there is obviously no guarantee that the criteria he offers—reason and the power to choose—will result in the choosing of the "way of the human." For those talents, so unquestionably highly developed in Professor Skinner, have resulted in his choosing what Mr. Krutch considers the "way of the termite."

Secondly (and probably more importantly) one may assert that "the hope of mankind lies in the development of the behavioral sciences," and yet embrace not survival as the ultimate criterion, but rather the hope of cultivating reason and increasing the powers of choosing.

There is a rather well-established body of literature within the behavioral sciences that focuses on and grapples with the questions and issues discussed so engagingly and so competently by Mr. Krutch. The writings, however, are not all of one persuasion. Mr. Krutch commits an error in equating *a* concept of the behavioral sciences (that represented by Professor Skinner (with *the* concept of the behavioral sciences. Fortunately, behavioral scientists do not represent the same or even similar value orientations, but do encompass both those of a "termite" and those of a "human" persuasion.

Mr. Krutch's quarrel with Professor Skinner seems more rightly to be concerned not with the development of the behavioral sciences *per se*, but rather with the question of "development for what ends." Further, Mr. Krutch's ends are in no way unique to either education or philosophy. I would assure him that it is entirely possible for a person to have faith in the development of the behavioral sciences, and at the same time seek to enhance the freedom of an individual to build his own world and to give personal meaning to his experience.

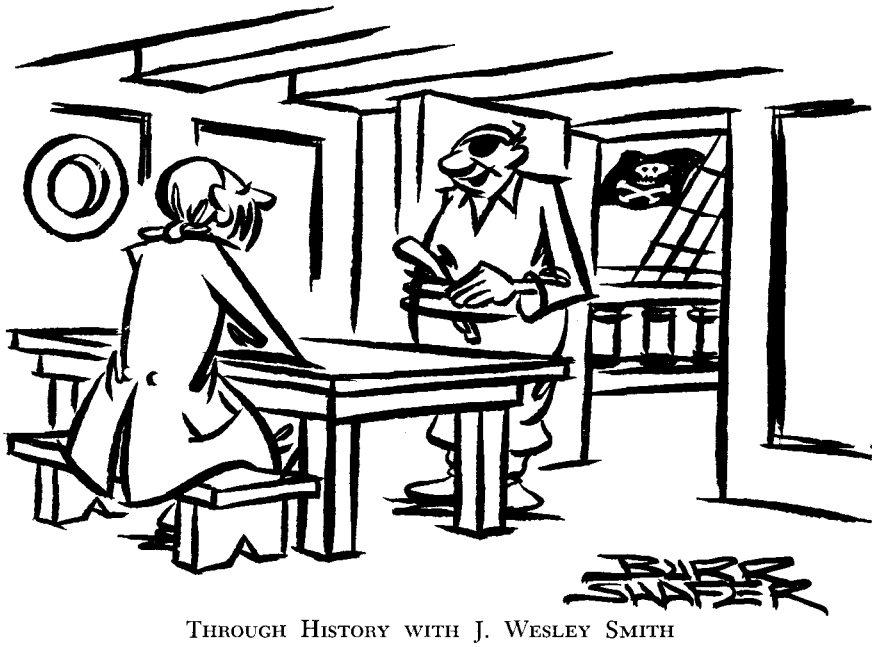
CHRIS D. KEHAS,
Assistant Professor,
Graduate School of Education,
University of Chicago.
Chicago, Ill.

AS A STUDENT at Harvard who has taken certain of Professor Skinner's courses, I think that Mr. Krutch is not being entirely fair to Skinner or to the behavioral sciences. He seems to miss one of Professor Skinner's major points.

This point is that Skinner believes that all behavior is conditioned and that we simply do not have a choice between the behavioral sciences and education, reason, and philosophy. Everything we do is conditioned by the same processes which Mr. Krutch chooses to call brainwashing and to regard as insectlike rather than human. Therefore, to Skinner, the only choice is whether to arrange these processes so that man can take full advantage of them, or to allow them to operate haphazardly and then to call them individuality, reason, and the power to evaluate and choose.

I feel that a critic of the stature of Mr. Krutch should confine his remarks to Skinner's basic premises.

W. BOWMAN CUTTER.
Waterford, Va.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"As a matter of fact, the eye is fine. The patch is just a status symbol."

THE CASE FOR BORROWING

NO ONE HAS stated the case of the "declining bookstore" more clearly than Martin Giesbrecht [*SR*, Sept. 14]. As I thumb through the book reviews in *SR* I find many interesting subjects, but the cost of most is prohibitive. The alternative is to go to the lending library.

ELIZABETH H. MCKENRICK.
Baltimore, Md.

. . . AND STILL MORE

THE BOOK LISTS you have been printing on the letters page make useful guides; but a definitive ten-best list is impossible, of course. Books can't be weighed and judged like cattle at a state fair. Until time officially (and often nearsightedly) separates chaff and wheat, one man's masterpiece will be another man's remainder.

But your lists do intrigue and trigger memory. *Lolita* is often included, and when I see it I have to say, "Isn't it about time? Go ahead, read it." And the words *Lucky Jim* automatically summon laughter and shout, "Reread, reread."

I appreciate your lists. They help me to keep up with the old. There's such a clamor of new books that many good things are virtually Pompeiied into antiquity in a matter of weeks. I read in *SR* of a splendid book, which is promptly lost under the steady flood of newer and equally splendid items from the publishing scuppers. Preference listings a few years later permit valuable salvaging.

All the books I might include on my own recent "list" have been mentioned except one. It is *A Beach of Strangers*, by the Canadian author John Reeves. It is a brilliant and original book with scintillating language and imagery. It does not compete in style or purpose with "mainstream" literature, and the label "best" hardly seems pertinent; but it would not be out of place in any modern listing.

Isn't this the purpose of the lists? *A Beach of Strangers* is brought to the attention of others, and I promise to read *Lolita*.

ROY MEADOR.
Tucson, Ariz.

MY HUSBAND AND I have been reading your lists of the best novels published in English in the last ten years, and one thing puzzles us. Just how did your readers go about selecting these books? Were they taken from the best-seller lists? Were they chosen for their literary value? Or were they chosen simply because someone personally liked that type of book?

MRS. E. H. STEINERT.
Erwin, Tenn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Neither SR nor Doris Barth, who in our July 20 issue requested a list of the ten best novels published during the last ten years, laid down any detailed ground rules. The result has been a wide-ranging literary free-for-all with as many interpretations as contestants.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Overdoers Undone

IT IS hard to imagine a more brilliant play about the plight of true love in a sophisticated society than Jean Anouilh's *The Rehearsal.* Those of us who marveled at Jean-Louis Barrault's French-language production that visited this country in 1952 remember how beautifully it caught a sense of society's self-protective pressures as they pushed gracefully but ruthlessly in one direction, while truth fled awkwardly for its life in another. In that production the play's protagonist seemed to be a French count nicknamed Tiger whose life of well-ordered pleasures is suddenly shaken when he falls genuinely in love with a much younger pure-hearted girl of the working class. Also present, to restore Tiger to the kind of life for which he is equipped, was his decorum-conscious wife and a dissolute friend named Hero, whom Tiger had once rescued from a similar love.

To make matters more fascinating, the play kept shifting between four planes of reality. There was, first, the plane of pure theatricality, as represented by the costume play they are all rehearsing for presentation at a fancy party. Then there was the plane of playing the game according to high-society rules. A third plane was the messy naturalistic one that comes closest to the lives ordinary human beings actually live. And finally there was that unique and temporary reality that is "truer than the real thing."

The current Broadway presentation, imported from Britain, appears to offer us a somewhat different interpretation of the same text. Its central character has become Hero, the rotter who achieves a moment of nobility by voluntarily seeking death as an atonement for having destroyed true love. And the action is kept on the purely theatrical plane for so much of the time that the play emerges as artificially romantic, floridly verbose, and therefore remote.

Despite these drawbacks, a good deal of the play's brilliance remains. The witty dialogue rolls merrily along. M. Anouilh's remarkable talent for paradox and irony is constantly in evidence. And the shape and content of two of the finest scenes in modern drama are still discernible. One of these is the first-act curtain, when, under the disdainful eye of her social superiors, the governess, Lucile, is being instructed in her role by Tiger, who is both directing the entertainment and playing the Prince. Quite unconscious of the fact that he has fallen in love with Lucile, Tiger proceeds to describe the marvelous qualities that set her role off from the others, and to explain why the Prince prefers her to the fancy ladies of his court. Suddenly Tiger realizes not only that he is in love with Lucile, but that he has revealed himself in front of the whole disapproving assembly. Rapidly he pulls himself back to their plane of polite reality and, addressing Lucile with formality, says, "But I don't need to explain the part to you, mademoiselle. Just be yourself." The curtain drops quickly almost before we realize that in extricating himself he has jumped in deeper.

The other remarkable scene is the one in which, in order to destroy Tiger's romance, Hero sets out to seduce the innocent Lucile. Revoltingly, he employs every dirty trick in the book against her simple love. But just when he is about to succeed we are astonished to discover that the cynical Hero is genuinely miserable that his contention that true love is not strong enough to triumph over lies has won again.

As Hero, Alan Badel gives a showy virtuoso performance. Jennifer Hilary's Lucile has the forlorn quality of a Peynet drawing and a charming, childlike directness. As Tiger, Keith Michel works so hard at being convincing that we can only believe that he is putting it all on to delude either himself or others. Tony Walton's costumes are attractive, as are his settings. However, neither production nor performance captures the total poetic wonder of this remarkable play.

IT is reported that when asked what he thought of *Luther,* Noel Coward quickly replied, "Pompous Hieronymus Bosch!" While there is an element of truth in this clever assessment, the new John Osborne play in a respectable effort to offer some random thoughts about a sensitive rebel and the dilemma that seems to plague all revolutionaries once they have succeeded.

Mr. Osborne's approach is to paint the character in splashy flashes. A long and brooding first act merely demonstrates that, as a rookie monk, Martin Luther was so sensitive to the religious myths and rituals that he must be regarded as either psychopathic or supernaturally inspired. Act II shifts to a hilarious and savage parody of the sixteenth-century church's practice of selling indulgences, which permitted one to buy forgiveness of all sins in advance and insured entrance to eternal paradise immediately after death. This is so devastating that the succeeding scenes, showing us Luther's opposition to the practice, become virtually anticlimactic. Yet it is within two of these scenes that we get our most interesting discussion of the nature of Luther's rebellion.

In the first, Vicar General Staupitz observes that Luther's exaggerated attention to the Rule is really intended to make authority ridiculous, and comes from a determination to substitute himself for that authority. And in the second the smoothly clever Cardinal Cajetan attacks Luther's position on the grounds of its ultimate effect. He points out that loss of the protection of an admittedly imperfect Mother Church will not only leave masses of people unable to find God on their own, but will also result in heightened nationalism and wars. After Luther leaves, Cajetan remarks, "That man hates himself," and predicts an epitaph for Luther that challenges all self-mortifying religions. It is: "He could only love others."

Act III offers us the formal climax of Luther's defiance at the Diet of Worms, and then quickly jumps four years to an epilogue. In this epilogue it is explained to us that Luther was able to succeed in his defiance because of his support by a gloriously excited peasantry, but that now, in order to restore order, Luther has encouraged the princes to butcher the peasants, and has created a violent thing called Germany. At the play's final curtain Luther is left with doubts, for only if the present life's function is to lead to an eternal one can he be justified.

Tony Richardson's staging and Jocelyn Herbert's scenery are handsome and stylishly selective. As the monk whose faith proceeds out of physical response to the great concepts purportedly faced by churches, Albert Finney gives a powerful, visceral performance. Epilepsy, hot and cold sweats, flatulence, and constipation are stunningly enacted, as Mr. Finney, with suberb discipline, creates for us a scabrously passionate rather than an intellectually profound or luminously spiritual religious figure. One might complain that this performance is redundant, but the discursiveness of the play itself may have required this constancy in the central character to hold it together. Mr. Finney's smashing earthiness provides a nice contrast for John Moffatt's subtly over-refined Cajetan, and may have inspired Peter Bull to pull out all the stops in his memorable bully-boy portrait of Tetzel, the indulgence salesman.

—HENRY HEWES.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

His Hopes On the Human Heart

BERNARD MALAMUD was born in Brooklyn in 1914, of parents who came from Russia though they had met in this country. After a short time in the butter and egg business, driving a horse and wagon, his father bought a small grocery store. Since his mother helped in the store, which stayed open until late, Malamud had little family life and grew up as something of a street kid. At the same time he liked school, and at an early age was encouraged to write. He attended Erasmus Hall High School, was a better than average student, and took a strong interest in the *Erasmian*, the school magazine, of which he became an editor. He wrote many stories for the magazine, and he also took part in dramatics.

He entered the City College of New York in 1932, at the bottom of the Depression, and his years there were not very happy. He liked the college well enough, but three hours a day on the subway was an ordeal. Unlike many of his contemporaries, he never became interested in radical causes. He had his own problems, and he distrusted the Communists, especially after the Moscow trials.

After graduation he had a series of jobs, in a factory, in a store, and as a clerk in the Census Bureau in Washington, but he wanted to write, and a teaching position seemed likeliest to give him an opportunity. In 1940 he began to teach night classes at Erasmus Hall High School and continued to do so until 1948. In 1949 he taught night classes in Harlem. Meanwhile he had taken his master's degree at Columbia and had married Ann de Chiara.

During the Forties he wrote constantly—among other things a novel that he destroyed. Several of his stories were published in non-commercial magazines, but it was not until 1949 that he was paid for a story, "The Cost of Living," which appeared in *Harper's Bazaar* and is included in his latest volume, *Idiots First*. Although he has his doubts about "influences," he had read a good deal in the work of the Russians — Dostoevsky, Gogol, and Chekhov—whom he found congenial. He was also interested in Joyce and Mann, and was attracted to the short short stories of Sherwood Anderson and Ernest Hemingway. He read some Jewish literature — Sholem Aleichem and I.L. Peretz—in translation, and later became acquainted with I. B. Singer's works.

By 1947, after their first child was born, he and his wife were increasingly eager to get out of the city, and in the summer of 1949 he accepted an offer from Oregon State College, where for a dozen years he taught composition and literature. Although there were certain aspects of state college life that he did not admire, as he was to make clear in *A New Life*, he was not dissatisfied with his position; his first four books were all written while he was on the staff of the college.

His first published novel was *The Natural* (1952), a treatment of baseball in terms of myth. He had been reading Joyce and Mann and Eliot, and he was also impressed by Jessie L. Weston's *From Ritual to Romance*, which provided the mythic matter of Eliot's *The Waste Land*. He was not so much interested in baseball for itself as in the American hero. He was asking himself why a man of great talents should sell out in America, and he saw in his material opportunity for comic effects as well as for a drama of moral issues. (Comedy, he believes, is really more difficult to write than tragedy, and he holds that the more of it a writer can get into his fiction, the more imaginative his work tends to be.) Although it puzzled some readers, *The Natural* has its strong admirers. Leslie Fiedler writes in *Love and Death in the American Novel* that *The Natural* "was largely ignored, perhaps because the lively play of fantasy, the trifling with illusion which characterize it disconcerted those who had picked it up expecting a 'good baseball yarn.'" "Actually," he continues, "it *is* a baseball story, disconcertingly out of Ring Lardner by T. S. Eliot." He speaks of the novel's "lovely, absurd madness."

Malamud continued to write short stories, finding the form a constant challenge. The great problem of the short story, as he puts it, is

16 SR's Check List of 1963's Books on Latin America
31 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks interviews Bernard Malamud
33 Idiots First, by Bernard Malamud
34 The Publishing Scene, by David Dempsey
35 Eagles of the Andes: South American Struggles for Independence, by Carleton Beals; The Conquistadors: First-Person Accounts of the Conquest of Mexico, edited and translated by Patricia de Fuentes
37 A Mexican Ulysses: The Autobiography of José Vasconcelos
37 Bernal Díaz: Historian of the Conquest, by Herbert Cerwin
38 *Invisible Latin America*, by Samuel Shapiro
39 The Morning After, by Victor Franco
40 Spanish-American Literature: A History, by Enrique Anderson-Imbert
41 The Red Lances, by Arturo Uslar Pietri; Explosion in a Cathedral, by Alejo Carpentier
42 King Ahab's Feast, by Enrique Lafourcade
43 The Edge of the Storm, by Agustín Yáñez
107 Operation America: The Communist Conspiracy in Latin America, by Jules Dubois
108 Mexico and the Americans, by Daniel James

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"to say everything that must be said and to say it quickly, fleetingly, as though two people had met for a moment in a restaurant, or a railroad station, and one had time only to tell the other they are both human, and, here, this story proves it." He likes the challenge of much in little. "And a story must have the right weight of theme," he says, "or it is trivial. If it is too heavy you have something didactic." "The Magic Barrel," published in *Partisan Review* in 1954, attracted more attention than his previous stories had. The extraordinarily fine dialogue, with its strong flavor of Yiddish idiom, the deep feeling of the young rabbinical student, the pathos of the old matchmaker, the delicate approach to fantasy—all these made many people realize that here was an original and powerful talent.

Largely because of "The Magic Barrel," Malamud was awarded a *Partisan Review* Fellowship in 1956, and took his family—he now had two children—to Rome for a year. In part because his wife was of Italian parentage and had relatives in Italy, he made a quick adaptation to his new environment, and some of his most moving stories have grown out of his Italian experience.

Malamud's second novel, *The Assistant,* was published in 1957. In a note for the Norwegian translation he wrote:

> After completing my first novel, *The Natural,* in essence mythic, I wanted to do a more serious, deeper, perhaps, realistic piece of work. The apprentice character interested me, as he has in much of my fiction, the man who, as much as he can in the modern world, is in the process of changing his fate, his life. This sort of person, not at all complicated, appears for the first time in my writing in the short story, "The First Seven Years" (included in my first story collection, *The Magic Barrel*), and I thought I would like to develop the possibilities of his type. . . .

The novel was highly praised, and Malamud was given the Rosenthal Award of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the Daroff Memorial Award. *The Assistant* has been included in several of the lists of the best ten novels of the past decade that have been appearing in *SR.*

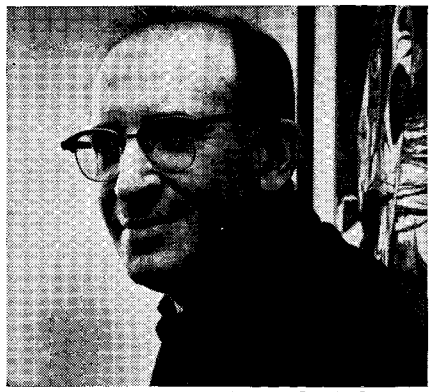
The next year Malamud published a collection of short stories, *The Magic Barrel,* which received the National Book Award. In their citation the judges said: "The fiction prize is awarded to Bernard Malamud for *The Magic Barrel,* a work radiant with personal vision. Compassionate and profound in its wry humor, it captures the poetry of human relationships at the point where imagination and reality meet."

In his acceptance address Malamud tried to make clear what lay behind this book and all his books:

> I am quite tired of the colossally deceitful devaluation of man in this day; for whatever explanation: that life is cheap amid a prevalence of wars; or because we are drugged by totalitarian successes into a sneaking belief in their dehumanizing processes; or tricked beyond self-respect by the values of the creators of our own thing-ridden society; . . . or because, having invented the means of his extinction, man values himself less for it and lives in daily dread that he will in a fit of passion, or pique or absent-mindedness, achieve his end. Whatever the reason, his fall from grace in his eyes is betrayed in the words he has invented to describe himself as he is now: fragmented, abbreviated, other-directed, organizational, atonymous man, a victim, in the words that are used to describe him, of a kind of syndechdochic irony, the part for the whole. The devaluation exists because he accepts it without protest.

Malamud refuses to engage in such devaluation, and each story in *The Magic Barrel* is an affirmation of man's ability to realize himself, even in the face of deprivation and disaster.

Malamud spent three and a half years in writing *A New Life,* which was published in 1961. During two of these years, because of a Ford Fellowship, he was able to devote full time to his writing. (He rented a room in Corvallis, where Oregon State College is located, and went there every morning to work). Although it is sometimes assumed that the novel is autobiographical and that Malamud was attacking Oregon State, what has already been said about his career indicates clearly that he is not to be closely identified with S. Levin, probably no more closely than any author is to be identified with any of his heroes. As for Oregon State, he did criticize certain conditions that existed at that institution but because he knew that they existed at other state colleges as well, that this was a national problem. A variety of teachers have written him, saying that he might have been describing the situation they face.



Bernard Malamud—"tired of the . . . deceitful devaluation of man."

A New Life continues the examination of the apprentice theme present in *The Assistant.* The earlier book describes the conversion of Frank Alpine to the search for the good life, whereas in the latter the conversion has already taken place and the subject is the difficult conduct of the search.

Since finishing *A New Life* and beginning to teach at Bennington College, to which he came in 1961, Malamud has spent much of his time in writing short stories, and the fruits of his labor appear in *Idiots First.* He named the volume after the first story it contains to emphasize the theme of the sanctity of human life. As we have seen, he has been greatly troubled by the depreciation of the human in modern times, as terribly exemplified by, though by no means limited to, the Nazi destruction of the Jews. He believes that the human must be protected, and the note that he sounds again and again is compassion.

—Granville Hicks.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

CODED (OR LOADED) ANAGRAMS

Herewith a cluster of eleven-letter anagrams to which Harry Ober of Brookline, Massachusetts, has imparted a helpful similarity of ideas in the construction. Answers on page 124.

1. FACT I RECITE
2. I CALL A COUNT
3. MOON STARERS
4. O STAR OGLERS
5. IN PESTS I ACT
6. HATES I PAINT
7. IN HATE SLAIN
8. A SCENT I HATE
9. NEAT TAILORS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Losers, But Not Lost

Idiots First, *by Bernard Malamud (Farrar, Straus. 212 pp. $4.50), filters through a humorous, compassionate eye the harshness and absurdities of life. David Boroff, who teaches English at New York University, frequently comments on contemporary fiction.*

By DAVID BOROFF

EVERY period in American literature has had its geographic center. It has been variously New York and Boston and Chicago—even Paris during the Twenties. But the dominant voices have been those of Anglo-Saxon Americans. It is only recently that new groups, most notably Jews and Negroes, have begun to assert themselves. Unquestionably, Jewish-American writers are currently enjoying a kind of renaissance. In relation to the number of Jews in the population, Jewish novelists bulk large. What is even more remarkable is that, in absolute numbers, Jewish writers in America constitute a substantial proportion of the country's major novelists. Saul Bellow, Philip Roth, Norman Mailer, Herbert Gold, Mark Harris, and, of course, Bernard Malamud are in the first rank of American fictionists. One may well argue that their Jewish identity has no special significance: they write as Americans, only marginally concerned with Jewish themes and drawing little or nothing from the Jewish past. In fact, almost Jewish by accident, they are often quite ignorant of that past. Nevertheless, the fact of their Jewishness is highly meaningful. It may well be that Jewish writers, as Leslie Fiedler has argued, have served as schoolmasters for other novelists in the theme of alienation and exile. Certainly the unique historic experience of Jews has found its way in one fashion or another, subtly or crudely, into the imaginative literature created by Jewish writers.

Some Jewish writers, however, have been far closer to the hard bone of Jewish experience than others and have derived more clearly from the only accessible Jewish literary tradition —that of Yiddish literature, Sholom Aleichem, Peretz, and others. I. B. Singer is one such figure but, though American now, he is Polish in origin. Bernard Malamud, who in many ways resembles Singer, is a native Jewish-American writer whose work is most felicitous when it hews closely to the Jewish experience. He seems to know Yiddish literature, and he is quite uncanny in reproducing the rhythms and broken syntax of Jewish-American speech. His best novel, *The Assistant,* has been widely acclaimed, and his volume of short stories *The Magic Barrel* won the National Book Award some years ago. However, *The Natural* and *A New Life,* both of which have non-Jewish settings, were not nearly so compelling.

Idiots First is a roundup of short stories, some of which go back a decade or so. One of them, in fact, provided the imaginative base for *The Assistant.* As such, this volume does not maintain the striking level of excellence of *The Magic Barrel,* but it is good Malamud, and that is very good indeed. Collections of short stories are dangerous enterprises. There is no cumulative power, and each successive story is a new risk. What is ultimately reassuring about *Idiots First* is that, although the stories are uneven, there isn't a false note in any one of them. Malamud's voice is quiet, his storyteller's instincts in superb control. (In this respect, he is like I.B. Singer, another masterful storyteller.) And there is no stylistic bravura about Malamud. It is his very simplicity that ensnares. Like the baseball player about whom he wrote in his first novel, Malamud is a natural.

WHAT is the source of his appeal? Essentially, Malamud has redeemed failure, a valuable service in our hard-lunging success culture. In *Idiots First,* the central figure in many of the stories is the *schlemihl*—Fidelman in the Italian stories; Cronin, the fumbling instructor; the little tailor; the grocery store man—but Malamud, through the transfiguring power of his warmth and compassion, has invested that figure with dignity as well as pathos. His characters are often obnoxious, self-pitying, inept, but they are oddly moving. They are absurd but never grotesque. Preoccupied with disaster and humiliation—the Jewish themes of the diaspora — Malamud nevertheless celebrates life. And there is in him none of the random cruelty, the almost gleeful nastiness that disfigure so much recent fiction.

"Black Is My Favorite Color" shows Malamud's magic blend of wistfulness, sweetness, and harsh humor. The Jewish proprietor of a liquor store in Harlem has a natural affinity for Negroes. ("If I wasn't white, my first choice would be black. Anyway, I got an eye for color. I appreciate.") He has a brief affair with a lovely Negro woman whom he wants to marry. But, an inevitable loser in race relations, he is beaten up by Negro hoodlums, and that ends the relationship. "That's how it is," he laments. "I give my heart, and they kick me in my teeth."

"The Cost of Living," the precursor to *The Assistant,* is a spare, relentless account of the destruction by a chain store of a small neighborhood grocery. The story achieves a kind of lugubrious urban poetry as the little storekeeper, Sam Tomashevsky, contemplates "the years, the years, the multitude of cans he had wiped off and packed away, the milk cases dragged in like rocks from the street before dawn in freeze or heat; insults, petty thievery, doling of credit to the impoverished by the poor; the peeling ceiling, flyspecked shelves, puffed cans, dirt, swollen veins; the back-breaking sixteen hour day . . . the hours, the work, the years, my God, and where is my life now?"

Malamud's Italian stories are a delight. Perhaps it is because the Italian blend of gusto and self-pity is *en rapport* with the Jewish personality. And in "Still Life" Malamud has produced a triumphant sexual comedy involving a Jewish painter and an Italian girl, whose hilarious finale is totally unexpected and totally convincing. "A Choice of Profession" has an American academic setting and deals with another loser, a young instructor whose moral fastidiousness overcomes his concupiscence. No prisoner of formula, Malamud is a fantasist in the title story and creates a charming animal fable in "The Jewbird." There is also a very promising scene from a play.

Idiots First glows with life and tenderness, bubbles with humor. It confirms the widely-held conviction that Bernard Malamud is a distinguished writer in the full flush of his career.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First Novelists, Last Words

FAR FROM being the struggling young beginner that he is usually thought to be, the American first novelist today is a relatively mature, highly educated, clean-shaven, well-established, and even well-heeled individual who is approaching middle age. If this astounds you, it is nevertheless one of several incontrovertible findings to emerge in a recently completed Ph.D. dissertation by Professor Hyman A. Enzer of Hofstra College, entitled *The American First Novelist, A Study of Commitment and the Literary Career.*

Professor Enzer, whose fields are sociology and anthropology and who therefore did considerable skull measuring on the "cohort," as he terms it, sent questionnaires to 118 authors whose first novels came out in 1958. As an indication that he also has one foot in the door of practical psychology, the professor included a "return envelope with a colorful commemorative stamp." Whether for this or some other reason all 118 eventually replied, although not necessarily to all of the questions. Personal interviews were conducted with some of the authors, and most of the novels were read in part. Then, in 1962, Enzer sent a follow-up questionnaire to ascertain the subsequent novel-writing activity of the group—pardon, the cohort.

One of the objects of the study was to discover just who writes first novels and why. In the 1958 sample eighty-eight of the total were men, thirty were women, and none of them were very young, 62 per cent being over thirty-five. The largest number—twenty-nine—fell in the forty to forty-four age group. And as for income, we can quit worrying about first novelists starving. Of the 60 per cent who replied to this question, two-thirds noted that they were making between $11,000 and $30,000 a year and over, although, needless to say, not from their novels. (The great majority reported that less than 10 per cent of their earnings came from this source.)

"The immaturity of the first novelist," Professor Enzer reports in the summary of his dissertation, "turned out to be a myth. Most of the 1958 writers were well established at least ten or fifteen years before their 'first' appeared. The majority . . . were in professions associated with writing—newspapering, advertising, public relations, magazine editing, and radio-TV-film writing. Only a handful—about fifteen individuals—were in full or part-time teaching." For these men and women, he points out, the writing of novels is in the nature of a side bet. "The lack of monetary return . . . may nevertheless reinforce the author's belief that, in a success-oriented society, artistic values ascend as financial ones decline. In this way he has at least one-half of the cake of success."

Sometimes, too, the novelist gets the whole cake. Enzer quotes one respondent who wrote: "The turning point came when the chairman at [the] university said: 'Look here, you'll never win academic advancement until you get a book out.' . . . Publication gave me academic promotion, tenure, a Guggenheim, a year in Europe. I don't have to go to MLA to look for jobs any more, but just for kicks."

ALTHOUGH much of the study satisfies the needs of sociology, rather than of letters, Professor Enzer's breakdown of four "types" of first novelists seems to fit an observable literary pattern. He found (1) a "dedicated" or highly committed group of "writers" (as opposed to other occupational types who look upon creative writing as a sideline), all of whom have produced at least one other novel since their first. For these people fiction is exclusively the major writing interest. They are attached to art values and they tend to be the younger men and women. Next down the scale of commitment is (2) the "persistent" type, composed predominantly of journalists and others in the commercial writing field. More than half had written only one novel, although about two-fifths had contracts for new novels.

The two bottom types, who seem to be holding up the totem poll, are (3) the "casuals"—primarily older individuals, of whom only one-fifth had produced a second novel; and (4) the "indifferents" who, having published once, have more or less gracefully retired from the battle. It is worth noting that the largest group in Professor Enzer's sample are "persistent" (about 32 per cent), although the smaller "dedicated" group (13 per cent) has turned out almost twice as many novels per writer over the four-year period.

Since Professor Enzer believes that it is from the "dedicated" writer that "the so-called 'distinctive' qualities of American fiction become generalized," it is worth having a closer look at him. Here is the profile:

> J. Scrivener, under 35, relies primarily upon income from free-lance writing of fiction as well as non-fiction. His first novel sold about 2,500 copies and brought him a modest return through paperback and foreign reprint rights. His second, written under the pressure of his new reputation, was a comparative failure. He also teaches a writing course or two, and he has an advance on his third novel, which is already in draft form. Economic support also comes through an advance on a magazine piece, his wife's income, and the sale of a story which publication of his novel had facilitated. He is also . . . making a play from his first novel.

J. Scrivener may well be writing the Great American Novel, but if so it is not likely to recall *The Grapes of Wrath,* let us say, or *The Titan.* As a group, the "dedicated" tend to avoid social themes in their novels; those who do use them (about 25 per cent) showed the lowest productivity in subsequent years of writing. Given their middle-class, professional background, and the prosperity of our times, perhaps this is not surprising. At any rate, our most energetic young novelists today are not being driven by the need to convey a burning social message. As Professor Enzer puts it, they are committed to "self" rather than "society."

BUT the most disturbing conclusion to emerge from the study is that for a majority of the authors, their first novel is also their last. ". . . the process that brings the novelist to public notice is more terminal than transitory," Professor Enzer comments, adding that, "Once the book is published, or the dybbuk exorcised, the individual seems to be able to move into a calmer, clearer avenue of career activity." But he notes, too, that "the literary institution exercises negative sanctions on the novelistic career," which is a way of saying that (1) it is difficult to get a novel published, and (2) it is harder to make novel writing pay.

This is a trend that is getting worse, not better. Fifty years ago there were about eight novels published for every book of nonfiction. Today the ratio is almost exactly the reverse. One result, borne out by the study, is that the attrition rate among young writers is extremely high. If 1958 was a typical year, the future of novel writing as a profession is clouded indeed.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Counterpoint to Conquest

Eagles of the Andes: South American Struggles for Independence, *by Carleton Beals (Chilton. 363 pp. $7.95), and* ***The Conquistadors: First-Person Accounts of the Conquest of Mexico,*** *edited and translated by Patricia de Fuentes (Orion. 245 pp. $8.95), chronicle respectively the throwing off and the imposition of Spanish domination over the countries to the south. John A. Crow is the author of "Spain: The Root and the Flower" and of several books on Latin America.*

By JOHN A. CROW

CARLETON BEALS has to his credit over three dozen works, most of them on some aspect of Latin American life. He has tramped all over every country of Hispanic America, has witnessed dozens of revolutions, knows at firsthand the aspirations and realities of the nations to our south. He is, in a word, the Richard Harding Davis of the present generation. His *Crime of Cuba,* which came out many years ago, is still a classic of courageous analysis and reporting, and explains well the economic and political festers that made Castro's Cuba possible. Beals's *Mexican Maze* is an excellent portrait of that fascinating country, with many colorful details on everyday life. His *Fire on the Andes* is an equally impressive insight into the problems of another region. In his many other books Beals has written about almost every country and every epoch of Latin America.

In *Eagles of the Andes* he has produced a fast-moving and dramatic history of the important personalities who emerged in South America's wars for independence. He concludes that independence was the only boon that resulted from this long and violent conflict. A generation of native tyrants soon replaced the old Spanish and Portuguese aristocrats, and neither economic nor political freedom had a ghost of a chance in the newly established states. The unremitting battle for human rights has continued ever since, and indeed is stronger than ever today.

In this book Beals is not directly concerned with present-day problems, but at every step he points out how the present is linked to the past, and how vast are the differences between the reality and the dream. *Eagles of the Andes* might be called Act I of this great human drama. It is fine background reading for anyone who has a serious interest in the southern republics.

The book's principal burden is the detailed stories of Miranda, Bolívar, San Martín, Sucre, Santander, O'Leary, Paéz, O'Higgins, and many other figures who played a decisive role in the wars for independence. Beals gives an accurate, shrewd, well-balanced account of them all, with considerable insight into their private lives. He is at his very best when relating, with plenty of relish and a dry humor, the amorous affairs of some of the above figures. His pages on Manuela Saenz (Mrs. Thorne), who was Bolívar's mistress and confidante for many years, are particularly graphic, and provide many a salty anecdote about the relationship.

The Liberator himself, Simón Bolívar, is presented as a neurotic genius and hero. Beals recalls his early visit to France, where Bolívar "paced up and down the garden like a caged creature, tearing at twigs and flowers, snatching fruits from the boughs, biting into them and tossing them away . . . In the house he yanked at the curtains, tore books to pieces. He could not sit still for ten minutes without ruining something. He had a mania of movement. He plunged into everything with excess."

Later he set out for Italy, accompanied by the tutor of his boyhood. They slept in farm wagons, in haystacks, in country inns, meeting and talking with the poor. In Rome the Spanish ambassador took him to see the Pope. Bolívar refused to kiss the Papal slipper; the ambassador was shocked and apologetic. The Pontiff smiled: "Let the young Indian do as he pleases," he said. Outside, Bolívar exploded. "The Pope seems to hold the Cross in little esteem, for he wears it on his foot; even the proudest kings set it on their heads."

All Rome chuckled over the encounter.

In his thinking Bolívar was a child of the age, the perfect romantic in the political arena. An example was his appointment of Simón Rodríguez, his old tutor and lifelong friend, as minister of education in the newly established republic of Bolivia. Beals writes of this man: "He had wandered all over the world and tried his hand at everything, translating in Jamaica, setting type in

—*American Museum of Natural History.*

Cortes makes peace with the Tlaxcalans at Atlihuetzyan. (From *Antiquedades Mexicanas*, 1892).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Baltimore, tutoring in Paris; he had joined a circus in Russia, made candles in Germany, sold books in London. In Bogotá, besides his teaching, he had distilled and peddled liqueurs."

As Bolivian Minister of Education Rodríguez espoused the cause of Rousseau's "natural man," and founded a special "nature school" which soon created a furore. "He believed in the body beautiful and, though his own body was scarcely beautiful any longer, he walked naked in the classroom in order to accustom pupils to the naked body and to teach them anatomy." Eventually the outraged citizens sent him and his child bride scampering back to Peru.

This, then, is the extra dimension that Beals has given to the oft-told story of South America's struggle for independence. Yet, despite the racy style and pungent anecdotes, this is a serious history. Beals is always on the side of social justice, and lets his blows fall where they may.

While a great amount of research went into the book, there are a few errors. Beals refers to Ricardo Rojas as author of the Argentinian classic *Martín Fierro*, actually written by José Hernández. He calls the Madrid of 1799 "the center of the world, Europe's most powerful, luxurious, and gay city. . . ." Madrid at this time was a shabby and backward town. He refers to the Colombian leader Antonio Nariño as "Mariño," and the name also appears in the index in this spelling. But these small errors detract little from an exceptionally well-written book.

The conquest of Mexico is described in seven first-person accounts in *The Conquistadors*, bringing new life to an epoch that is unique in the annals of history. The preface by Howard F. Cline and the introduction by the translator place the selections in their proper setting. Most of the accounts have hitherto been unavailable in English; translations, notes, and editing are all excellent.

When the Spaniards embarked on the conquest of Mexico two different cultures and ways of life met and locked in mortal conflict. Never again will mankind experience the same strange awe and exhilaration — until spaceships bring together beings from two separate planets.

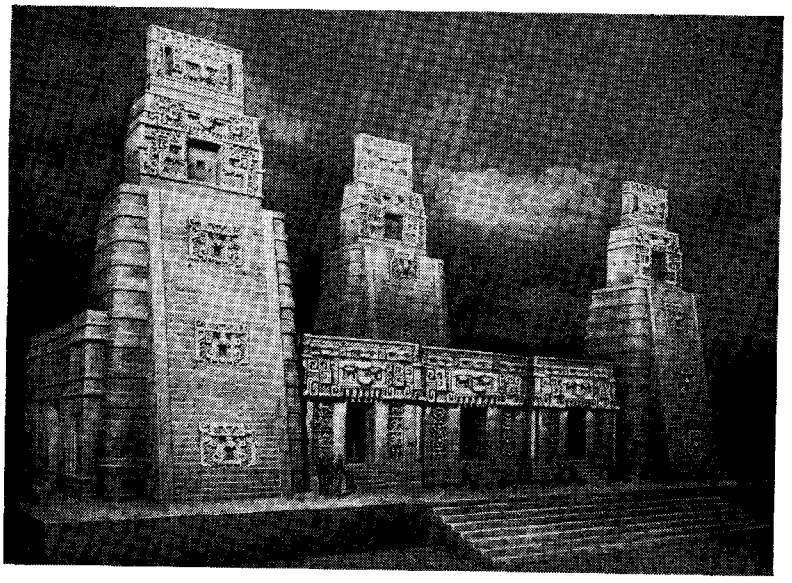
The persons who describe the Mexican conquest are men of action, soldiers and adventurers. Their style is clumsy at times, but their sense of observation is acute, and the very starkness of their language helps make what they saw and did stand out to advantage. Literary polish would have destroyed the picture.

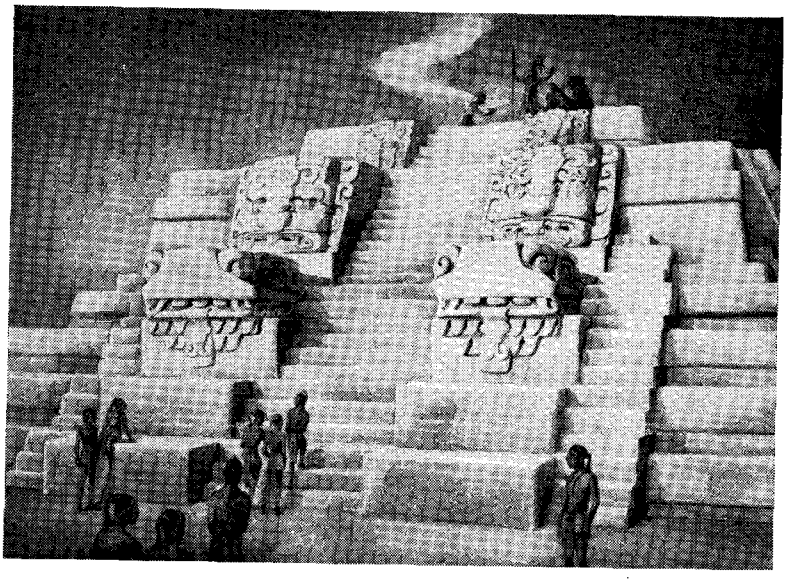
The seven writers are Juan Díaz, Andrés de Tapa, Cortés, Francisco de Aguilar, the "Anonymous Conqueror," Pedro de Alvarado, and García del Pilar. Together they paint a well-rounded and richly-textured canvas of all that took place and much that was felt when these two strange worlds clashed and one of them ended.

OF course, the Indian world has never truly ended. Physically defeated, the red man took his silent revenge in fertile lovemaking that produced a new race, a race in which the pale face of the conqueror was all but extinguished. The deeply rooted cultural values of that world—its sense of beauty, its love of exotic form and color, its social and religious attitudes, even its darkest inner psyche—these, too, survived and have recently been given a new lease on life by the Mexican Revolution. In a fundamental way, then, the conquest of Mexico was never a complete victory. After the initial encounter the struggle continued to go on under the surface, until eventually it became a constant fusion.

This volume contains many fascinating illustrations from the ancient chronicles, which help to present the conquest from the Indian as well as from the Spanish point of view. All in all, *The Conquistadors* is a welcome addition to the literature available in English on a great epic.

Lost Grandeur: A riddle of archeology is the sudden flourishing and equally sudden collapse of the Maya. In *An Album of Mayan Architecture* (Univ. of Oklahoma Press, $7.95) Tatiana Proskouriakoff reconstructs in text and pictures thirty-six of their imposing structures.





PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Odyssey Over the Border

A Mexican Ulysses: The Autobiography of José Vasconcelos, *translated and abridged by W. Rex Crawford (Indiana University Press. 288 pp. $6.95), records the variegated career of a would-be philosopher-king who spent much of his life in exile. Domingo F. Sarmiento, whose most recent book is "Baroque Times in Old Mexico," is professor of Spanish-American history and literature at the University of Michigan.*

By DOMINGO F. SARMIENTO

MEMORY evokes cherished recollections of Mexico City in the early 1920s, when landmarks of colonial architecture still dominated the downtown district and a leisurely air yet hung over the residential Paseo de la Reforma with its afternoon processions of carriages and strollers. The violence of the preceding decade had subsided, and there was a morning freshness and a thrill of conscious activity as the more constructive phases of the revolution got under way. Schools were springing up; there was an intellectual ferment, and the exaltation of Indianist themes was bringing an original and authentic expression to Mexican letters and art. Rhetoric was yielding to realism, literature was doffing its borrowed European raiment, and the great muralists, Rivera, Orozco, and Siqueiros, were adorning the walls of public buildings with vigorous paintings and briefly transforming Mexico into a world art center.

Presiding like a tutelary deity over this cultural renaissance was the Minister of Education, the gifted, paradoxical, would-be "philosopher-king" José Vasconcelos (1882-1959), whose checkered career and achievements brought him merited fame throughout the hemisphere. A man of passionate impulses, self-centered, highly articulate, and deeply patriotic, this revolutionary eventually became a disillusioned reactionary and ultratraditionalist. An intellectual wonderer and wanderer, often a voluntary or forced exile in the United States, South America, and Europe (hence proudly calling himself "the Mexican Ulysses"), he eventually returned to the faith of the devout mother to whom he had always been devoted.

He received his early education in a Texan border town, where he acquired a practical knowledge of English and, possibly, his profound aversion to Americans collectively and to what he regarded as the "cunning imperialism of the Anglo-Saxons." From the outset, conflicting longings to be a sedentary philosopher and writer and a political activist fissured his ambition. In 1909, with other brilliant Mexican thinkers, he broke with the Positivism of the Porfirio Diaz regime. Vasconcelos enthusiastically supported the Madero revolution, hated the usurpers Huerta and Carranza, and under Obregón had his great moment as rector of the National University and Minister of Education.

Obsessed by a belief in his redemptive mission, he ran for the Mexican presidency in 1929 against the puppet of the Calles dictatorship, though he asserted that his real opponent was the American "proconsul," Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow. After his (probably fraudulent) defeat he never ceased to regard himself as president-elect, haughtily withdrawing into exile, chiefly in the United States, to devote himself exclusively to completing his philosophical trilogy, *Metaphysics, Ethics,* and *Aesthetics,* and a vast autobiography in four thick volumes: *A Mexican Ulysses, The Storm, The Disaster,* and *The Proconsulate.* Professor Crawford preserves these titles in the four parts of his abridged translation.

These memoirs ramble along freely as Vasconcelos mingles events of his private and public life with opinions and reflections, philosophy and biased generalizations. Sometimes his views are profound and beautifully phrased; at others they are shallow, contradictory, and crudely expressed. Rarely does the author provide chronological benchmarks to orient the reader, and the casual dropping of names presumes a ready acquaintance with contemporary personalities, Mexican and foreign (Professor Crawford appends a directory of most of these). He writes of his marital incompatibility and erotic involvements with the candor of a Saint Augustine or a Rousseau. Vasconcelos was clearly a supreme egotist, and it is the vitality of his egotism that gives movement to his writing and exercises a fascination upon the reader.

From the 2,500-page, 1,000,000-word quarry of the original memoirs Professor Crawford, an experienced translator, has hewn out blocks of prose to form a coherent narrative structure, revealing one of the most individual and original minds that Hispanic America has produced.

Uncommon Soldier Under Cortés: Bernal Díaz del Castillo's *Historia verdadera de la conquista de la Nueva España,* recounting as it does the epic conquest of what is now Mexico by the small band of men captained by Hernán Cortés, is the basic source material from which much of the story of that conquest is obtained. Next to Cortés's own letters to the king, Bernal Díaz's history remains the single most important source on that era in the early 1500s.

Numerous editions and translations of the *Historia verdadera* have been issued in the years since the manuscript was first published in 1632. But Bernal Díaz throughout has remained something of an enigma. After the conquest he settled in Guatemala and, with the interruption of several trips to Spain, raised a family and performed a variety of administrative roles in the colonial government. However, little of significance has been known concerning his life.

Now, in a handsome study, *Bernal*

(*Continued on page* 106)

Curse

By John Frederick Nims

SO, the well known gamut run,
Love, hate, rage, despair,
He awoke one morning, free;
Breathed a cleaner air.
Bolt upright in bed he laughed:
Not a phantom there.

Sat and laughed, and whole of heart
Damned the pale girl then,
She whose weakness broke it last,
Damned the careful men.
Hugged his fate that gave a heart
Time could break again.

Hearts that finish life entire,
Hearts the rank and sweet
Never cramped in agony,
Rode roughshod that beat—
What's that thing? A human heart?
Throw the dogs that meat.

Throw it to the pale girl then,
Let her pink and blue
Beauty mumble at that rag
When the dogs are through.
What's her fitter food?—except
Eat her false tongue too.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Grim Reality Under Golden Dreams

Invisible Latin America, *by Samuel Shapiro (Beacon Press. 180 pp. $3.95), analyzes five countries that the author believes best illustrate the main stages in the hemisphere's political and economic development. James Nelson Goodsell has lived and travelled widely in Latin America.*

By JAMES NELSON GOODSELL

AS A prolific polemicist, Samuel Shapiro has been turning out a steady flow of controversial comment on Latin America in general and Cuba in particular during the past four years. What he has written has often been subjected to heavy censure. He has, for instance, been sharply critical of United States policy toward Cuba —so much so that he has been accused of being pro-Castro and of harboring Communist sympathies. These charges should be disproved by Dr. Shapiro's able study *Invisible Latin America.*

In this slim, but solid look at the turmoil in Latin America, he reviews many of the aspects of the crisis with clarity and forthrightness. He isn't comprehensive, nor does he pretend to be. But he gives a broad view of a hemisphere moving toward decisions that will alter the lives of not only the Latin American, but also the North American.

Drawing his title from Germán Arciniegas's apt comment that "there are two [Latin] Americas: the visible and the invisible," Dr. Shapiro devotes his attention to the "mute, repressed" millions who he says are on the verge of revolution. He argues that both North and Latin Americans have got to become aware of the "bitter poverty that surrounds [the] pleasant lives" of the well-to-do Latin Americans depicted on travel folders. If, he warns, the tendency "to pass over in silence the awkward truth" about the "invisible" Latin America continues, the danger in the area will grow. The repressed millions are making their decisions and will not allow themselves to be overlooked any more.

—A.I.D.

The Alliance for Progress "can achieve even limited success only if a true partnership."

What Dr. Shapiro has to say is not necessarily new. It has been said before, and probably as well. But there is more. This is clearly a polemic tract. Dr. Shapiro has a viewpoint which partakes of both scholarship and journalism. Most important, however, is a faculty for synthesis that brings meaning to statistics and movements and events.

The "invisible" Latin America is, to Dr. Shapiro, a maldeveloped region, which, "despite the golden dreams that have beguiled investors for centuries," is not a rich area geographically. Political problems further bedevil the story, he argues, pointing to the "dismal record" south of the Rio Grande, a record that includes *caudillos,* revolutions, and wars. In his opinion, the inherited social structure, "rather richly embroidered in some countries with racial antipathies," is an even greater hindrance. Lacking honest and stable governments, he observes, Latin America's development is steadily undercut; thus no answer to the Latin American crisis can ever hope to be entirely successful.

The major portion of Dr. Shapiro's book is a detailed analysis of five Latin American countries that he believes best illustrate five main stages in the hemisphere's political and economic development. He first surveys the military, or *caudillo,* dictatorship as it exists in Guatemala, then turns to limited, oligarchic, and conservative democracy as it is tried in Peru, and the broad, liberal, but troubled democracy of Venezuela. Next he surveys the revolutionary regime of Cuba and concludes with a brilliant look at the post-revolutionary government of Mexico. In addition, he studies the conditions of Bolivia as a test case for the Alliance for Progress aid program.

What is perhaps most interesting in Dr. Shapiro's study is his attempt to see in Castro's Cuba similarities with revolutionary Mexico during the years immediately after the 1910 revolution. He draws interesting and accurate parallels between United States policy toward Mexico under President Wilson and that toward Cuba under Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy.

This is not merely a starry-eyed attempt to explain away Fidel Castro. The author warns that Castro's Cuba, while traveling part of the path that Mexico trod, is also embarking on a course that is foreign to tradition in Latin America. The presence of the Soviet bloc in Cuba, and all that this entails, is a new element.

Yet underneath, Dr. Shapiro is saying, lay the same set of circumstances and needs that faced Mexico some fifty years ago. What Fidel Castro does

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about these conditions is the key. Dr. Shapiro advances the possibility—although admitting its tenuousness—that the Cuban revolution could mellow and go through the cycles now visible in the Mexican experience. This possibility needs to be included in Washington's assessment of the Cuban situation.

What can the United States do? It does have a role, but Dr. Shapiro warns that the Alliance for Progress, for instance, "can achieve even limited success only if it is a true partnership, and not a panicky series of loans and grants that will have no more permanent effect than a handout to an alcoholic beggar."

Dr. Shapiro, who is at present a visiting professor of history at Notre Dame and area studies coordinator for Notre Dame's Peace Corps training unit, is a relative newcomer to the Latin American field. Yet in his *Invisible Latin America* he makes a distinct contribution to the field. Unfortunately, the book is marred by typographical and spelling errors. Moreover, Shapiro occasionally makes judgments that are too sketchy and tentative, as in his comments on the region's admittedly difficult geographic problems.

Nonetheless, he deserves a warm tribute for a survey deserving of wide readership.

Hell's Shadow over Island Paradise

The Morning After: A French Journalist's Impressions of Cuba Under Castro, *by Victor Franco, translated by Ivan Kats and Philip Pendered (Praeger. 248 pp. $6), delves into the life of the Caribbean dictator and the reaction to his regime by a cross section of Cubans. Dan Kurzman, Washington Post correspondent, is the author of an inquiry into the inroads of communism, "Subversion of the Innocents."*

By DAN KURZMAN

VICTOR FRANCO, a French journalist, went on an assignment to Communist Cuba expecting to write a favorable report in line with the thinking of many French intellectuals who consider the American condemnation of Fidel Castro unfair and unwarranted. *The Morning After* reflects his enormous disillusionment. The depth of his bitterness toward the Castro regime, in fact, makes the reports of the few American journalists who have been permitted into Cuba seem almost pro-Castro by comparison.

Describing his departure from Cuba, he writes:

> A kind of dizziness overcame me as we got further and further away from Cuba, that island of paradise darkened again and again by the shadow of hell. I thought of Cuba as of an immense arena scorched by the sun and by passion, where a tragedy is being endlessly repeated. But the Cuban revolution is not Shakespeare. It is a tragedy in the Spanish manner, akin to bullfighting. Grimacing death rises up amidst the cheers and songs of an infernal saraband danced by seven million men and women in the throes of insanity.

The Morning After is a remarkable journalistic document. No novel or television play could flow faster or throb with more drama. The author is beaten up by the police several times. He barely misses being buried under the falling debris of a department store that is blown up by anti-Castro saboteurs. He visits with rebel guerrillas in the Escambray Mountains after convincing sentimental Castroite militia guards that he is a Czech on his way to keep a date with a pretty *muchacha.*

Even Franco's meeting with Che Guevara and Castro himself have a special dramatic flavor. Che happens to drop in on a friend while the author is interviewing him. Fidel happens to get into the same hotel elevator with Franco and offers to chat with him in the hotel cafeteria.

The author interviews lesser fry as well—waiters, bus conductors, priests, housewives, peasants, workers, students. Most of them spill out to him their misery and disillusionment. But those who are loyal to Fidel, Franco finds, worship him with an erotic adulation.

A housewife tells him: "Fidel is my god, my soul, the light of my life . . . if Fidel asked me to go to bed with him . . . I wouldn't hesitate."

A Negro building guard offers a moving and eloquent explanation for Castro's hold on many Negroes: "I thought to myself how clever Fidel Castro was to understand what these sons of slavery wanted, what embittered

(*Continued on page* 107)

SINCE World War I, a real sect of pseudo-idealist fanatics has arisen not only in Europe but on both sides of the Atlantic. What this sect preaches in the guise of intellectualism is not real Revolution, but a sort of social upheaval intended for snobs who have known neither hunger nor fear. Like all artificial religions, it is forever seeking a god, forgetting that human divinity cannot but be ephemeral. One after the other, Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, Tito, Khrushchev, Mao Tse-tung, Soekarno, and Nkrumah have been set up as deities. Whatever they say or do, however scandalous or demented their actions, they have been admired as geniuses. These men are no longer judged as ordinary mortals: what in others would be criminal in them becomes exemplary.

It is hard to believe how far the high priests of Castroism went in sanctifying their idol. To call him a Communist or compare his actions to those of Communists was paramount to blasphemy.

I HAD always believed that the leader of the Revolution was the son of a good family who rebelled against the bourgeoisie. This is far from the truth, and it explains his attitude of revolt.

Fidel Castro was born on August 13, 1926, on his father's *finca* at Mayari, a small town in Oriente Province. Up to the age of twelve or thirteen, he was "the bastard," the illegitimate son whom everybody despised. His father, Angel Castro, did not marry Fidel's mother, Lina Ruz, until after the death of his first wife. Lina was his mulatto servant and could not refuse to share her master's bed. . . . One of Fidel's sisters confided in me, "From his earliest days, Fidel has regarded himself as a pariah, a proletarian. He hated our father, and never ceased plotting against him among the workers on the *finca.* He used to repeat to them: 'You are being odiously exploited by that *latifundista* Angel Castro. I am ashamed of being his son. Rebel against him.' Once he even succeeded in fomenting a strike.

"Our father was afraid of him. He expected to be murdered any day. He used to say, 'If it's not my son who kills me, it will be one of his friends.' He never went out without slipping a revolver into his belt."

—*From "The Morning After."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Four Centuries of Latin Letters

Spanish-American Literature: A History, *by Enrique Anderson-Imbert, translated from the Spanish by John V. Falconieri (Wayne State University. 627 pp. $17.50), to be published November 30, presents and evaluates, generation by generation, 400 years of creative writing. Gregory Rabassa is associate professor of Spanish and Portuguese at Columbia University and associate editor of Odyssey Review.*

By GREGORY RABASSA

THOSE of us who devote ourselves to the study and teaching of Latin American literature have too often ended up speaking to and writing for other members of our rather obscure but competent freemasonry. This is a pity, for if ever there was a culture whose drives and motives are strongly reflected in its literature, it is the Latin American. Therefore we welcome a book such as this and hope that it will dissipate some fog and hold in check those philistines among Latin American specialists who go about stridently proclaiming the worthlessness of the literature in the countries to the south of us.

These are the superficial challenges faced by the author of this history as he attempts to encompass all of Spanish American writing in one book. More important are the technical problems, which he has handled quite well. Rather than categorize his material by periods, countries, or genres, Enrique Anderson-Imbert, an Argentinian who is currently professor of Spanish and Spanish American literature at the University of Michigan, has adopted the theory promulgated by Dilthey and cultivated by Ortega y Gasset that history is best examined in terms of generations. With the necessary exceptions, this has worked out rather well; he has made the history unfold quite logically and naturally.

What becomes clear in this study is that as long as Spanish American poetry dutifully copied Neo-Classical and Romantic models, it could turn out no better than competent journeyman poets, almost as if there were some instinctive feeling that this was not the true *métier* of Spanish poetry. The poets best remembered during these times are those who seemed to be pointing in some new direction, beyond and outside the school they professed to follow. However, in the second half of the nineteenth century these hints and rumblings reached mature form in Modernism, a movement that was to give birth to a horde of good lyric poets such as the world had never seen and who for the most part still remain hidden from outsiders behind the translation barrier. Modernism was the more than superficial adaptation at last of the European currents of Romanticism, Parnassianism, and Symbolism (the last two, above all) to the traditional mainstream of Spanish poetry. For those who deal in specifics, Modernism had its origin in 1888, when Rubén Darío published *Azul . . .*, but he was only the greatest of a whole group of innovators. From then on there have been movements and countermovements, with one thing certain Spanish American poetry (and Spanish poetry too, which now began to follow) has been part of various universal movements, quite often in the van.

Prose was slower in coming to the fore, and it could even be said that only within the last three generations has it moved alongside poetry. Fiction has become less imitative, and a new inventiveness, as exemplified by Jorge Luís Borges, has inspired foreigners to imitation. At the present time the array of good writers of fiction in Spanish America has begun to rival the fantastic production of good poetry. And, fortunately, some small effort is continuing to bring their work to the American public. Nevertheless many jewels from the past are still unknown even to Spanish-speaking people.

As in any critical volume there are many new evaluations in this history. One that I question is Professor Anderson's curt dismissal of the nineteenth-century Cuban novel *Cecilia Valdés* while at the same time devoting considerable space to some of the tiresome standard works of the strained Neo-Classicists and Romantics. He also exhibits an unfortunate tone of prissiness when dealing with certain of the more outspoken Naturalists. The New Criticism has not as yet penetrated Spanish America with the vigor it has shown in Brazil, where under the aegis of Afranio Coutinho it has revamped a whole style and approach; hence Professor Anderson's critical evaluation tends towards either the impressionistic or the scholarly.

The approach however, is wise; if some pages read like an Irish "come-all-yez," it is because the author has attempted a comprehensive survey of the past 400 years. This is by far the best and most complete work on Spanish American literature to appear in English, and one hopes that advantage will be taken of it.

John V. Falconieri's translation is particularly good in rendering lines of poetry, but it often hews too closely to the Spanish style and syntax in the text itself, making the work sound more impressionistic than it really is.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1053

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1053 will be found in the next issue.

REDTQM SKPAERWO, BVTD-GKME VHYM DTNNDM EMMG NP GMBMTYM NVMF-OMDYMO.

SPMNVM

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1052

I would live all my life in nonchalance and insouciance
Were it not for making a living, which is rather a nouciance.
—O. NASH.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chaos Was the Order of Day

Arturo Uslar Pietri—"singing poetry."

The Red Lances, *by Arturo Uslar Pietri, translated by Harriet de Onís (Knopf. 233 pp. $4.95), written thirty years ago by a young Venezuelan diplomat, aims primarily at a portrait of his country's national character at the time of its emergence in the war for independence from Spain. Donald A. Yates, who teaches Spanish at Michigan State University, recently returned from ten months in Argentina under a Fulbright grant for research in Argentinian literature.*

By DONALD A. YATES

A NOVEL widely known in Spanish America, *The Red Lances* was written in Paris in 1930. Arturo Uslar Pietri, the author, was a young Venezuelan diplomat determined to write a book about his country that would exalt *lo nacional*, that would show what was peculiarly *Venezuelan* about his native land. He took for the setting the chaotic period of the War of Independence; yet, as he later explained, he did not intend to write a historical novel *per se*, but rather one that would suggest the viewpoint of minor characters irrevocably involved in what he deemed the moment of emergence of the national character.

That revolt had begun in 1810; independence from Spain was declared the next year. It was a time when the ideas and ideals of the American Revolution were being discussed everywhere. The portrait of George Washington was paraded alongside those of new heroes —Miranda and Bolívar—who were to fight for nearly five years before the cause was won. *The Red Lances* encompasses virtually this entire period.

The leading characters are Fernando Fonta, descendant of a Spanish family that had long controlled the plantation "El Altar" near Caracas, and Presentación Campos, a haughty, muscular mulatto who had been overseer for Don Fernando's father. When the latter dies, Fernando returns from Caracas to find that the real "master" of the hundreds of Negro slaves is Campos.

While the figures who populate the novel are scarcely more than stereotypes—the indecisive Fernando; his fragile sister, Inés; the romantic Englisman, Captain David; the brutal Campos—the plot is much less predictable. For when Campos inevitably rebels he joins forces with the Royalists for the least noble of reasons; and Fernando eventually finds himself in the camp of the Republicans, destined to die for a cause that defied the Spain his blood represents. Irony, perhaps; but chaos, too. Cannon, muskets, pistols, and lances bathed in gore spoke the law of the land. Chaos describes the era.

USLAR PIETRI'S expressionistic style abounding in arresting similes and metaphors, places him squarely in the Modernist movement in Latin American letters. The novel's traditional structure and constant courting of melodramatic effect contrast, however, with the frequent singing poetry of the language. Consequently the brightest metaphors often appear as sudden, extravagant tattoos sketched on the hard flesh of the narrative.

Aside from a few renderings that fall ungracefully on the ear and a puzzling slip on page 5, the accomplished translator, Harriet de Onís, has done a commendable job of putting the novel into English.

Disillusioned with Revolution

Explosion in a Cathedral, *by Alejo Carpentier, translated from the French by John Sturrock (Little, Brown. 351 pp. $5.75), sounds the reverberations of the French Revolution in the Caribbean with its attendant optimism and disillusion. Laurent LeSage is a professor of French literature at Pennsylvania State University.*

By LAURENT LESAGE

IN THE solemn, damp-blackened dining room of a wealthy Havana merchant just deceased, among the huge canvases that adorn the walls there is one depicting apocalyptic disaster: "Explosion in a Cathedral," a prefiguration in this novel of the ideological upheaval of the French Revolution as it reverberated in the Caribbean. Into this room, now turned into a fantastic playroom by the orphaned adolescents sequestered there, bursts one Victor Hugues, a historical figure whose demonic career inspired Alejo Carpentier to conjure up by means of fiction the horror and the wonder of this period in the history of the islands.

The story is not, however, told directly through Hugues, the baker's son from Marseilles who was to bring the guillotine to the West Indies, but through the orphans, who, as they follow their hero about on sea and on land, witness the revolution at first hand. Thus Estebán, the asthmatic cousin and companion of Sofia and Carlos, after being miraculously cured by a half-Indian doctor versed in the occult, leaps enthusiastically into the Jacobin fray. His adventures in Haiti, France, Guadeloupe, and Cayenne, which fill over half the book, constitute a stupendous escapade. But each adventure eats away at his faith in the revolution as he observes the horrors that attend it, and he returns to Havana a disillusioned Candide.

Sofia and Carlos, meanwhile, are bursting to set out on their own odyssey. A raid on the house, long suspected of harboring Freemasons and revolutionaries, precipitates events, Estebán, exasperated into a frenzy of self-incrim-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dylan Thomas
The Beach of Falesá
$3.95. At your bookseller's or from Stein and Day / Publishers

Z Z Z Z
SLEEP ...
—Thru Any Noise!
use FLENTS* Anti-Noise EAR STOPPLES
Comfortable, easy to use. Recommended by doctors.
Used by thousands over 36 years!
Trial box 1 pr. 40¢ ppd.
SHUT OUT DISTURBING LIGHT!
FLENTS* LIGHT SHIELDS
Nap anytime! Soft padding for snug fit. Black Satin. $2.00 ppd.
At Drug or Dept. stores — or send check or M.O. to:
FLENTS PRODUCTS CO., Inc., Dept. S 103 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. *TM

TRY NEW KAYWOODIE PIPE TOBACCO
YOU'LL LIKE IT
Send for free sample and pipe booklet, Kaywoodie Pipes, N. Y. 22

Coming October 19

Strikes, Sanctions, and the Schools

By John Scanlon

inatory eloquence, is led off to prison, while Sofia sets sail to join her destiny with that of Victor Hugues. Her reunion with Hugues, now governor of Cayenne under the Directory, shows us the work of the revolution being undone. Priests return, slavery is reintroduced, new persecutions are initiated to restore what previous persecutions had abolished.

A SAVAGE Voltaire who has stretched the *conte philosophique* into an epic, Alejo Carpentier hammers away at the naïve optimism of the Age of Enlightenment, which in the name of progress committed old atrocities, repudiated itself, and returned to zero. This, one might think, is the "moral" of each episode in this allegory, fleshed out by descriptions of bloodshed and pestilence. But, by mixing up man-made calamities with hurricanes and jungle encroachments, the author seems to go beyond an indictment of human folly to point to a law of nature—growth and decay, the cyclic pattern of living things. Furthermore, by showing man's noble forward thrusts and inglorious retreats in a setting of nature that creates in profusion and destroys without mercy, yet is committed to an evolutionary course, he suggests that humanity, in spite of its backsliding, is progressing toward eventually discernible goals.

Carpentier's prose harks back to the pre-Romantic French writing of the very period in which his novel is set. Bernadin de Saint Pierre and Chateaubriand had created frescoes of tropical nature not unlike those of this Creole author educated in France. But perhaps only one of Spanish culture, heir to the Churrigueresque baroque, could write a novel of such exuberance and proliferation, so lavish in sights, sounds, and colors.

They Dined While Prisoners Died

King Ahab's Feast, *by Enrique Lafourcade, translated from the Spanish by Renate and Ray Morrison (St. Martin's Press. 249 pp. $4.95), satirizes the late Dominican dictator, offering the while some trenchant observations. A translator and critic, Harriet de Onís has frequently lectured in Latin America on North American writers under the auspices of the State Department.*

By HARRIET DE ONIS

> Arise, go down to meet Ahab king of Israel . . . . And thou shalt speak unto him, saying, Thus saith the Lord, in the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine. (I Kings 21, 18-19.)

ON MARCH 12, 1956, Jesús Maria Galíndez, a Spanish lecturer at Columbia University, who after the Spanish Civil War had spent some years in the Dominican Republic, and had incurred the implacable enmity of Trujillo by his criticism of the dictator's regime, mysteriously vanished in New York City. Even though Trujillo was cleared of any complicity in the matter by a distinguished New York lawyer whom he had engaged, on August 31, 1963, when Dr. Galíndez was declared officially dead, the New York assistant district attorney stated that his investigations "confirmed the belief that Galíndez had been killed in the Dominican Republic by an agent of the Trujillo regime." Dead dictators don't bite; but when *King Ahab's Feast* was published in Spanish in 1959 Trujillo, "El Benefactor"—here thinly disguised as Cesar Alejandro Carrillo Ahab, "El Dispensador"—was very much alive and

Enrique Lafourcade—"a natural target of El Benefactor's ire."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gave short shrift to those who ventured to attack or criticize him. Enrique Lafourcade's merciless satire of the Dominican dictator, and his imaginative reconstruction of Galíndez's ghastly death, should have made the talented young Chilean novelist a natural target of El Benefactor's ire. One can only conclude that, inasmuch as the rubbing out of each political foe was followed by the elimination of those who carried out the master's orders, the book was not called to Trujillo's attention.

King Ahab's Feast deals with one day in El Dispensador's life, when he holds a twenty-four-hour celebration of his sixty-third birthday. He is so beloved by his people that 500 policemen lie in ambush in the park surrounding the palace. The *opéra bouffe* official acts —the parades, the reception for the diplomatic corps, the monstrous swilling and gorging — conceal the unofficial liquidation of seventeen political prisoners, to whom El Dispensador administers the *coup de grâce* with his own pistol; and, at Carrillo's express order, under his very eyes, the throwing of "the professor" into the fire-box of a ship. Simultaneously, the tension mounts as a group of idealistic students plot to do away with the dictator.

After finishing this horrifying, swiftly-paced work, the reader cannot fail to ask himself how such a state of affairs could have existed for more than thirty years on an island only several hundred miles off the coast of the United States. The remarks of the French ambassador to El Dispensador's fief, the crafty, unscrupulous, but highly intelligent André, may hold the clue. At the diplomatic reception the American ambassador brings up the question of defending democracy against communism. "Communism!" says André. "Don't make me laugh . . . Communism is not a menace . . . It is the greatest of all pretexts. The most powerful pretext in Latin America . . . For selling . . . For selling off all your surpluses . . . And not only to sell. It is a pretext to keep governments in power . . . To control the internal affairs of those countries. Beautiful word. It has many uses. Save the people from communism. The Spaniards under Charles V and Philip II had another pretext of a more spiritual sort: save the Indians for the Catholic Faith. But you? Communism! We're got to back up the monopolies — the banana monopoly, sugar monopoly, coffee monopoly, petroleum monopoly, tin monopoly, copper monopoly—in order to defend those countries from communism."

Mr. Lafourcade's words should be carefully pondered by every thoughtful American concerned with defending democracy against communism.

Mexican Town Without Pity

***The Edge of the Storm,** by Agustín Yáñez, translated by Ethel Brinton (University of Texas Press. 332 pp. $6.50), takes as protagonist a remote Mexican village on the verge of being thrust violently into a new life by the 1910 revolution. Leonardo C. de Morelos, who was a child in Mexico during the revolution, is an associate professor of Spanish at Columbia University and the author of "Luís González Obregón, Chronicler of Mexico City."*

By LEONARDO C. DE MORELOS

THE KEY to understanding Agustín Yáñez's sixteen-year-old novel is an awareness of the religious, social, and political conditions prevailing in rural Mexico just before the outbreak of the 1910 revolution. More than a social dislocation, the revolution led to the violent emergence into a new life of a society that had been under the constraint of a narrow, isolated traditionalism subtly controlled by an omnipresent church. Yáñez portrays the monastic, somnolent life in a barren village in the state of Jalisco, where all alien influences and intrusions are resented.

Thus the protagonist of the novel is not a particular individual but the town itself, where the personality and actions of each character serve to give insights into the composition of the social group: the priest genuinely concerned with eternal salvation but blind to the realities around him; the local politician, faithful to Porfirio Díaz because his own ruthless authority derives from the dictator, and the rural landowner, fearful of losing his wealth accumulated at the expense of the peasants. Underneath these forces for the preservation of the traditional status Yáñez shows the vital forces for good and evil that give meaning to life, struggling against a social code based on fear: the sexual desires that disturb the serene chastity of the "Daughters of Mary"; the libidinous dreams of the old but wealthy Timoteo Limón, burdened with a paralytic wife; his son Damián's ideas of freedom that lead him to kill his father and the coquettish Micaela. All these are forces that can no longer be suppressed and will destroy an order long out of contact with life. The novel concludes with the impending doom of a social structure fated to crumble under the impact of the revolution. There will be more wretchedness, more pain, perhaps greater injustices; but man will again come into his own as a human being.

The structure of the novel is Joycean in certain aspects: there is an insistent counterpoint between spoken dialogues and the inner monologues that serves to illuminate the emotional state of the characters. The frequent use of flashbacks gradually delineates the personality of each character, until at the end we have a kaleidoscopic but consistent picture of the village.

This excellent translation conveys adequately the tenseness and compactness of Yáñez's prose, its reiteration of short phrases to drive home the salient aspects of each character, and the granitic quality of his style. Nevertheless, I missed at times the incisiveness of Yáñez's phrasing in the original Spanish and his ability to create marvelous effects through the exquisite sonority of his prose.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Showplace of the Nation **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL** Rockefeller Center

ELIZABETH TAYLOR / RICHARD BURTON

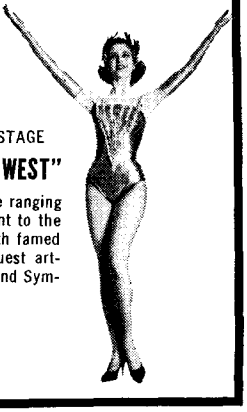
in a modern love story

LOUIS JOURDAN
ELSA MARTINELLI
MARGARET RUTHERFORD
MAGGIE SMITH
ROD TAYLOR

AND **ORSON WELLES** IN

The V.I.Ps

Co-starring **LINDA CHRISTIAN** • Written by Terence Rattigan • Directed by Anthony Asquith • Produced by Anatole De Grunwald • Music by Miklos Rozsa • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture in Panavision® and Metrocolor



ON THE GREAT STAGE

"FAR EAST, FAR WEST"

Sumptuous spectacle ranging from the exotic Orient to the exciting West . . . with famed Rockettes, Ballet, guest artists, vocal ensemble and Symphony Orchestra.

SATURDAY REVIEW

25 West 45th St., New York 36, N.Y.

Please enter my subscription for the term indicated below:

☐ Three years $18—

☐ Two years $14—

☐ One year $8—

(Above rates apply to the United States and its possessions; elsewhere add $2.00 per year)

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Please bill me

Address _____

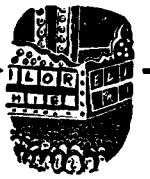
Name _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

10-12

Allow four weeks for delivery of first copy.



Moral Tales, Old and New

WHO, today, would make a movie out of a tale of moral and spiritual regeneration in a lost human being? The Russians, that's who. One of the most interesting of the recent Soviet film exports to this country is their long version of Leo Tolstoy's *Resurrection*, which, if my count is accurate, makes it the sixth time the story has been put on the screen, but the first in the present era of the non-happy ending. Solidly, conventionally produced, the film turns Tolstoy into a rugged sentimentalist; the acting has all the flair and style of a well-made movie of the early 1930s, and the more spectacular scenes have a naïve simplicity that would make Samuel Bronston shudder. And yet the film is absorbing to watch.

One reason for this is that Tolstoy was a taleteller of enormous power, and he told his stories out of the need to illustrate his profound convictions. Even if his convictions no longer interest us much, the narratives retain their immense drive. The Soviet *Resurrection* is practically pure Tolstoy in its taletelling virtues, and only in the latter parts does it become mildly propagandistic, in that it makes the imprisoned intellectuals, with whom Katerina Maslova associates herself, the precursors of the Marxist society. Tolstoy was more interested in Katerina's spiritual redemption than in the mere fact that she shared her life with a potential architect of the great socialist revolution.

My own relative cynicism about Katerina's reformation by Prince Nekhlyudov may have been conditioned by the human behavior in the recent Profumo scandal, for, to believe in *Resurrection*, we would also have to believe in the following possible train of events: a certain Miss Keeler has been turned into a hardened member of society by a certain doctor; one of her corruptors was a prominent member of the British Cabinet; when this scandal broke into the open, the remorseful Cabinet minister proceeded to devote his energies and pocketbook into making Miss Keeler into a wholesome, useful member of society, while also making the doctor aware of the error of his ways. Instead as it seems really to have happened, the Cabinet minister disappears into dignified hiding, the doctor commits suicide, and Miss Keeler makes a fortune by selling her life story to the newspapers and the movies. No, Tolstoy just couldn't get away with it today.

Nor does anyone make movies quite like *Resurrection* any more; the more than competent acting of Tamara Syomina, as Katerina, and Yevgeni Matveyev, as the prince, seems to belong more to the classic cinema of the Twenties and Thirties than to any of the current styles. The settings and photography are hardly more advanced. And yet I found myself far more absorbed in this film than in most of the currently fashionable films by young Frenchmen and Italians. I rather think this is because the greatness of Tolstoy is still able to pierce through into the moral complexities of our own time, and because our own applauded storytellers are simply not his equal.

What would seem more to our taste, however, is the current Italian film having its success in New York, *The Conjugal Bed*, a neorealist comedy that compares its heroine's marital habits to the mating habits of the queen bee. A reasonably happy forty-year-old bachelor finds himself drawn into marriage with a nice, pretty, middle-class woman who, in true conformity with accepted moral and nuptial precepts, exhausts her husband on their marital bed until she has succeeded in her desire to become pregnant, and he has incurred a heart condition. Unable to give up his athletic conjugal ways, in spite of the danger they represent, their last unwise indulgence finishes him off. The wife is left in blooming health, bears a child, inherits a thriving business, and at the end is casting a speculative eye on her deceased husband's partner, also a bachelor.

The hilarity induced by this story lasts only part way; the movie then takes on an almost nightmarish quality, and one is left with a feeling of profound sadness for the husband, a pleasant chap who did only what was expected of him. He is played almost too believably by Ugo Tognazzi. As Regina, the wife, Marina Vlady is appropriately cryptic in her performance, and Riccardo Fellini (the younger brother of Federico) is likable as the other bachelor who will soon be buzzing about her. Since six people were involved in the script-writing, I suppose we must hold Marco Ferreri, the director, responsible for our not being quite sure whether the film was meant as a joke or a tale of terror.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Page 1 of The Rover News, U.S. Edition*

MK. II ROVER "CAR WOMAN CAN STEP INTO WITHOUT SKOOTCHING"

(See Col. 2)

WHITHER TYSELEY?

FOLLOWING OUR RECENT venture into more conventional advertising (Rover's enquiry into scenery and the things that spoil it; copies available on request) we have decided to try this newsier form for a bit. For the simple reason that it is hard to find another format for all there is to say. Plus the fact that the Land-Rover and the Mark II Rover are so different that it is hard to imagine their being made under the same roof much less talking about them in the same ad; a regular ad at any rate.

ALSO, THIS FORM has a precedent in a monthly paper issued for internal company consumption at the Rover plant in Solihull, England and also called "The Rover News." In addition to articles of automotive interest ("108 mph Rover Turbine Triumph at Le Mans Makes Motoring History" and "Vietnam Missionary in Land-Rover Defies Red Guerrillas"), there are also social notes ("35 Gold Watches for 875 Years of Service," "Tyseley Cricketers Off To A Rather Shaky Start"), and many other features, with photographs galore. If you would like a free subscription to this fine paper please drop a line to: The Rover Motor Company, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York 17. Until we can properly gauge the new print order it may be necessary to send you copies of recent issues from stocks on hand, but we are sure you will find them interesting since most of the news is not all that perishable.

Maddened Rhinoceroses

Those of you who read travel lore will have noticed that Land-Rovers are forever being called upon to withstand the *full impact* of multi-ton rhinos, water buffaloes, etc., charging at speeds up to 30 mph. The Land-Rover is built with just such inconveniences in mind. Indeed, the Land-Rover is primarily intended for those areas of the earth—still quite prevalent—where no other car will do at all. Its four-wheel drive and special construction will enable it to climb a 45 degree sand dune, or traverse salt water with the engine submerged, or do 45 mph through hubcap-deep mud. We shall dwell more on the Land-Rover in our next, but should you wish information on the many various Land-Rover models—and where you can see and try them yourself—please drop us a line.

Mark II Rover Not Intended To Withstand Beasts

It is, however, an exceptionally marvelous car with many unapparent virtues. As our feature for this issue we asked Mr. Ken Purdy, the distinguished editor, writer, and sports car buff, to set down his thoughts on the 3-litre Rover (of which the Mark II is the most recent modification) and to relate an interesting experience which happened to him of late. Unfortunately, he wrote at such length that we shall have to continue it serially. Mr. Purdy is one of the few Americans who has owned a 3-litre for years, which accounts for his enthusiastic bias. Since we have left no room for a photograph, if you would care for a nicely illustrated brochure on the Mark II 3-litre Rover you have only to write us.

Mr. Purdy writes as follows:

A GENTLEMAN'S SECRET WEAPON

A 3-litre Rover is something like a silver-fitted rosewood sword-cane: it's a gentleman's secret weapon. If this seems obscure now it won't by the time I'm through.

First off, I think we can agree that the British understate some things almost to the point of deception. The Rover is a prime example. When you think of a Rover, what's the next word that comes to mind? Conservative? Right. For here is a motor car in the old coach-builder's tradition, stalwart and straightforward—no tail-fins, no doubled headlights; a car a man can wear a proper hat in without slumping; a car a woman can step into without skootching. It looks like what it is: an admirable automobile built by people who expect you to drive it for 15 years. (And who are so intent on that purpose that, for one example, they throw away as unsuitable 40% of all the upholstery leather that one of the best tanners in the United Kingdom can provide.) In fine, a conservative car: solid as a rock, lasts forever: but no pace-setter, either for innovations or speed, of course.

Well, well.

The message comes through in little ways: you notice that the Rover owner doesn't have to wipe off a greasy dipstick to discover how much oil he has; he flicks a switch on the dashboard and reads the oil level off a dial. If he really needs to stop—at whatever speed—and stands on the brake-pedal, the car acts as though it had run into a wall of dough: disk brakes. Are these things on *your* car?

To be continued

*©1963 (Page 2 will appear soon) Rover Motor Co. of North America, 405 Lexington Ave., New York 17.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here is one repairman who doesn't send a bill!

Of course, you may never *need* him, either. The average telephone gives years of good service without repair or adjustment of any kind.

But if your phone ever does demand attention, just call the Repair Service (see your directory). A telephone man will come promptly. He'll do a careful job. And there will be no extra charge for his visit.

Does anything else you use so often give you such dependable, low-cost service as your telephone—year after year after year?

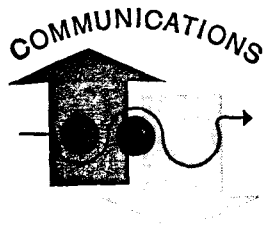
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

SERVING YOU

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



EDITORIAL
By Richard L. Tobin **47**

LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR **48**

NEWS AND LATIN AMERICA: A BALANCE SHEET
By Barnard L. Collier **50**

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO JOURNALISM EDUCATION?
By John Tebbel **52**

ESTHETICS AND THE NEWS
By Robert Lewis Shayon **53**

HOW TO CRITICIZE ADVERTISING
By Harry C. Groome, Jr. **54**

THE ISLAND OF YESTERDAY AFTERNOON: MEMORIES OF A PRESS TELEGRAPHER
By Maurice Siegel **55**

FULL DISCLOSURE
By L. L. L. Golden **56**

STUDIES IN SUCCESS
By James F. Fixx **58**

THE RIPPLE EFFECT
By Arthur Knight **60**

The Confederacy of Dunces

THE PARAPHRASE comes from Jonathan Swift, as good a scribbler as ever dipped his pen in acid: "When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him." Addressing a life insurance advertising association in Toronto a few weeks ago, George Gribbin, chairman of Young & Rubicam, used "The Confederacy of Dunces" as his title and Swift as his text. His premise was sound: that nothing much has happened to dissolve the confederation, and that all you have to do to prove that the dunces are still with us is to suggest a single fresh idea in print or over the air. Any good communicator can tell you what happens next. The confederacy closes ranks against the innovator, uniting by stupidity and fear against genius and innovation wherever they appear. In this context, genius and innovation combine to mean the same thing—something foresighted, something clearly seen ahead of its time, something usually unpopular because it will upset the status quo for those in command and the security of the majority. In short, an idea that is new must forever buck the barrier of a front united by fear of change.

Mr. Gribbin pointed to notable victims of the conspiracy. Socrates surely was one of the earliest in the field of free thought. Another historic target, Galileo, built a telescope that helped him prove the new theories of the universe, theories running counter to clerical ukase. They all but cost him his life. The confederacy reacted violently when Edward Jenner announced the first vaccine after noticing that victims of cowpox, a relatively minor disease, rarely contracted smallpox, an often fatal one. Darwin's theories of evolution shook the confederacy as late as the first quarter of the twentieth century when John Scopes was tried in Tennessee. "The chief dunce of the Scopes trial," Mr. Gribbin pointed out, "was William Jennings Bryan, a former Secretary of State, and three times a candidate for the Presidency of the United States."

What happens when new ideas are published is quite simple, and most good editors know the format well. Man doesn't like to see his social institutions and thought patterns threatened. When men of prescience lead their fellows into the unknown, as geniuses do, things must change; suddenly, and latently, the old society appears illogical, even to itself. Mrs. Patrick Campbell probably said it best when trying to pinpoint the hypocrisy of Edwardian social behavior: "You can do anything you like here as long as you don't do it in the street and frighten the horses."

This boils down to something every professional communicator must forever keep in mind: that it is difficult, in the words of an early genius of rocketry, Dr. Robert H. Goddard, "to say what is impossible." The truth is that nothing, absolutely nothing the mind of man can conceive, can be truly said to be "impossible."

Interplanetary travel, literally impossible to the generation before us, is now likely; indeed, a date has been fixed for the first venture—to the moon in the late 1960s. Infectious disease in plague form once was thought to be an act of God and as such should not be tampered with

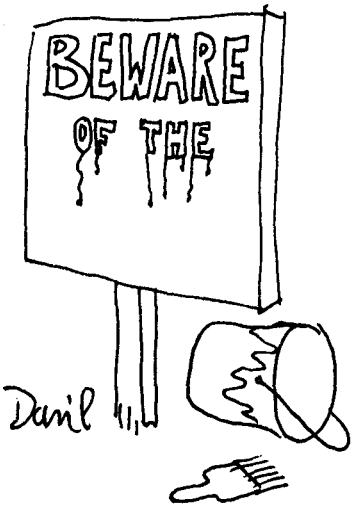
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but accepted as a religious experience. Most endemic diseases are by now either under control or all but wiped out through one form of antibiotic or another. Democracy, that most sophisticated of political systems, appears at last to have looked at itself in the American mirror and decided that it must alter its image to something nearer what the words say. Impossible? Ask any conscientious Southern editor and he will tell you there are changes in his district he could not have believed a few months back.

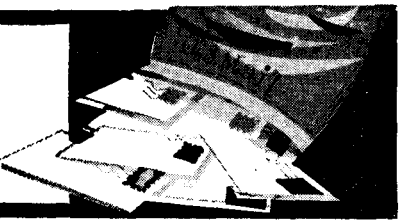
A cure for one of the cancers? It will surely come, and when it comes it will be a tremendous news story, but one the editors and broadcasters will have to handle with care. Printing without a press is already here, in several forms, the most common of which is facsimile, sending news pages electronically into the home via a sort of telephoto scanner. Boats that skim a mile a minute over the surface of the water rather than in it will soon be common through the hydrofoil and air-cushioned hovercraft. General Sarnoff wrote in these pages some time ago that it won't be very long before we're communicating with each other miles apart as we walk along the street. We'll each have our own pocket "telephone" and it won't need any wires.

Whatever advances come, in the social structure or in science, Mr. Gribbin's "Confederacy of Dunces" will surely oppose them, as in the past. The first line of defense against this confederacy will, as in the past, be the professionals in news, the communicators whose primary job it is to spot trends and genius, support what is worthy of dissemination and success, and help break down that dangerous human inhibition, the fear of change.

—R.L.T.



Letters to the Communications Editor



TV COMMERCIALS AS AN ART FORM

I WAS SURPRISED that no mention was made by John Tebbel in his article "How Europe Fights Commercial TV" [*SR*, Aug. 10] of the attempts of Britt Wadner to introduce commercial TV in Sweden.

Television commercials are an art form, one that could stand much improvement to be sure, but still an art form. Since so many of your readers see federal grants as the cornucopia for artists, why not set up a federal advisory board like the National Science Foundation to help poor starving television commercial writers improve?

Seriously, the one thing I dislike about our local ETV station is that without commercials there is no time between programs or during them to get a snack or do other similar short chores. Commercials pay for the programs and provide a break —they are a boon, not a bane.

LARRY MEISSNER.

Deer Island, Ore.

JOHN TEBBEL'S statement that Americans watching European TV become uncomfortable, impatient, and irritated when deprived of the dubious privilege of watching commercials is pure nonsense.

Most of my viewing is limited to ultra high frequency and when I watch the ordinary TV programs I turn off all commercials.

I would be only too happy to pay for the privilege of having at hand civilized, adult programs such as *The Age of Kings* to which I could turn. For the present, commercial TV is not even a substitute for a bad book.

DAN H. MCCULLOUGH.

Toledo, O.

"PATENTLY PHONY INTERVIEWS"

I HOPE it isn't too late to add my agreement to Diane Hewitson's feelings about disgusting television advertising. I refuse to buy any product using patently phony interviews. And who would buy a soap that urges you for the first time in your life to be really clean, and tells you how to avoid detergent hands? The simplest answer: don't use detergents. Ivory soap was prescribed by two doctors for my blond baby's bath more than forty years ago. Why change? But sadly Ivory felt the pressure and came out with a detergent when they had a product that should have whipped all the detergents by sticking to their old advertisement of a baby saying, "I'm all complexion," as he splashes in his Ivory soap bath. Tell Norma Schmitten to switch.

GERTRUDE STEPHENS.

Dallas, Tex.

MENCKEN AND *READER'S DIGEST*

MR. ANGOFF may have total recall, but I have proof positive that H. L. Mencken praised *Reader's Digest* in print in September 1934. Quite contrary to Mr. Mencken's sentiments as expressed in Mr. Angoff's alleged conversation with the great editor [*SR*, Aug. 10], the following statement by Mencken appeared in *Reader's Digest* of above date:

"When the *Reader's Digest* first appeared in 1922 I was editing a magazine myself, and hence had only a pale and ineffectual interest in magazines edited by others. For two or three years I probably no more than glanced at it. But then, one day, I noticed that the table of contents led off with an article taken from my own magazine, and I naturally looked inside to see what had been made of it. What I found really astonished me—and I should add, considerably embarrassed me. For here was an article that had run to 4,500 words as I had printed it—and the *Reader's Digest* got everything that was worth reading in it into 1,500! Not an idea was missing. And not a phrase of any importance whatsoever. Such discoveries are not exactly pleasant, but they at least have some use. I began reading the *Reader's Digest* pretty regularly after that, and in the course of time I learned a great deal that was new to me about the art and science of copyreading, though I had been practicing it for twenty-five years. I believe that it can be done much better than it is done in most American magazines, and I point to the *Reader's Digest* in proof. The rest are far too wordy, far too windy. There is too much in them that is mere writing against space. The evil system of paying for manuscripts — at least usually — by their length is probably responsible for that, but whatever the cause, there is an effect. The best articles in all of them are gathered together in the *Reader's Digest* — and boiled down to 1,800, 1,500, or even 1,000 words. I have yet to encounter one that was seriously damaged by the process. And I can recall dozens that were palpably improved."

HENRY J. FREYLIGER.

Manhattan, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Alfred A. Knopf, one of the founders and first publisher of The American Mercury, has reported to SR that statements in Charles Angoff's article, "Mencken — Prejudices and Prophecies," having to do with the early negotiation between The American Mercury and Reader's Digest for reprint rights, are contrary to fact. Mr. Knopf states that he and not Angoff negotiated with RD and its founder, DeWitt Wallace. Mr. Wallace also has written Mr. Knopf as*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

follows: "I negotiated American Mercury reprint rights with you and not with Charles Angoff. All of my early dealings with magazines were conducted with top editors and publishers. I am positive that I never had a discussion on any subject with Mr. Angoff."

IN DEFENSE OF GHOSTWRITING

A WORD, please, in defense of corporate ghostwriting, dismissed with such contempt by Peter Bart [*SR*, Sept. 14]. Admittedly, most business speaking is on the level of the canned rhetoric cited by Mr. Bart. But many corporate executives demand considerably more than warmed-up rehashes of the American Business Creed. These businessmen want their ideas presented clearly and powerfully; but they also want them fortified with precise documentation and related to contemporary (not eighteenth-century) social thought. Many corporate leaders demand to be told when their notions are contradictory, insupportable, outmoded, or jejune.

Actually, the speechwriter has a unique opportunity to enlighten and inform his executive client. The executive, knowing that once he speaks the words they are his responsibility, reads a speech draft and weighs its arguments with more than the usual attention.

RONALD GROSS.

New York, N.Y.

"WITHOUT FREE COMMUNICATION"

L. L. L. GOLDEN'S article "What Can You Tell Employees?" in your August 10 issue reveals an aspect of union-management relations of which the public needs to become aware. Our entire democratic system is based on the principle of an informed public, aware of all sides of the issues confronting it. Imagine, if you will, a political system in which the views of one political party had to be transmitted to the voting public through the medium of the opposition party! Obviously it would be a farce to claim that the voter had heard both sides of the matter. Yet this is precisely what happens to management-labor communications during union negotiations.

I am well aware of the consequences of this system because of personal experience as an employer who tried to offer his men a proposal he thought would give them better job security and improved earning power. It came as a shock when I was informed by the NLRB that I could not communicate with my men in any way until union negotiations were concluded. Since the union bargaining committee had no desire to pass my plan along to the membership, no real negotiation was possible.

BERT LISS.

South Bend, Ind.

"IT DID HAPPEN HERE"

IN THE EDITORIAL "It Did Happen Here" [*SR*, Sept 14] you conclude that the subpoenaing of the editorial staffs of the Danville *Register* and *Bee* constituted a threat to freedom of the press. Your informant, Andrew A. Farley, general manager of the Register Publishing Company, characterized the action as an attempt at "gag and harassment." Some additional facts are relevant.

Before issuing the subpoenas, defense counsel sought to elicit from the newspapers the names of their staff members who covered the alleged offenses, since the papers had published articles and photographs of the events which were the subject of the criminal proceeding. The articles had no by-lines and the photographs no credit lines. An officer of the newspapers told defense counsel (quite rudely) that they would not supply any names nor would they further discuss it. Since the stories differed from the police version of the events it was necessary to have these eyewitnesses available for testimony. It was only after the newspaper's refusal to furnish this information that it became necessary to issue subpoenas to the entire staff. At the direction of the court the newspaper supplied the necessary names and defense counsel made no effort to detain anyone else.

Under these circumstances, it ill befits the *Register* and *Bee* to act the injured innocent. Attempt at "gag and harassment" well describes the hundreds of prosecutions of Negro citizens seeking to air their grievances in Danville; it widely misses the mark when applied to those subpoenas.

JACK OPPENHEIM.

New York, N.Y.

THE EDITORIAL "It Did Happen Here" was more moderate than its title. By admission that the Danville, Virginia, newspapers went to press on schedule, that neither was under any compulsion or restraint, it seems that freedom of the press, under the First Amendment to the Constitution, is under no serious threat from the courts. Nowhere else in the world is the privilege more fully enjoyed than under the constitutional protection afforded by our courts.

The danger that compulsory attendance of witnesses will inhibit freedom of the press is a mere shadow of a possibility; but it is true that people of considerable private and public responsibility have suffered unreasonable loss of time through antiquated and cumbersome courtroom procedure. Our federal and state judiciaries, the American Bar Association, and numerous state and local groups of lawyers have studied this problem and have recommended various solutions. From this work came extensive modification in the rules of procedure in federal courts. The application of these rules was immediately beneficial in our United States courts. Modified versions of the federal rules are now being adopted by several state legislatures for application in state courts. This modernization of court procedure does not alter the established legal principles governing controversies coming before our courts. It will speed the disposition of cases crowding court dockets; fewer witnesses will sit in witness rooms; and more testimony will be given through interrogatories and depositions taken at times more convenient to witnesses. However, it will still be necessary for a citizen to answer the command of the court's subpoena when justice requires his presence.

V. R. MOEN.

Minneapolis, Kan.

"A CRAFTSMANLIKE JOB"

IN THE LIMITS OF a single page, L. L. L. Golden did a craftsmanlike job of compressing the somewhat complex structure of activities in the administration of Harvard University concerned with various "publics" [*SR*, Sept. 14]. His account, as a sample of the kinds of activities functioning within any university, gives a good idea of the variety of talents involved.

WILLIAM M. PINKERTON,
News Officer,
Harvard Unversity.

Cambridge, Mass.

"Double Your Pleasure, Double Your Fun . . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

News and Latin America: A Balance Sheet

By BARNARD L. COLLIER, *Latin American correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune.*

WHEN a wandering U.S. *periodista* gets together with Latin American friends for a few drinks, the cocktail banter invariably swings around to a discussion of the quantity and quality of U.S. press coverage of their countries.

Mostly, the judgments on the part of Latin Americans are rather unkind and annoyingly unbending. As for quantity, the commonest complaint is that, for the sake of the flashily spectacular, the U.S. press downgrades or ignores much of what Latin Americans consider really important. The quality of the reporting is an even more subjective matter, and opinions must be discounted in proportion to the number of U.S. newspapers and magazines the complainer reads. After a bit of prodding, most admit to reading only one, or at best two, and then not on any regular basis.

Frankness demands that some of the Latin Americans' complaints be considered well-taken. The caliber of U.S. reporting in Latin America is, as many U.S. newspapermen will testify, not always the highest. Wire service men grumble that their bureaus are chronically undermanned and that when their copy gets to New York it is often lost in the shuffle of less vital European, Asian, and African news. Many are convinced that the old axiom about 10,000 dead Chinese being worth the column space devoted to a smashup on the New Jersey Turnpike also applies, with only minor downward revision, to them. And a sizable group of regular newspaper correspondents and the vast majority of freelancers working for U.S. publications in Latin America harbor the same nagging suspicion. An Argentine editor not long ago parroted a caustic remark common among Latin Americans to the effect that "without the arrival of Fidel Castro on the scene, the U.S. press would still be ignoring most of the news down here. You reporters ought at least to thank him for giving you more work to do."

Unhappily, there is some truth to it. During the Argentine national elections last July, a correspondent for a major New York newspaper was bemused by a cable from his office, the gist of which was "hereafter mention Castro in all Argentine dispatches."

Other U.S. newsmen can tell tales of similar cables on into the night, and Latin Americans leap to repeat them with enormous glee. But it is equally instructive and entertaining to turn the conversation to what these same hypercritical Latin Americans think of their own newspapers. If one is at all vengeful about the way the U.S. press is lambasted by Latins, the outcome of that kind of discussion is usually perversely gratifying.

In spite of themselves, most Latin Americans immediately take to the defensive. The state of their own Fourth Estate is a tender spot with most of them, and they need frequent reminding that turnabout is fair play. Yet once the discussion is launched and painfully probing into details, most of them readily agree that Latin America's popular press is woefully weak not only in domestic and local coverage, but in international matters besides. Those who read English admit grudgingly that the bulk of the international news analysis they have faith in comes from abroad—from the London *Times*, say a good many, or better yet, *The Economist*. Others subscribe to what they call "thoughtful" Spanish-language publications; to find out what Washington thinks, almost all agree that they get copies of the *New York Times* when they can. And all are candid about the fact that when they do read their local papers they do what all reasonable newspaper readers must and discount according to years of experience.

There are only a few Latin American newspapers regarded as "exceptional" by the "thoughtful" readers—just two to be exact. Both are in Argentina. The fame of *La Prensa* and *La Nación* has spread throughout Latin America, and *La Prensa* is touted by many non-Argentines as one of the greatest papers in the world from the standpoint of news coverage and editorial spunk. Again, however, it turns out that a mere handful of non-Argentines ever see a copy of *La Prensa*, and its grand reputation, gained mainly after its suppression for Gainza Paz's editorial attack on Dictator Juan Domingo Perón, is not nearly so overwhelming among Argentines themselves.

"But *La Prensa* is getting better today," said an Argentine businessman who feels the need to supplement his reading with huge doses of foreign material in order "to find out what is truly going on in the world and sometimes in Argentina, too." What makes *La Prensa* better, he says, is the fact that "it is growing a bit less stodgy and a little closer to the people. There was a time not long past when it seemed that *La Prensa* was written and edited in another world, and daily Argentine affairs were only an intrusion in its long gray columns." For one of the "world's greatest newspapers," it was damnation with faint praise, and he knew it.

The critical Latin American newspaper reader realizes that much of the local and domestic news printed daily ranges from utter falsehoods and self-serving puffery to deplorably inept reporting and lazy editing. "In most of Latin America," says a Venezuelan journalist, "the local reporter is a moonlighter with another job or maybe two. Those who depend on their newspaper salary for a living are either very rich and doing it for kicks and personal prestige, or they are wretched hacks, or they are very stupid."

THE professional reputation of the workaday Latin American reporter is dismally low both within his trade and among the people he interviews; socially, most reporters, unless well-connected by family background, enjoy a status somewhere between that of a plumber and a bank clerk.

A reporter is considered fair game for any publicity-seeker willing to put up the pesos, and many reporters on meager salaries are openly on the take. "If I didn't do a little of that kind of thing," said a Peruvian reporter for a leading paper, "I couldn't live with three jobs. Almost everyone does it, even the well-off ones who don't really have to. Only they say it is just a favor for a good friend. It's all the same. It's a tradition."

An equally questionable tradition, admit many Latin American readers, is the strong political party allegiance of many newspapers that quite blatantly slops out of the editorial pages and into the news columns. Not that this is a problem peculiar to the Latin American press alone, they are quick to say. But the extent often erases any faith in the newspaper's objectivity.

"I know, for example," said a Colom-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bian bank executive who lived for eighteen years in New York, "that the *Herald Tribune* is supposed to be a Republican newspaper. I understood when I read some of its news stories that its Republicanism was sometimes coming out on the front pages. However, I thought most news was as objective as possible. But I really have read about automobile accidents in newspapers here that were somehow turned into political diatribes. What's more, when the political opponents of the paper are referred to, the allusions are often openly slanderous. Not many newspapers will hesitate to print such a thing as:

"'Mr. Garcia, of such and such a party, today denied charges that he is a dirty, thieving, power-mad, snake-in-the-grass, etc.,' and you can be sure that these so-called charges were printed for the first time in the same story as his denials appeared."

What also discourages many readers is the dismal lack of analytical reporting on government affairs, both in time of crisis and during relative peace. It is common for a newspaper merely to reprint a government communiqué in full, without pertinent comment, no matter how severely the subject of the message affects the country's people.

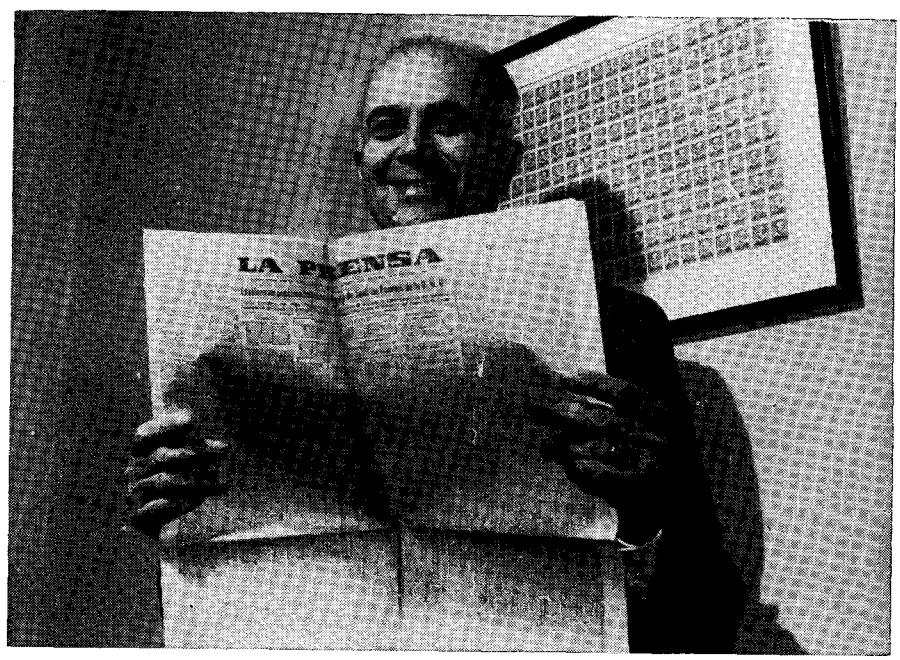
Said an heir to one of Argentina's most influential newspaper empires, who now refrains from almost all contact with the family business out of what he calls "a sense of outrage and disgust" against the inertia and wishy-washiness on the part of the paper's management: "The paper is not run by professionals, and I can't cope with that. Things must be done as they have always been done, and in the family sessions I only become angry. When it comes to a problem of politics, their credo is always caution first. They know what is going on in the country—so it isn't that they are ignorant of the meaning of the things they don't print. But everything to them is privileged. Therefore they allow nothing of importance to be printed. They let rumors circulate that could be confirmed or squelched with the well-known information they and their reporters possess. And many of these rumors are allowed to grow and become distorted and often have grave effects on the country. It seems to me the duty of the paper is to bring them into the open. But no. It is too dangerous, they tell me and each other. Argument is useless. I have therefore abandoned my interest."

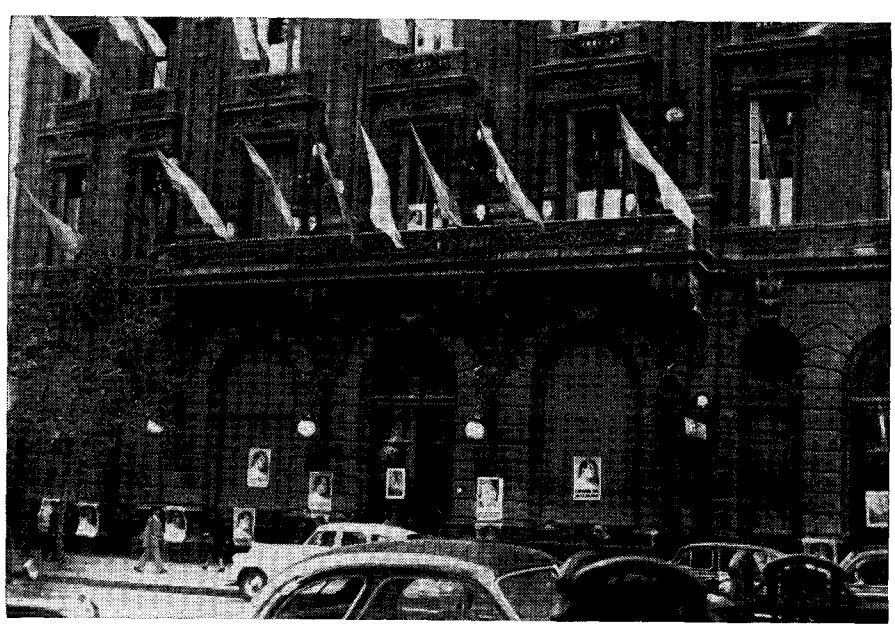
On the rare occasions when Latin American newspapers do indulge in some digging and decide to print what they find, the results are often spectacular both for the paper's circulation and for prestige. When one Buenos Aires paper broke all precedent a few years ago by exposing the makings of a thwarted military coup, the uproar was furious. But the stories were forceful and forthright, and not just vaguely hinted at. The paper was so pleased with the response of its readers to what was common knowledge among most of the press that it kept on printing the formerly unprintable and has forced other Buenos Aires papers into shucking some of their timidity and following suit.

But on the whole, the exceptions only prove the rule. There are pitifully few Latin American newspapers that inform to their capacity or give their readers credit for wanting to be informed. The critical Latin American reader knows this well, and resents it.

"What we read in our papers is not only questionable as to truth but lacking in imagination," said a Chilean newspaperman-turned-politician who was unsurprised at the fact that United Press International, with over 600 clients in Latin America, receives each week only a measly average of three queries from Latin America for new angles and amplification.

"I think," he said, "that most careful Latin American readers know the shortcomings of their newspapers and accept them with melancholy. But you can't blame a Latin American for taking some pleasure in pointing out the fact that the U.S. press is wayward, too. Now can you?"





Gainza Paz (top) and *La Prensa* office—" . . . a bit less stodgy and a little closer to the people."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What's Happening to Journalism Education?

By JOHN TEBBEL

IT HAS taken journalism education more than a half-century to achieve respectability and stature among the media of information, printed and electronic. Except for a die-hard minority, the men who control these media now recognize the value of a journalism degree, and graduates find their diplomas an asset, often a prerequisite, in getting jobs, where once they had to hide the guilty fact that they had studied for the business.

Yet all is not sweetness and light in journalism schools these days. They have won a professional standing, it is true, but there appears to be some danger that the educators may be wandering away into an unprofessional academic jungle where the shadow has grown larger than the substance, and this at a time when the need has never been greater in communications, especially in the newspaper and magazine businesses, for better professional training.

An interplay of factors has brought about this unhealthy situation. Foremost among them is the tremendous growth of the communications industry itself within the brief life span of the schools. When the oldest of the major institutions began—at Columbia, Missouri, and Columbia University—their modest intention was to prepare aspiring undergraduates for the newspaper business alone. Today even the minor schools and departments make some pretense of training for the whole spectrum of communications—newspapers, magazines, radio, television, advertising, public relations, and the specialties within these divisions.

Some professors in these multifaceted schools of journalism are so lost in their own specialties that they have stopped reading newspapers. When *Saturday Review* recently surveyed journalism educators in order to determine how they rated the nation's newspapers, more than one replied apologetically that he had no time to read the daily press, and it was not in any case his area of interest.

It is true, of course, that newspapers themselves are becoming collections of specialists, and the old-fashioned general assignment reporter who knew a little about everything may be disappearing, at least from the large dailies. But in enlarging their operations to keep pace with the expanding uses encompassed by that once simple word, "journalism," too many educators, in the opinion of some observers in the media they serve, have lost sight of the major goal, which is to train superior people who will not only possess whatever skills are necessary to communicate, but will also be able to apply them with intelligence and effectiveness to the increasingly difficult task of interpreting the incredibly complicated age in which we live.

One of the major obstacles to realizing that goal is the growing preoccupation with research among journalism educators. Like a creeping blight, it has come to dominate the teaching activities of graduate programs in the largest schools. It is solidly entrenched, supported by a flow of media and foundation money which keeps more than one institution alive, and it is powered by some of the most prominent figures in journalism education.

THIS introduction of the techniques of the sociologist and the statistician into the mainstream of journalism education has had some curious effects. It has produced the Ph.D. in Journalism, a degree that once would have been laughed out of court but now has achieved respectability in the new field it represents, communications research, a specialty that may have its own value but is far removed from journalism.

It has also resulted in a growing number of research specialists on journalism faculties, with a consequent reduction or de-emphasis of the professional curriculum. It is no longer strange to find deans and heads of departments, not to mention mere professors, who have never had any professional media experience, and graduate divisions devoted almost entirely to research. It has, in fact, been suggested by some media executives that communications research would do better if it were not grafted onto the main tree but grew and flourished by itself under the maternal care of sociology, whose true child it is.

Yet the influence of the communications researchers is pervasive. It dominates the activities of the Association for Education in Journalism, whose quarterly is a research journal and whose accreditation practices, although formulated and applied with the aid of eminent professions, are nevertheless influenced by the sociologists of journalism. It would not be easy for a school without a research program to be accredited.

Some journalism educators think this is exactly the way it should be. They are solidly against the idea of journalism training as professional preparation. One was reported recently as grumbling that the schools ought not to be "boot camps" for the media. Perhaps this attitude is a defensive reaction against the abuse journalism education has taken from myopic liberal arts faculties that like to sneer at professionally oriented programs as "trade schools." Now, safe behind a palisade of communications research surveys, and speaking in a jargon fully as incomprehensible as that of the sociologists and psychologists, the journalism professor can join these purist colleagues on their own sanitary level and become a member of the club in good standing.

It is unfortunate that communications research has so largely taken over graduate work, for it is on this level that professional education is most needed. Among the people who do the hiring, if not among the educators, it is generally agreed that the prospective journalist needs, first, a thorough grounding in the liberal arts—and that there is so much to learn that four years are scarcely enough, in view of the inadequacies of American university education. The first duty of the communicator is to understand what he communicates; it is no easy task today.

ONCE he understands, or has the basis for understanding, he can learn his basic skills quickly on the graduate level, and begin to apply them in specialized ways. But it will be a long time before this ideal can be realized by most schools and departments. Few have the financial or physical resources to do first-class graduate work; most must be content with undergraduate programs, in which the first two years are concentrated on academic preparation and professional subjects are postponed until the junior year. Some are able to go further, with a professional program that begins in the senior year and con-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tinues into a postgraduate year. Several have both undergraduate and graduate curricula, but the graduate work is devoted for the most part to research.

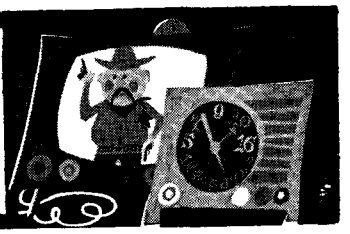
Thus journalism education finds itself confronted with a magnificent opportunity which, in too great a degree, it is unable or unwilling to grasp. We live in a society in which the importance of public communication is beginning to be understood and appreciated by more and more people. The communications media are turning to the schools of journalism for more and better-trained communicators. The rewards for these graduates, both financial and professional, are higher than they have ever been and are increasing. At the same time, the demands made of the graduates are correspondingly greater.

Yet the state of journalism education is dismayingly academic in far too many schools. Often it follows rather than leads. In some instances the curriculum bites off more than the faculty has the competence to chew; in others, both courses and teaching are unimaginative, geared to a level of mediocrity that reflects the common denominator of yesterday's journalism.

THERE are a few schools and departments, both large and small, that take a professional, forward-looking approach to their work, and that have the money to implement it. These institutions are pointing journalism education in the way it should go. They are teaching not only the skills of journalism, but its substance as well. They are developing programs for such specialties as science writing and international reporting. They do not disdain research, but they keep it in proper perspective, subordinate to the professional function of the school.

What kind of graduate do they mean to turn out? Perhaps the best description is contained in a paragraph from the fiftieth-anniversary report of the dean of Columbia's Graduate School of Journalism, Edward W. Barrett. The public communicator, Dean Barrett writes, "needs the ability to deal comprehendingly with the issues of the day, to report honestly, to think dispassionately, and to write clearly and readably. He requires the ability to grapple with new subjects and understand them rapidly. He needs a broad comprehension of the world around him, even before developing specialized knowledge of particular areas of news. In journalism the effective specialist must first be an effective generalist if he is to interpret his specialty to the general public His is the obligation also to be ever inquiring, devoted to continuing self-education. Finally, he needs a strength of character equaled in few professions and exceeded in none."

Audio/Video

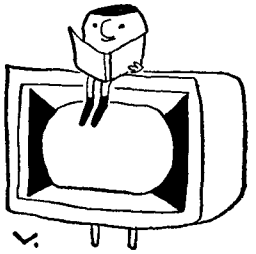


Esthetics and the News

SAVE for *Arrest and Trial*, an ABC-TV ninety-minute courtroom drama that splits down the middle, the only innovations in form offered thus far in this television season are the major news presentations of CBS and NBC. Both networks have expanded their quarter-hour evening news programs to half-hour length, and CBS has introduced the first thirty-minute morning news program, with Mike Wallace hosting a "hard look at the news." The latter program, a veritable oasis in the desert of daytime TV, offers a judicious mixture of television journalism and woman's-interest material above the level of recipes and fashions.

The CBS News double, morning and evening, is that network's most formidable attempt thus far to overtake the prestige lead in news accorded by many observers to NBC. The economic consequences of the much-touted battle between Walter Cronkite of CBS and Huntley and Brinkley of NBC are important for the rival networks. But for many viewers the immediate interest lies in the effect of the new thirty-minute formats on their enjoyment of TV news.

I have followed all three programs rather faithfully since they were first presented. On NBC's evening program I have the impression that Huntley and Brinkley have been thrown off balance. This is not to say that CBS has the better show; both programs are obviously groping for form. In their old quarter-hour format Huntley and Brinkley had a certain dialectic rhythm, apart from their personal qualities as reporters; the viewer regularly knew what to expect. The ball bounced between the two. In the end Brinkley would make his wry goal-flip, and the Washington-New York nexus would warmly dissolve. Cronkite, as anchor man for the fifteen-minute CBS show, has his impact diffused in an unpredictable pattern of reporters checking in and out with no sense of unity. Both programs were a collection of unrelated news fragments, but the NBC show had an edge in esthetic satisfaction.



NBC's edge over CBS is no longer so sharply defined. With many more elements to unify, each of the news programs (including Mike Wallace's) has failed to discover a satisfactory design. At the twenty-minute point they all achieve a pseudo-climax, then tend to drag. The two evening shows both give their stock market reports at approximately the same time, after which they quicken the frequency of commercials and stab out short announcements of features.

All three programs have a final summary of top stories. A summary is not really necessary, however. What the programs are really groping for is a true climax. In a fifteen-minute show no climax is necessary; the traditional newspaper style of leading with the big story and trailing away to a weak finish is sufficient. On a thirty-minute show, however, a new set of rules comes into play, a new rhythm governs. This may be due to the oft-noted twenty-minute attention span, or it may be that years of conditioning to half-hour radio and TV shows have bred this half-hour rhythm into us. Whatever the cause, the effect seems to have an important influence on our enjoyment of a thirty-minute news show. We are no longer watching only a news program; we are watching a program that partakes of an esthetic experience, and such an experience requires not only an impressive beginning, but — after the dictum of Aristotle—a middle and end as well. The CBS and NBC expanded news formats not only have second-act trouble; they also cry out for a third act.

CBS appears to have recognized this new dramatic dimension, perhaps unintentionally. At the beginning of its new show it flashes on the screen the names of all the reporters who will appear, as if they were characters in a play. The NBC show, it seems, has been having curtain-raiser trouble, experimenting with gambits. But perhaps the most useful question that thirty-minute show producers might ask is not "How do we begin?" but "What will the end be?"

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to Criticize Advertising

By HARRY C. GROOME, JR., *Vice President in Charge of Plans and Marketing, N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*

A POPULAR intellectual and emotional sport today might well be known as "Attack and Defend Advertising." In many quarters the attack phase is likely to be considered the intellectual approach, and the defense phase the emotional reaction. Unfortunately, the proposition is probably reasonably acceptable as stated, although it is entirely possible that the intellectual attackers may get somewhat emotional and the emotional defenders may lapse into the realm of the intellect.

Whatever the case may be, the game is now well along into extra innings, tied at nothing-to-nothing, with no winner in sight. Its interminable nature leads me to conclude that the only hope for a decision is to draw up a new set of ground rules and start all over again.

The first step is to arrive at a few clear understandings. To begin with, a decision needs to be reached with respect to the real subject of the controversy. Is it *function* or *execution*? For our purposes here I have elected to settle for *function*, since it seems incontrovertible that the execution of any human endeavor is apt to be fallible. Bridges do sometimes collapse, boilers have been known to explode, and so it goes. So any effort to provide a blanket endorsement of advertising *execution* in whatever terms—taste, judgment, effectiveness—seems wholly indefensible.

Next, what follows is based on the absolute and non-negotiable conviction that the American profit-oriented, competitive economic system not only needs no apology, but should be enthusiastically endorsed by all concerned.

Finally, ours is clearly a highly developed industrial society, no longer predominantly agrarian and in no way comparable to the Thirteen Colonies, or any of the emergent African nations. In short, let us deal with a society-in-being without allowing ourselves the luxury of creating hypothetical civilizations to fit whatever positions we choose to advocate.

If we accept these basic hypotheses, one overriding conclusion becomes apparent: *advertising is inevitable*. And whether it is looked on with loathing or with deep affection is of no consequence whatsoever; because, in Grover Cleveland's famous words, we are faced with a condition.

Development of the validity of this point is not too difficult. It can be done in a number of ways with a great show of learning and a fine display of long, impressive words. It seems to me, however, that only one fairly simple case should serve the purpose adequately.

Let us examine for a moment a perfectly familiar business situation. Entrepreneur "M" hits on a new product idea or a refinement or improvement of an existing product idea for mass consumption. He acquires the necessary capital to produce and distribute his brainchild. For obvious financial reasons he is likely first to go to market locally, and one of the early steps in launching his product is to announce its availability to the people in the area where it is to be sold. At this point he already has become an advertiser.

The pattern now begins to emerge in a predictable fashion. People like what he has for sale, they consume it in quantity, and he prospers. But his prosperity is restricted by the limitations of the market that he serves, and since he and his underwriters are human this fact distresses them. In short, all hands see a chance to make more money by selling more of the stuff to more people in more places. So the inevitable happens and "M" expands his distribution and his advertising. For the time being it appears that he has the world on a string on a downhill pull and everybody is happy.

IN the meantime, however, something else is going on that is equally inescapable. Citizen "Q" and his backers have not only learned about "M's" idea but also have observed his success and have made a careful and thorough study of his operations, including his profit-and-loss statement. As a result of their painstaking labors and the present difficulty of protecting almost any product by patent, they decide to declare themselves in on this golden harvest, and everybody moves one step nearer to advertising inevitability. How near depends only on whether the "Q" group first goes into business someplace where the "M" brand is not sold, or whether it elects to compete directly in the same markets.

In either case the two brands are preordained to collide head on at some point, and when the collision takes place all sorts of economic phenomena occur, although for our purposes here only two are really pertinent. First, both organizations get to work as hard as they know how for the lion's share of the business, on the theory that 90 per cent of a loaf is better than no loaf. And second, they look for the least expensive, most efficient way to persuade the buying public to choose their product instead of their competitor's.

THE result is always the same. They turn to advertising because there is no other method available to reach so many people so often at so few cents per person. And it goes without saying that the more universal the appeal of the product and the more it is likely to be found in self-service retail outlets, the more appropriate and inevitable advertising becomes.

There is simply no way to change this outcome unless someone discovers a workable means of stamping out the very human urge to get rich, to be a VIP, and to have the accompanying perquisites. Alternatively, someone must find a way to bring the cost of personal sales calls, telephone solicitations, or personal letters and other forms of direct mail to a level equivalent to the cost of advertising, which is not likely to happen.

Parenthetically, it seems unlikely that there are any very sinister or mysterious forces at work here, since advertising in one form or another has been around for over 2,000 years.

Consequently I would like to suggest that all the tumult and the shouting surrounding the "Attack and Defend" game be confined to *execution*—matters of technique, or taste, or noise level, or whatever the most controversial current fad is. I would further urge all the players on both sides to relax and enjoy the fact that as long as we have competitive enterprises and people who want to make profits from them, advertising will always be an inevitable business function—along with production, packaging, distribution, sales, and all the other necessary accoutrements of management.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ISLAND OF YESTERDAY AFTERNOON

By MAURICE SIEGEL, *retired press telegrapher who now lives in New Orleans, Louisiana.*

IN THE late Twenties, when I was a member of that vanishing breed, the press telegrapher, newspapers depended on telegraphic communication for their very existence. There must still be an old hand or two around a copy desk who occasionally recalls nostalgically the days when he worked the lobster trick on a paper. As he came into the editorial room in the cool, quiet early morning, there was nothing more reassuring than the staccato clicking of a telegraph sounder emanating from the wire room. Teletypes were beginning to appear in newspaper offices, it is true, but the Morse operator was still the main link with the world. Although his days were numbered, it was the Morse telegrapher who manned his typewriter and key, who translated dots and dashes into the comedy and tragedy of our civilization.

At a main headquarters bureau, such as New York, Washington, Chicago, or San Francisco, a sending operator was linked by wires with the various bureaus and newspapers throughout the area of a particular press association. He sat in front of a typewriter (mill) and, with a telegraph sounder at his ear, typed on a "book" of five-copy flimsy sheets interspersed with black carbons. In those days a press telegrapher was still of the elite. He considered himself, with justifiable pride, at the top of the craft. He could type fast and spell fluently, and he had a remarkable ability to translate what, to the run-of-the-mill Morse operator, sounded like nothing but strange gibberish. The sender used a form of shorthand that condensed words and phrases, and the receiver had to type out the words and phrases to make the story come out clear and understandable. And to put the story onto the pages of the book of flimsy correctly, it was necessary for him to keep "behind" the sender so that he could at the same time "read" the copy being sent and decipher the code. Both the sender and receiver were the possessors of an esoteric code called the Phillips Code. For instance, the sender might start a story somewhat like this:

"CP Aug. 1 (AP)—Iw ancd tdy bit ofl xnl gvt f state 5 Pot cou wd mk an ancm. . . ." This may be a somewhat exaggerated example, but it was, every unintelligible syllable of it, straight Phillips Code and translated this way: "Constantinople, Aug. 1 (AP)—It was announced today by the official constitutional government of the state that the president of the country would make an announcement. . . ."

These were, in fact, the first words I copied, or attempted to copy, when I broke in as a press telegrapher. The sender at the bureau headquarters had been apprised beforehand that an apprentice, or "lid," was on the receiving end and had slipped in that "CP" at the beginning. I had no idea what it meant, and I got up from the mill crestfallen. I was later told about the hazing, but I never forgot how to spell Constantinople. Now, of course, Istanbul is its name and the Ottoman Empire has never been the same.

EACH sender had certain peculiarities and quirks in his telegraphic "voice," and just by listening to a line or two of Morse, any receiver could immediately recognize the sender. By the way he sent out certain combinations of letters, his "fist" was instantly revealed. I knew an operator who stammered in his speech and who did the same thing when sending on his instrument. Another, who stumbled over words beginning with a "G" when talking, did the same while sending.

I worked my way through Ohio State University as a press telegrapher and thought I knew the Phillips Code. I was far from sure of myself, but youth was dauntless and unafraid. Wire stories were written in a predictable style in those days—especially the AP stories. If you followed the story it was not too difficult to gather the gist of what was being sent and to transcribe it on your mill. I remember watching in admiration as the old-timers dawdled in front of their mills, sometimes carrying on conversations and falling behind the sender for as much as two or three lines. Then they would hunt and peck with two trusty forefingers and come up with clear copy, exact down to the proper titles, names, dates, and punctuation.

There were many codes for commonplace phrases and words. In stories with a Washington dateline, for instance, there would occur phrases like SOW (Secretary of War), COW (committee of the whole), APNS COM (Appropriations Committee), COC (Chamber of Commerce), and CGS (Congress), and HUR (House of Representatives). To save my soul, I cannot remember what the code for the Senate was, but surely there must have been a word. There always has been a word for that august body. A typical lead from Washington might begin like this: "Ixu 5 Scotus wd anc a dcn to cng the xn." The receiving operator would hover momentarily over his keyboard and then his fingers would fly as he spelled out: "It is understood that the Supreme Court of the United States would announce a decision to change the Constitution."

Important events and famous and notorious names in the news were made part of the code as each one came into the headlines. POTUS was President of the United States, HDG was Harding, CJE was Coolidge, HVR was Hoover, but you had to follow the story because HVR also meant "however." DGR was the code for the late infamous Dillinger, and also, aptly enough, for "Danger." In interpretive or "think" pieces, I especially liked to come across QOC, QOH, and NWG—"On the contrary," "On the other hand," and "Notwithstanding."

ANOTHER code usage depended upon combinations of numbers. Here I want to set the record straight. Contrary to what many newspapermen believe, they were not the first to use the numerals "30" to indicate the end of a story. Press and railroad telegraphers had been using "30" for years. It usually signified the closing of the wire, the end of the "trick," or meant simply goodnight. When time for lunch arrived, the sender announced "take 30," meaning lunch would be for thirty minutes. Perhaps, through osmosis, the deskmen took over the number.

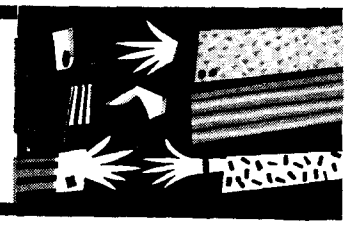
Some of my readers may be wondering by this time about the reason for my title. Why "The Island of Yesterday Afternoon"?

Well, one day I was copying a story from Washington about a Congressional committee that was looking into

(*Continued on page* 125)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Public Relations



Full Disclosure

ONE of the most fundamental of all the public relations functions with which management is involved is stockholder relations. In fact, the better run a publicly held company is, and the more enlightened its management, the more it is concerned with the opinions of its owners, the holders of the company's stock.

It is no exaggeration to say that good managers treat the stockholder with tender, loving care. His understanding of how his company is directed, what it does and why, the results of management's decisions, and the context within which they are made is essential. The stockholder is, in many ways, king, for without him there can scarcely be a modern corporation.

The giving of full information to the stockholder is relatively new, as business operations go. Today, however, all well-managed, profitable, efficient public companies continuously keep the stockholder's views in mind and make every effort to keep him fully informed.

In some companies stockholder relations fall under the direction of the corporate secretary, assisted by the public relations department. In others, stockholder relations are supervised directly by the public relations chief and members of his staff. But whatever the line of command, top management never lets stockholder relations get far out of sight.

In the case of General Motors Corporation, the chairman of the board of directors, as chief executive officer, has direct responsibility for stockholder relations. It is a mark of the importance of this function to the corporation that it is both directed and followed closely by him. Under the chief executive officer, the vice-president in charge of public relations works with six of his full-time people on stockholder relations. In addition, members of other staffs are called on as they are needed.

The nation's largest industrial company has 1,060,000 holders of common and preferred shares, compared with only 355 stockholders when General Motors was started in 1908. It was forty years ago that G.M. began its active program of stockholder relations.

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., now honorary chairman of the board, has spent sixty-seven years with the company (fourteen of them as president and nineteen as chairman) and was farseeing enough to draw the guidelines of G.M.'s stockholder relations, which were published in advertisements in the early 1920s. The heading on the advertisement was "A Policy of Giving the Facts." This emphasis on what Mr. Sloan called "the responsibility of management to stockholders and the public alike" is still the rule at the company he did so much to build.

There are many benefits that accrue to General Motors from its policy of letting the stockholders know of the progress of the business. Well-informed stockholders are an asset, of course, because they help the general public to understand G.M., since every stockholder is an ambassador to his friends and the public at large. The happy, knowledgeable stockholder not only keeps his investment in the company, but is also a customer for its products and tends to be a salesman for them as well.

According to Frederic G. Donner, chairman and chief executive officer of the company, "a major responsibility of management is to be constantly aware of the interests of the company's owners —the stockholders. General Motors continuously has followed this basic philosophy through its shareholder relations program for the past forty years. We give our stockholders full and complete information on the operation of their company."

To give this "full and complete information," General Motors, in addition to four dividend mailings with enclosures to all its stockholders, sends seven regular mailings to stockholders each year: the annual report, the notice of the annual meeting and proxy statement, the report of the annual meeting, three quarterly reports (a non-automotive product folder is sent along with the first-quarter report), and the automotive product folder (sent in the fall after the announcement of new car models). In addition, special mailings of informational material are sent to stockholders when there is a particular need.

One indication that the information G.M. supplies to its stockholders is satisfactory to them is that so few write asking for clarification. In 1962, only 5,868 of the more than 1,000,000 stockholders wrote to the company, and this total includes the comments sent in connection with returned proxies and inquiries about products. Each stockholder is answered either by Mr. Donner or by some other executive who has special knowledge and background in the field the letter writer is concerned with.

Every new stockholder is welcomed by letter by Mr. Donner. In cases in which stock is sold, a letter is sent from Mr. Donner as well, asking the former stockholder to write him if the sale of the stock has been related to "any aspect of the corporation's policies or operations," and offering to continue to provide company information should the former owner like to receive the material.

The annual meeting of the company is another way of keeping the stockholder informed of the company's policies. Since 1948 it has been held at the Buick-Oldsmobile-Pontiac assembly plant in Wilmington, Delaware, and the attendance has gone from 3,000 in 1960, 3,700 in 1961, and 4,100 in 1962, to 5,100 in 1963.

For the last annual meeting, stockholders came from twenty-nine states and the District of Columbia. They not only heard their company management's report and had their questions answered, but also took a plant tour, had a buffet lunch, and saw a display of the company's automotive and appliance products. It is interesting that within two weeks of the meeting, reports were mailed to all stockholders—quite a job, to be especially appreciated by those who know something of getting a report written, illustrated, cleared, printed, and mailed.

So interested is G.M. management in its owners that it has compiled a profile of them. Of the million-plus stockholders 770,000 are individuals and 54 per cent are women.

Stockholder relations are one aspect of public relations that wise management is always anxious to develop, for it knows the clear connection between a profitably managed company and those who own it.

—L. L. L. Golden.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Behind the headlines...
beyond the urgency of the day...
what is the responsibility of the newspaper
to the individual and to the community?
Here is one man's answer.

"The newspaper is a bulwark against regimented thinking. One of its duties is to enhance the integrity of the individual, which is the core of American greatness. Each city in which we publish is a city of distinctive personality. Each newspaper must be a distinctive newspaper reflecting the life of each hometown. No one can think for the American people. We believe it is our responsibility to ring out the truth loud and clear, and to stimulate thought at the close personal level of the individual and the community."

James S. Copley

CHAIRMAN OF
THE COPLEY NEWSPAPERS

'THE RING OF TRUTH'

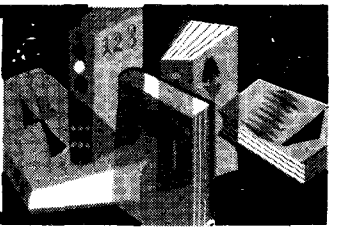
SYMBOL OF THE COPLEY NEWSPAPERS

15 "HOMETOWN" NEWSPAPERS — CALIFORNIA/Alhambra . . . Post-Advocate Burbank . . . Burbank Daily-Review Culver City . . . Evening Star-News Glendale . . . Glendale News-Press Monrovia . . . Daily News-Post Redondo . . . South Bay Daily Breeze San Diego . . . The San Diego Union San Diego . . . Evening Tribune San Pedro . . . San Pedro News-Pilot Venice . . . Evening Vanguard **ILLINOIS**/Aurora . . . Aurora Beacon-News Elgin . . . Elgin Daily Courier-News Joliet . . . Joliet Herald-News Springfield . . . Illinois State Journal Springfield . . . Illinois State Register Served by the Copley News Service with a Washington Bureau and bureaus in other major centers of the world.

REPRESENTED NATIONALLY BY NELSON ROBERTS & ASSOCIATES, INC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Communications



Studies in Success

IT WAS late 1902. In a magazine office in New York an editor found himself with three remarkable articles: an indictment by Ray Stannard Baker of corruption in the United Mine Workers; a study by Lincoln Steffens of crime in municipal government; and the third installment in a series by Ida M. Tarbell documenting the "commercial sin" of the Standard Oil monopoly. What the editor did with the articles was pure genius. Another man might have treated such volatile material with caution, spacing it out over several issues to avoid making simultaneous attacks on labor, government, and industry. But this editor never hesitated. He scheduled all three articles for the issue of January 1903. In so doing, he not only earned himself the awed praise of readers and rivals but also started a revolution that was to overthrow forever the genteel tradition that had made most nineteenth-century magazines as delicately diverting as the ladies who read them.

The editor was, of course, S. S. McClure, the magazine was *McClure's*, the three writers were the first of the celebrated muckrakers, and in combination they helped create as rowdy and spirited a season as journalism has known. But it was McClure himself who was the hub and constant source of this wondrous mischief. It was he, a restless Irish immigrant, who could coax Steffens to the fame for which he is remembered; who could provoke as talented an editorial staff as has ever been assembled to a virtual mutiny; who, on the strength of a few stories, could hire an unknown Pennsylvania schoolteacher named Willa Cather; who could make great, irreparable mistakes, both professional and personal; and who, in the rare tranquil times when the pieces of the monthly editorial puzzle all fit, could produce a magazine that left other editors panting in their hapless efforts to keep up. McClure's story has at last been told by a gifted, witty, and frequently sardonic writer named Peter Lyon. His book is *Success Story: The Life and Times of S. S. McClure* (Scribner's, $7.50), and reading it is an adventure. There are, first of all, the facts of McClure's life, 433 pages of them, painstakingly combed out of diaries, letters, bills, canceled checks, clippings. And there is a steady narrative tug that makes McClure's era as relevant and filled with suspense as tomorrow morning. But beyond all this, Lyon has made such adroit use of his material that McClure and the people who floated into his gravitational field seem, for the few hours it takes to read the book, as alive and talented as they were fifty years ago.

Staff Reunion—In 1924, as his editing career faded, S. S. McClure (standing) paused in a park with Willa Cather, Ida Tarbell, and Will Irwin.

And what people! To tick off their names is a nostalgic reminder of how far we've journeyed in half a century: Stephen Crane, Frank Norris, Jack London, Robert Louis Stevenson, Arthur Conan Doyle, Jules Verne, Thomas Hardy, Wilkie Collins, Walt Whitman, Edward Everett Hale, Hamlin Garland, O. Henry, Damon Runyon, Booth Tarkington, Will Irwin, and all the brightest stars of the muckraking era.

But McClure's achievement consisted of much more than the writers he published. First in his newspaper feature syndicate and later in his magazine, he helped bring about a vast transformation in American newspapers and fiction. With McClure's rise came the decline of the pleasantly conventional story of the good and the beautiful (what Howells called the "smiling aspects of American life"), and neither journalism nor fiction would ever again be the same.

Why, then, has he been forgotten? Lyon offers three reasons:

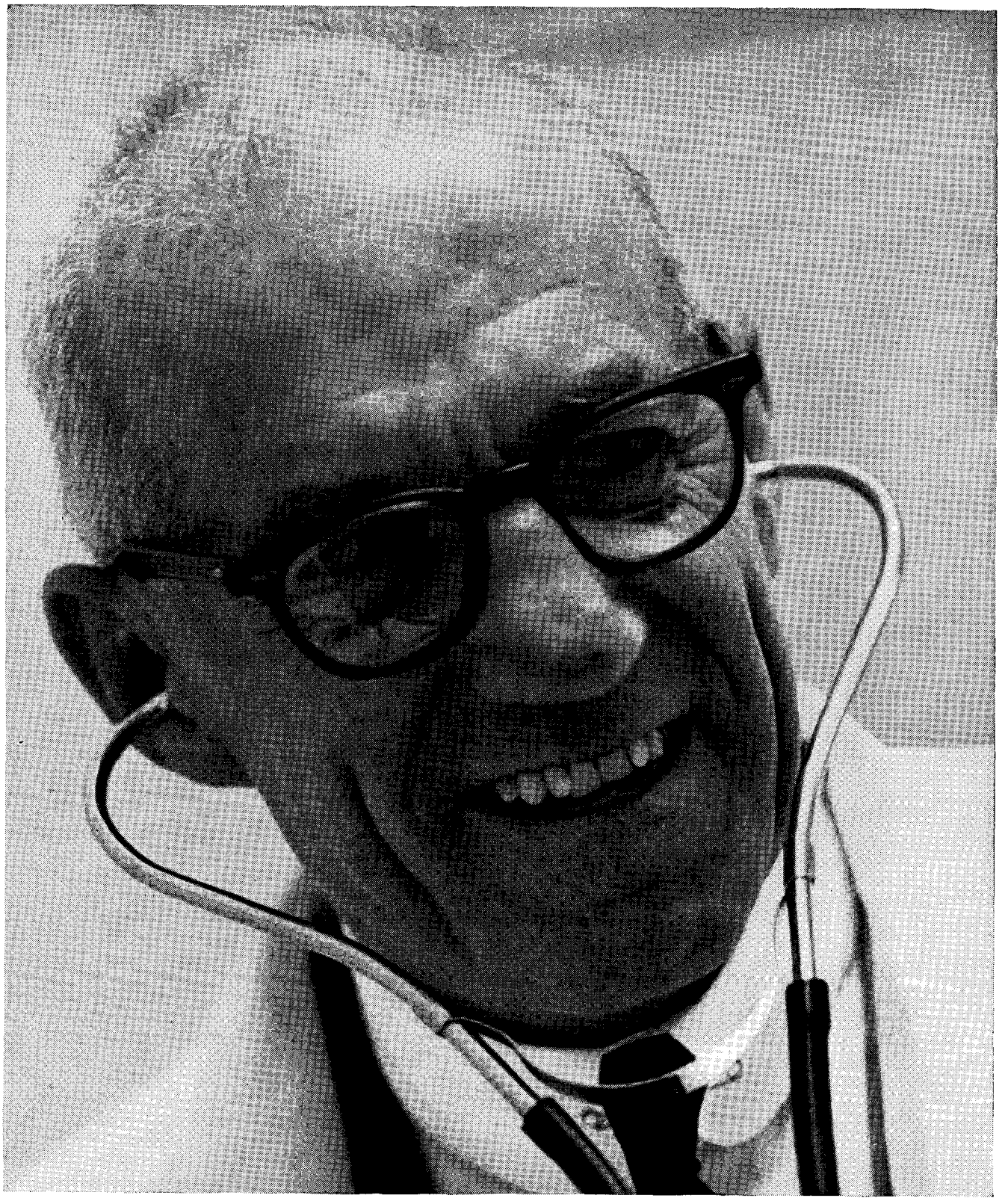
> The first is that what suited McClure's vision was journalism, and nothing dies quicker than yesterday's newspaper or last month's magazine.
>
> The second is that McClure was an editor. Critics and readers confer immortality, and they are more interested in author's than in editors. . . .
>
> The third . . . is that he lived too long. . . . McClure lived on and on and on, while his powers abated and his good name was crazed and his considerable contributions were demeaned. [He died in 1949, at the age of ninety-two.]

While McClure lived, though, few of his colleagues doubted that they had touched genius. A man of extraordinary energy and imagination (which he restocked by taking unpredictable and almost invariably inconvenient trips to Europe), he was the first to syndicate newspaper material on a large scale, he invented the Sunday supplement, and he put serious fiction into the hands of large numbers of new readers. As Lyon points out, "His vision and energy turned the literary, social, and political fabric of his own time inside out; the reach of his innovations still affects us all today."

It is perhaps of small importance that toward the end of this century's first decade, McClure increasingly lost his grip on his magazine and on himself; that in 1912 he was ousted as editor; that in the 1920s he dabbled in fascism

(*Continued on page* 126)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Dr. Spock now writes a monthly feature exclusively in Redbook

Dr. Benjamin Spock has been a familiar source of comfort and guidance for millions of mothers and fathers for years. Now, starting with our October issue, Young Adults in over 3,750,000 homes will be reading his monthly service features exclusively in Redbook.

Dr. Spock's authoritative counsel on child care and development is the kind of service feature Young Adults respond to. It's just one good example of the *many* features that have earned Redbook the loyalty and enthusiasm of an ever-growing audience of Young Adults. Another reason why only Redbook among all major magazines has gained in both circulation and advertising linage for the last ten years.

The Magazine for Young Adults **REDBOOK**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Ripple Effect

By ARTHUR KNIGHT

THERE is an adage in Hollywood that everybody has two businesses—his own, and the movies. This may allow for a certain leeway in the conversation when, say, a group of knitwear manufacturers get together, but it imposes a severe strain on the movie people, most of whom find themselves left with only one topic. At the typical Hollywood party, while the womenfolk foregather in a corner to discuss beauty salons and the PTA, their men spend the evening exchanging information about how their picture is doing at the Music Hall, or the *worldwide* outlook for Stanley Kramer's new film.

Even when filmdom's solons face the nation, as they have been doing increasingly on television's incessant panel shows, there is still a parochialism that smacks of the studio commissary. Larger issues get lost in the tangle of hard facts that pour forth from the front-office spokesman, who is then questioned by another panelist who read to the contrary in one of the trade papers.

One can safely say that if the First Annual Film Conference, held over the long Labor Day weekend in Aspen, Colorado, had been convened in Hollywood, it would have quickly degenerated into the kind of "in" talkfest that characterizes the movie colony's parlors and panels. Perhaps the lofty mountains ringing Aspen Meadows inspire a more elevated approach. Perhaps its physical remoteness helps cut participants free of the restraints imposed by sharp-eared correspondents, eager for their morning morsel, and by company executives who might conceivably twist an unguarded word to their own advantage.

No less contributive than Aspen's geographic felicities, however, is the philosophy that has guided the various Aspen conferences since their inception more than a dozen years ago. To the conferences, be they film, design, or scientific, are invited not only the specialists of any given field, but educators, executives, anthropologists, literateurs—men who can mingle their own points of view with those of the experts and provide fresh insights.

Typically, many of the Hollywood contingent attending the Film Conference at Aspen reacted with downright hostility to critic Lionel Trilling's "keynote" address. Hollywood people love to criticize the industry, but they hate to have outsiders accord themselves the same privilege. Dr. Trilling spoke of loving the movies of his childhood, when the likes of Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford scampered over the screen; but he also admitted that he attended very rarely these days. The movies, having climbed out of their scamper stage, offered all too little that was intellectually stimulating to him. He preferred to read a book.

Despite their initial animosity, however, long before the conference was over the industry people were heatedly discussing the specific problem implied by Dr. Trilling, that of providing films attractive to intellectual minority groups. Oscar Lewis, the noted anthropologist, read from his new book, *Pedro Martinez: A Peasant in Transition,* as a sample of the kind of theme that might bring new audiences to the movie houses; and Kent Mackenzie, a young Los Angeles film-maker (as opposed to Hollywood), ran his feature-length *The Exiles,* a sociological documentation of the wasted, aimless lives of urbanized Indians.

Indeed, if any single theme emerged from the conference, it was a recognition that the day of the one big, happy audience was all but over—and its corollary, that film-makers had better revise their budgets downward if they are to meet this new fact of life realistically. Symptomatically, the picture referred to most often was *David and Lisa.* Intelligent film fare, independently made on an astonishingly low budget, and lacking any star names, it has already grossed over $2,000,000, and so stands as substantial evidence that an audience for specialized films actually exists in considerable numbers.

NO small part of the conference was taken up with new avenues to reach these audiences, as if the conventional motion picture theatre had outlived its usefulness (and Gary Essert, a young blood from UCLA who has been both a projectionist and a theatre manager, contributed some hair-raising anecdotes to illustrate why this might well be the case). Philip Chamberlin, vice president of the American Federation of Film Societies, spoke of the enormous advances in that field, where groups are formed to serve highly specific interests. Charles Benton, vice-president of Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, outlined the growing use of 16mm in schools and colleges. And James Leighton, from television, pointed out that, whatever its other failings, TV today is getting more films—and more kinds of films—before the public than the theatres ever did, even in their palmiest days.

Several other themes emerged as the conference progressed, themes barely implied in its over-all title, "The American Film: Its Makers and Its Audience." There were daily confrontations between an older generation of producers and directors—ably represented by John Houseman, Jean Renoir, and King Vidor—and such newer people as Mackenzie and Stuart Hagmann, a graduate of Northwestern who recently won a Screen Producers Guild Award enabling him to spend the next six months as a student-observer at the Universal Studios. Educators on the periphery of films, like Richard Dyer MacCann, Dr. Jack Ellis, and myself, were exposed to the realities of production by Gordon Stulberg, a dynamic young lawyer who is now a vice president of Columbia Pictures, by Geoffrey Shurlock, the affable and learned director of the industry's Production Code Administration, and by Lou Greenspan, a fighting cock of a man who jealously guarded the interests of the Screen Producers Guild.

Professionals spoke of their own crafts—Eva Marie Saint and her husband, Jeffrey Hayden, on the star system; Norman Corwin on writing for the films; Renoir and Vidor on directing. At first, they tended to be a bit defensive, particularly since one of the first speakers was David T. Bazelon, author of *The Paper Economy,* who argued that while Hollywood was in the business of "the mass production of dreams," unlike other industries it had not yet learned to stabilize, standardize, and systematize its product. His half-jocular attack, launched the morning after Dr. Trilling had castigated movies for their vulgarity and lack of truth, caused several of the Hollywood men to stir uneasily in their chairs and wonder if perhaps they had not come to the wrong conference.

As the four intensive days of speeches, panel sessions, and screenings wore on, however, their attitudes began to change. The stringent time schedules of the panels allowed for little more than the bald presentation of a point of view by the five or six experts participating on each panel; but discussions born of a particular topic invariably carried over into breakfast, lunch, and dinner—and often

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

far into the night. In the informality of a meal or a drink, the speakers could expose their ideas more fully, and respond to questions that there never quite seemed time for in the conference rooms. Under these circumstances, industry people grew less defensive, outsiders less doctrinaire.

What does a conference like this produce? After the first day or two, many of the participants—and particularly, those who were strangers to Aspen—were sure that nothing more would come from it than a lot of talk. At its conclusion, while most were ready to admit that they had learned a great deal and had found it all very stimulating, the feeling persisted that nothing of earth-shattering importance had taken place. No resolutions had been passed, no decisions made that would in any way alter the course of the motion picture industry, television, or the nontheatrical market. To be sure, the fact that Mrs. Thomas Braden, co-chairman of the new National Cultural Center, had attended and indicated a desire to incorporate films more firmly into the Center's activities could be interpreted as a positive result. And Thomas Braden, Supervisor of Schools for California, promised to initiate steps for a fuller integration of feature films on 16mm into the curricula of that state.

But beyond that? Robert Craig, the executive director of the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies, likes to speak of the "ripple effect" of Aspen's increasingly famed conferences. He points, for example, to the notable changes in American advertising art and layout in the dozen years since Aspen inaugurated its annual Design Conferences. Not that Aspen *created* the changes; but by bringing together artists and art historians with corporate and advertising executives, it provided a cultural yeast that has grown and spread until ideas first voiced there are now understood throughout the United States.

The "ripple effect" of this First Annual Aspen Film Conference is still unpredictable. But no one left the conference with his own ideas completely unaltered or his attitudes utterly untouched. Most of the people who were invited as participants, as well as many of the 100 or so who chose to come as auditors, are in a unique position to make their reactions known. All are convinced that the American motion picture industry is now caught up in a tremendous change. And many have already vowed to return to Aspen next Labor Day when the Second Film Conference directs its attention to "Grow-Points of the American Film." The ripples of Aspen, they feel, may well become the waves of the future.

PT-109

Drastic Change Needed in Viet Nam

PRESIDENT NGO DINH DIEM of Viet Nam and his increasingly powerful brother and sister-in-law, the notorious Nhus, have been for months an embarrassment to the United States.

The brutal attacks on Buddhist pagodas, plus arrests of thousands of Buddhists and students, have, in a way, changed that situation.

They are now more than an embarrassment; they are a disaster.

Their ruthless attempts to suppress internal discontent in Viet Nam—turning U.S.-trained police and U.S. weapons against the Buddhist majority of their own people—is making the United States position there untenable. And it is undermining the whole basis of the U.S.-backed war effort to preserve the Vietnamese people's freedom from communism.

In this situation, the alternatives have become clear: Somehow or other, the Diem family must be superseded by other non-Communist leaders or the U.S. must avoid going down to inevitable defeat with them by pulling out of Viet Nam.

Tran Van Chuong, who resigned as Viet Nam's ambassador to Washington in protest against Diem's "totalitarian" tactics, put it bluntly. As long as Diem and his family stay in power, he said, there is "not one chance of winning the war against the Communists." He should know; he is Madame Nhu's father.

There have been signs that the Kennedy Administration has decided to try to force the ouster of Ngo Dinh Nhu, Diem's brother-in-law.

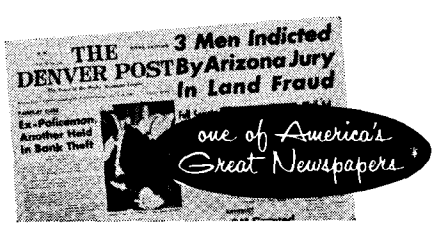
This seemed to be the intent of Voice of America broadcasts beamed to Viet Nam in Vietnamese absolving the "top leadership" of the Vietnamese army of blame for the "brutal" suppression of Buddhists and laying the blame on special secret and combat police—headed by Nhu.

In the circumstances, the Diem regime's protest that the United States was showing "unjust" doubts about it, and that it would "continue its policy of conciliation toward the Buddhists" would be laughable if the situation weren't already tragic.

If what Vietnamese police have been doing is "conciliation," the U.S. can stand no more of it. There simply must be some drastic changes made in Viet Nam.

Reprinted from The Denver Post

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I don't want to go home, darling"

"I loved it in Nassau, and I want to spend another week here in Jamaica and then fly on to Lima. Then I want to connect with BOAC again in Santiago, and fly on to Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Sao Paulo, Rio de Janeiro and Recife. All with BOAC because they take such incredibly good care of you. Kiss me."

All over the world

B·O·A·C

takes good care of you

N. Y.—Nassau *129.00 Round-trip
N. Y.—Jamaica *182.00 Round-trip
N. Y.—Lima $521.00 Round-trip

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

*17-day Economy Excursion fares effective through December 15. • BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAS:

the people

the places

the problems

the portent

CAPRICORN UNCENSORED
By Tad Szulc **64**

SWEET AND HOT: A WANDERING GOURMET'S GUIDE TO LATIN AMERICAN COOKERY
By Federico Rufe **73**

MEXICO'S MAN
By Kate Simon **74**

THE NIGHT THEY KILLED THE BOSSA NOVA
By Geoffrey Holder **77**

BRAZIL
By John Dos Passos **80**

THE LITTLE BUS THAT SNORTED
By Celia Darlington **84**

AMERICA, THE NAVIGATOR'S ERROR
By John Lear **86**

ENTRIES IN A LOGBOOK
By Bradley Smith **89**

WILL THE REAL COLUMBUS PLEASE STAND UP!
By Ralph Schoenstein **90**

THE REMAINS OF SPAIN ARE MAINLY A STRAIN
By Patricia K. Brooks **93**

A STREETCAR NAMED AUTOFERRO ECUATORIANO
By Sylvan Meyer **94**

By HORACE SUTTON

THE LONG LAND of Latin America that begins when a horseplayer crosses the border at Tijuana and ends when a ship rounds the lonely lighthouse at Tierra del Fuego is, as you have surely come to know by now, the subject of almost all of this issue of *Saturday Review*. It is a land of hill-country Indians and of urbane sophisticates, and a thousand gradations of society in between. The problems and the people and their portent for the future are discussed elsewhere in the magazine. As for the fifty-odd pages that follow, they concern themselves, by and large, with the pleasures of this immense continent. And there are many. Among those who recount them are Tad Szulc, the Latin American expert of the *New York Times*; Federico Rufe, who, as past manager of New York's La Fonda del Sol, has made a serious study of the Latin kitchen. Also Kate Simon, who followed an early success, *New York Places and Pleasures*, with a similarly titled tome on Mexico. No creative boundaries seem to limit Geoffrey Holder who is by trade a dancer, but is also a painter and muralist, scenic designer and costume designer, and, rather brilliantly, a writer, too. The article on Brazil is from a new book by John Dos Passos, *Brazil on the Move*. *SR*'s science editor, John Lear, in exploring Columbus's explorations, explains how America was really just a big mistake. Some short and pleasurable pieces are added by Ralph Schoenstein and Patricia K. Brooks, both of whom have written here previously, by Celia Darlington, who took a bus ride, and by Sylvan Meyer, who discovered an unusual streetcar in Ecuador and felt everyone ought to know about it. And now rattle the castanets. *Fiesta!*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAPRICORN UNCENSORED

By TAD SZULC

Where in the world can you coexist with snakes and piranha fish . . . worry about poison arrows . . . get lost on a flooded, alligator-filled river . . . find a capital city on a prairie . . . dine on sea urchins . . . and see some of the globe's most wondrous sights? A veteran correspondent tells all.

LATIN America is a world of frontiers—old and new—that turns even the most experienced and blasé globetrotter into a wide-eyed innocent abroad.

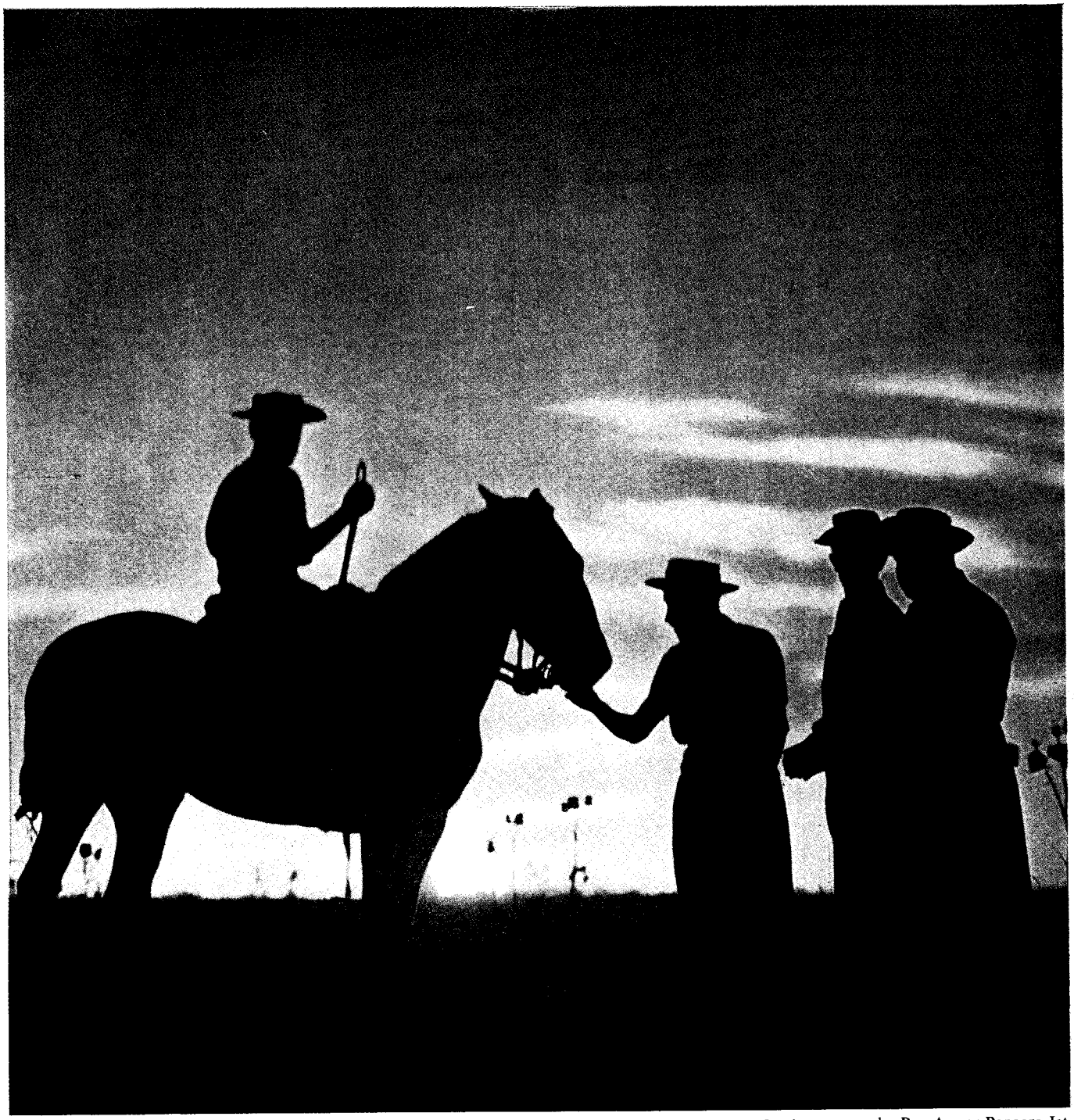
To discover these frontiers of time, space, and mood, it is necessary for the traveler to the southlands (and islands) to be ready to venture beyond the jet airliners, the luxury hotels, the enticing cabarets of the classical tourist circuit, and all that is traditionally obvious in Latin America.

But to do so is an immensely rewarding experience, as I had the opportunity of discovering in a decade of bouncing up and down and across the Hemisphere, and the only limit on it is time, the degree of curiosity, and the inventiveness and endurance of the visitor.

Drawing up an itinerary of Latin America is patently an absurd undertaking. The variety and the possibilities of exploration are well-nigh infinite, and it is not an exaggeration to say that one could spend much of a lifetime attempting to go everywhere and see all. On my arrival in Latin America as a newspaper correspondent, one of my first acts was to make up a list of "futures," that is of places to visit for the purpose of writing more or less meaningful—but promisingly interesting—articles for my readers. When I finally left Latin America, the list had grown fiftyfold, although during my long residence in the area I had gone an uncounted number of times to each of the twenty (now twenty-two, with the addition of Jamaica and Trinidad) republics, the half-dozen full-fledged European colonies, scores of island possessions, and a dozen intriguing offshore islands belonging to the South American maritime countries. The list just kept growing as I kept discovering and hearing about new places, and things just had a way of leading one to another.

Thus, a routine visit in 1957 to Santiago, the capital of Chile, led to a casual conversation with a national oil company executive who invited me to spend a few days in Patagonia, the Magellan Straits, and Tierra del Fuego looking over the southernmost dril'ing operations in the world. I have seen enough drilling rigs in my time to realize that one is pretty much like an-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The gaucho isn't just a legend. He's very much alive in modern Argentina—only a few hours away by Pan Am or Panagra Jet.

South America: where nights are NIGHTS!

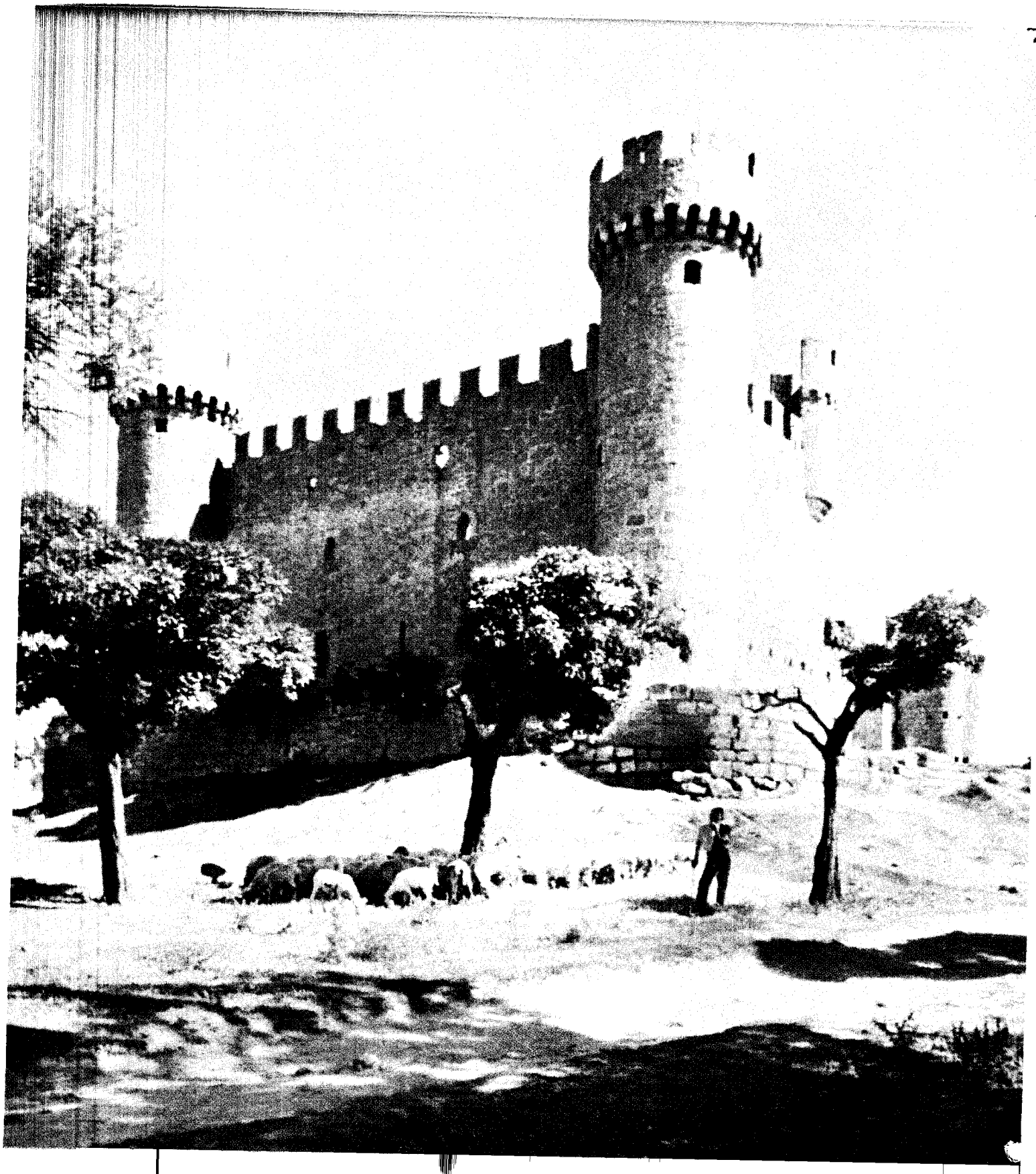
In the nighttime world of Argentina, gauchos still gather on the pampas to barbecue a cut of fresh beef. And only 60 miles away, Buenos Aires turns its lights on and becomes the Paris of the Western Hemisphere. Exciting restaurants tempt you with giant steaks at snack prices. Take in the opera or the theatre, then steal away to a carriage ride by moonlight. This is Buenos Aires—just one of many great South American cities. The only way to see South America is to see them all! *And the only airline system that can fly you completely 'round the continent is Pan Am-Panagra.* See Rio, Lima and many other cities on a round trip Jet ticket to Buenos Aires. As little as $630, Jet economy fare from New York. Or you can leave the U.S. from any one of 7 other cities. See your Pan Am Travel Agent or call Pan Am.

PAN AM • PANAGRA

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS — PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS

Both coasts for the price of one! Go one way, return the other on Pan Am · Panagra!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fall in love with Spain.

Spain is a land of contrasts. There are bullfighters, flamenco dancers, festivals and fiestas. There are magnificent cathedrals, quaint fishing villages, medieval castles and fabulous Mediterranean beaches lined with palms. Read what Spain offers at less per week than some U. S. hotels cost per day. All this is just 6½ comfortable hours away on Iberia, one of the world's most modern air lines.

MODERN jet travel by Iberia Air Lines makes it easy to enjoy the unique beauty, climate and prices of Spain.

The variety of color and scenery is unequaled anywhere in Europe. Here you'll find rugged snow-capped mountains. Vast rolling plains. Lush olive and orange groves. Medieval villages. Bustling modern cities. And magnificent beaches.

On the Mediterranean, there's a three-hundred-mile stretch of beaches along Costa Brava, Costa Blanca, and Costa del Sol. You can count on good weather from March to November along Costa Brava and Costa Blanca. And you can swim year round at Costa del Sol.

Spain has excellent ski resorts. There are three within 120 miles of Barcelona: La Molina, Nuria, and Campodon. The popular ski resort of Puerto de Navacerrada can be reached in an hour by car from Madrid. You'll find good ski runs, modern facilities and accommodations at each of these resorts.

Air travel in Spain is excellent. Iberia Air Lines of Spain serves all the major cities, plus the Balearic and Canary Islands. Fares are low. It takes surprisingly little time or money to fly between any two cities in Spain.

You can see most of Spain within two weeks. Sightseeing buses are modern and comfortable. The low fare for a 12-day tour of Spain includes meals, lodging, entrance fees, and the services of an English-speaking guide.

You'll find good hotel accommodations throughout Spain. In the cities you have a wide choice of first class and de luxe hotels. In the country, Spain has a unique chain of government-operated *paradores* (guest houses). Many of these are converted castles and palaces. Rates, including meals, are exceptionally low.

Spanish food is hearty, but not nearly as spicy as many people believe. A typical meal may include *Gazpacho* (an excellent soup made from cucumbers, garlic, tomatoes, and a dozen other ingredients). *Cochinillo asado* (roast suckling pig). And a half bottle of wine.

Iberia Air Lines will introduce you to Spanish food. During your flight to Spain, you are served delicious meals and wines by gracious, multilingual stewardesses. Iberia gives you the closest, most personal attention you've ever enjoyed.

Iberia Air Lines offers modern jet service to Madrid and Barcelona from New York, plus Central and South America and the leading cities of Europe.

Iberia's ultra-modern fleet of DC-8 fan jets and Caravelles assures you the finest in comfort and confidence. These planes are meticulously maintained by ground crews that rank among the best in the world. Your pilot is a veteran of millions of flying miles. His training surpasses the most rigorous standards.

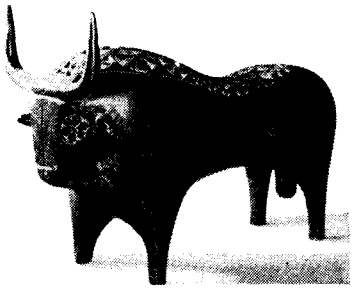
When you arrive in Spain, you'll find no end of things to see and do. There's a festival or fiesta somewhere almost every day of the year. There are bullfights every Sunday from Easter till the end of October. And flamenco dancing in the cabarets every night.

Bargain hunters will enjoy shopping in Spain. The best values are jewelry, Toledo ware, linen, and lace and leather goods. Spanish perfume is also excellent and surprisingly inexpensive.

Iberia is the way to get there

Seasoned travelers believe Spain is the best travel bargain on the continent. It is fast becoming *the* place to go. Make the decision. Iberia Air Lines will fly you to Madrid in the utmost comfort. Your travel agent will take care of all the details.

Fall in love with Spain.

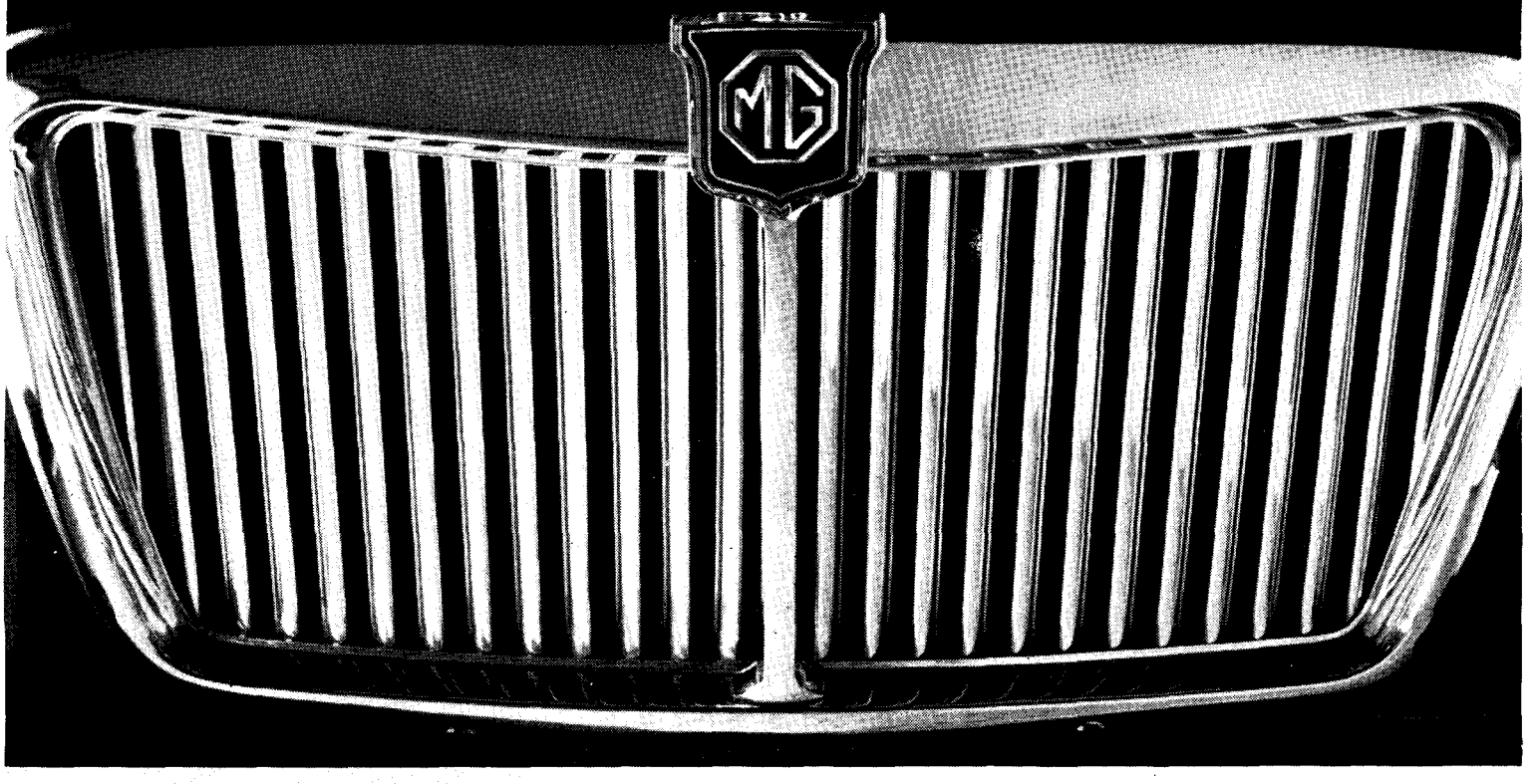


©1963, SPANISH NATIONAL TOURIST DEPARTMENT
Offices at 485 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., 1418 Commerce Street, Dallas 1, Texas, 23 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois, and 453 Post Street, San Francisco 2, California.

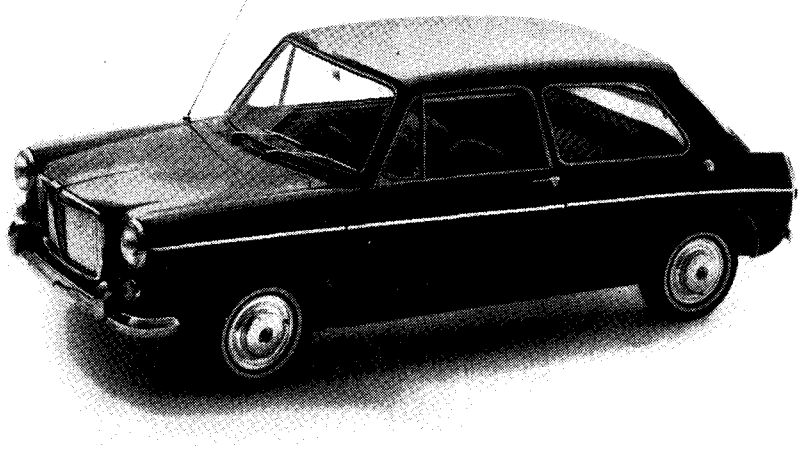
The castle of Olmillos de Sasamón, 19 miles from Burgos in northern Spain, is one of the smaller castles in Spain. The medieval Gothic construction is typical of Old Castile.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This proud, defiant, staunch British grille can be yours for only eighteen hundred and ninety eight dollars



(and the price includes an MG Sports Sedan)



A sports car? Name one more sportive: deep-lunged MG engine . . . Marathon endurance...the conformation of a thoroughbred. Altogether, a most spirited little speedster.

A family sedan? Rather! You might say, this is a grown-up, married MG. There's a big back seat for children, nannies and other hangers-on. Fluid suspension carries you gently as a mother cat. (It's a completely new idea: no springs, no shock absorbers—the fluid is permanently sealed-in, literally damps-out the bumps.)

Sensible front wheel drive and no-fade disc brakes deliver exceptional control.

Altogether, a most well-mannered motor car. Do come and drive this ready, willing, able automobile.

MG SPORTS SEDAN

$1898.00*

*Suggested retail price New York P.O.E. includes: turn signal; windscreen washer; spare wheel; tool kit; ash tray light (heater, whitewalls and wheel discs optional).

PRODUCT OF THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION, LTD., MAKERS OF MG, AUSTIN HEALEY, SPRITE, MORRIS AND AUSTIN CARS

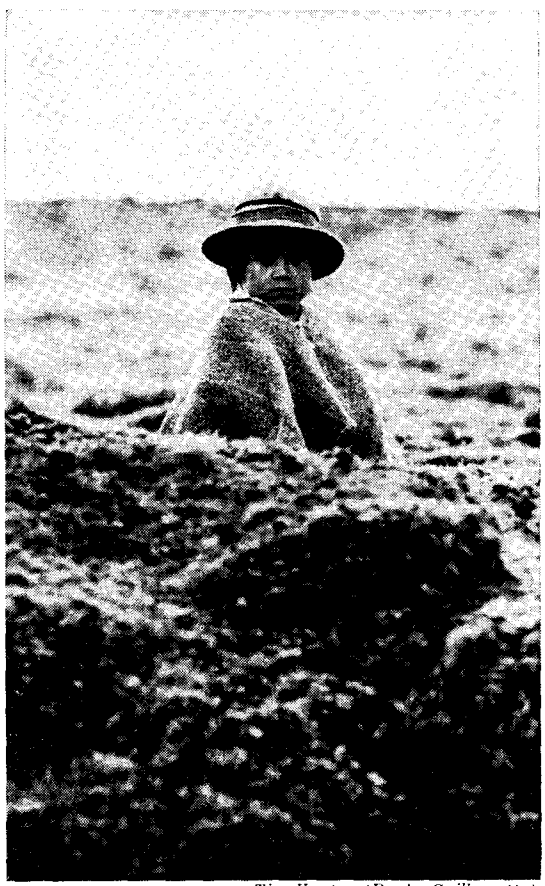
FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY INFORMATION, WRITE: BMC, DEPT. S-11, 734 GRAND AVENUE, RIDGEFIELD, N.J.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other if you are not an oilman (although some petroleum historian should write a chapter about the drillers in the Paraguayan Chaco working under poison-tip arrows of savage Indians and the crews on the Abacaxi island in the Amazonas River coexisting with snakes and *piranha* fish), but the invitation provided an excellent excuse for visiting the legendary Tierra del Fuego. The first leg of the trip was an uneventful flight to Punta Arenas during which my wife and I were continuously offered lamb sandwiches by the airline hostess. Presently we were to find out why they were lamb.

Punta Arenas, a Chilean port on the Magellan Straits, claims the distinction of being the world's southernmost city (in fact, everything south of Patagonia claims to be the southernmost), indignantly rejecting the claim of Puerto Porvenir, the township of Tierra del Fuego, of being a city in the first place. It is forbidding in the winter (we went there in the summer, which is November to April, but we could imagine the cold months) when ice floes fill the straits and snow adds to the bleakness of the short days, but during the warm period it has the kind of bizarre charm that we once found in Churchill on Hudson's Bay. Mink and silver fox ranches extend along the low, rocky coast, and this was definitely a matter of some interest to my wife, though to my untutored eye it was somewhat difficult to visualize the transition from the furry little animals to the imposing creations in the windows of Fifth Avenue stores. The citizens of Punta Arenas are principally interested in their port, which is a free-zone for import purposes (no customs duties) and their main link with the outside world, inasmuch as the city cannot be reached overland from northern Chile (the mountains and the fiords make it impossible) and the daily airline flights were still a novelty at the time. But a superb new jet runway had just been built and the inhabitants were proudly talking of Punta Arenas becoming the hub of a new southern polar air route to Easter Island (the fabulous Chilean island in the Pacific with its huge stone statues carved by a lost civilization and one of the Latin American frontiers that still are on my "futures" list) and on to Christchurch in New Zealand. Thus far, however, the polar route remains chiefly the talk of Punta Arenas.

Visitors to Punta Arenas who are not oilmen are still a bit of a novelty, and promptly we were introduced to most of the city's notables. At this point, we were diverted from oil to lambs, a typical occurrence in my Latin American travels. Within minutes of landing in Punta Arenas we discovered that it was the capital of a lamb-and-sheep empire, covering Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. One company alone is said to own 2,000,000 animals (which I found immensely impressive) and its local manager made it a question of honor that we should visit one of his ranches. The manager was a second-generation Chilean, but he had a Scottish name, spoke English with a burr and Spanish with an Edinburgh accent, drank gin-'n'-gin before lunch, and dressed for dinner. His first and only visit to England was in 1940, when he volunteered for the Royal Navy along with numerous other Scots and Welshmen whose fathers and forefathers settled in southern Chile before the turn of the century to tend sheep.



—Tim Kantor (Rapho Guillumette).
Indian shepherd boy, Ecuadorean Andes.

With this discovery of a corner of England in Punta Arenas, it was not a surprise to find that the residence of a ranch manager somewhere in Patagonia was a cross between a Scottish manor and a rose-covered Sussex cottage. The dinner (after the gin-'n'-gin) was mutton, the after-dinner game was darts, and the breakfast was blood sausage, to which I happen to be deeply partial. Needless to say that the breakfast was served after a two-hour jeep and horseback inspection of the 2,000,000 (it seemed like 2,000,000, anyway) grazing sheep and lambs for which we were fortified with strong tea in the guest bedroom. We briefly became experts on grass and grazing, sheep-raising and wool combing, but what really sticks in my mind is the majestic beauty of the Patagonian pampa covered with ground flowers and serving as the foreground for the snow-capped Andean peaks in the distance.

From the Patagonian sheep we made a rapid transition to the world of petroleum and emus of Tierra del Fuego. The crossing from Punta Arenas to Puerto Porvenir through the Magellan Straits was made in a converted LST, and the sensation was similar to what must be provided by an Atlantic crossing in a Staten Island ferry during a storm. But this maritime experience was amply rewarded by the offerings of the legendary island. Like the Arctic tundra, the fields and pampas of Tierra del Fuego are a carpet of grass and flowers, and the land of infinite peace and silence. The wind that always blows over the island becomes a part of this kingdom of silence and repose, and one feels transported into a different dimension. The emu, an abbreviated version of the ostrich, divides the domain with the inevitable sheep, bringing to mind a vision of Australia. Then the spell is broken by the appearance of the oil derricks and of the new civilization that has become superimposed on the never-never land of Terra del Fuego. The American manager of the small refinery, a Texan, lives with his wife in a comfortable house that could have been transplanted from Westchester. But then again, one plunges without a transition into the misty past of Tierra del Fuego, to the days when Darwin discovered the Indian tribes who spent so much of their lives in canoes that their legs became spidery and atrophied while their chests and arms bordered on the gigantic. Because the long winters forced them to sit in their tents for months, they have perforce developed the art of conversation to a point where their dialect is one of the richest among the world's aboriginal languages. Their descendants still live, though in reduced numbers nowadays, on the island's southern coast.

In Puerto Porvenir, one inevitably becomes the recipient of an invitation to go further south, this time to Puerto Williams, a Chilean naval installation on Navarino Island. This *is* the south-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ernmost inhabited spot in the world, though the sailors there immediately point out that three of their companions are stationed in a lighthouse even further south on a lonely rock that can be reached only once every three months when the sea subsides. The Chilean (and Argentine and British) stations in the Antarctic are permanently staffed, but nobody insists on calling them inhabited areas. The flight to Puerto Williams, which is an Indian village and a tiny naval station, is made aboard a Chilean commercial DC-3, which overflies the southernmost chain of the Andes and finally dips to the ocean in one of the most spectacular natural scenes in the world. North of Navarino Island is the Beagle Channel (named by Darwin) and the Argentine section of Tierra del Fuego, whose main distinctions are sheep and the fact that around the turn of the century it was briefly ruled by a Rumanian soldier of fortune who proclaimed himself king of the island and issued his own postage stamps and coins.

My visits to Santiago often seemed to result in completely unexpected side-trips. Being a charming and sophisticated city—as well as professionally and politically important—it frequently attracted me, and the results were never to be regretted. Aside from the Carabineros band concerts in front of the Presidential palace every morning and evening, Santiago offers superb seafood (my favorites are *locos* in green sauce, which are abalone, and *erizos*, which are iodine-tasting sea urchins), first-rate white wines, the poetic traditions of Gabriela Mistral and Pablo Nerruda (both Nobel Prize-winners), Latin America's outstanding economists (who are said to be Chile's principal export after copper and nitrates), and some of the hemisphere's best political conversations. It also offers high-class horseback riding (Chilean teams invariably score high at the Madison Square Garden Horse Show) and the temptations of the nearby casino at Viña del Mar, next to the port of Valparaíso. But, as I said, Santiago was to me the jumping-off point for unusual expeditions, and perhaps the strangest of them came in February 1960 when President Eisenhower toured South America.

Having covered the Presidential visit in Brazil, I flew ahead to await him in Santiago, while a colleague of mine accompanied General Eisenhower to Argentina. Awaiting the President in Santiago, I happened to run into a Navy officer who invited me to join a group of Marine Corps helicopters on the first mass 'copter flight over the Andes from Argentina to Chile. The choppers were preceding the Presidential party, and the idea seemed interesting. I had crossed the Andes before aboard high-flying airliners, but this mode of travel afforded little opportunity to see the beauty of the mountains as it should be seen. I accepted the invitation enthusiastically, until I discovered that in order to join the helicopters the next morning on the Argentine side of the border I would have to cross the Andes at night by car, a feat that, I was told, had never been attempted before.

Presently I discovered the reason for this restraint. A taxi driver who daily crosses the Andes in daytime agreed to take me to Argentina for the equivalent of $60, and what ensued made the taxi ride over the Khyber Pass seem like a picnic. The drive to Los Andes, a wintertime ski resort in the low Andes, was as uneventful as any nocturnal trip over Latin American third-class highways. But matters became more complicated after we left the astonished Chilean frontier guards in

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the ski chalet. The road—and the word is used very loosely—was a narrow and rocky serpentine made up entirely of hairpin turns. The taxi's headlights caught glimpses of boulders and edges of precipices. Occasionally a wild horse or goat would rush out of the way.

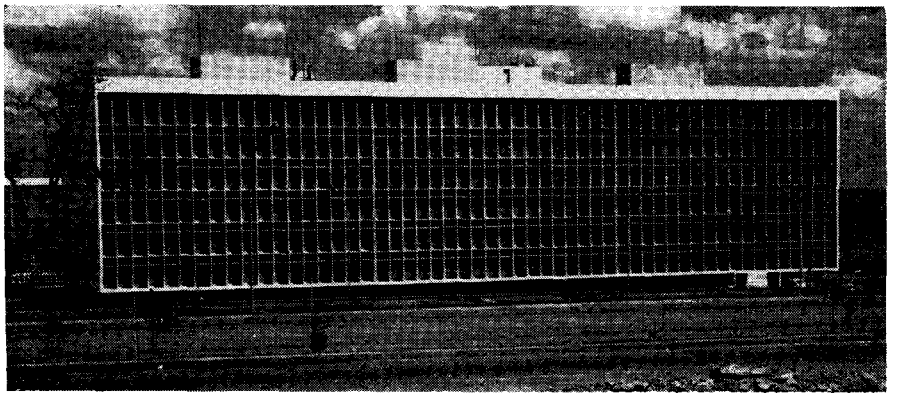
The high point of the crossing—literally and figuratively—was the Argentine-Chilean border itself. There the road vanished altogether and we drove for several miles over the single tracks of the Transandean railroad inside a winding tunnel. On the Argentine side, the customs guards almost refused to believe that we had actually come over the mountains at night. It took considerable persuasion before they agreed to clear us without checking with headquarters the next morning.

The ride ended in an Argentine valley village where a sleepy army sergeant offered me a cup of bitter *mate* tea at dawn. An hour later, the sun suddenly broke out over the Andean peaks and before long I made out in the sky the silhouette of the lead helicopter as it dropped down to pick me up. The flight itself was a thirty-minute anticlimax to the night-long ride, but looking down on the road over which I had just driven I realized why nobody had ever thought of doing it at night. To my horror, much of the road was little more than a goat trail and the precipices were thousands of feet deep.

This experience reminded me of a trip I had taken in Ecuador several years earlier, mainly because of the notion of nocturnal taxi rides over mountains and of the memory of standing alone on a mountain landing strip. The Ecuadorean expedition involved a visit to the Protestant missionaries in the eastern jungles, where a year before the savage Auca Indians had massacred several missionary pilots on a river beach. The missionaries' field headquarters is located at Shell-Mera, a former oil town on the eastern side of the Andes, which can be reached by bus in two days. I had met, however, a U.S. Army pilot attached to the Inter-American Geodetic Survey who agreed to fly me in his single-engined aircraft from Quito, the old colonial capital of Quito, to Shell-Mera. I had flown several time before in small planes in the Andes—including a spine-chilling flight in Colombia from Barranquilla to Medellin during a storm when the small Cessna's radio had gone out of commission—and the trip to Shell-Mera was a vast improvement over the prospects of two days in a rickety bus.

We landed in Shell-Mera after ninety minutes of unspeakable Andean turbulence as the pilot kept pointing to hillsides where other planes had crashed in recent months and years. The leaders of the Kansas-based Flying Missionaries received me with ill-disguised disgust — visitors are not popular among these dedicated men and women—but at length agreed to fly me to an outpost between the territories of the Aucas and of the Jívaros, who still coast on their former reputation as head-shrinkers. The elderly missionary doctor was more gracious in his greetings; aside from his wife and child he had not seen a white person in nine months except for the pilots who occasionally flew in supplies. We hit it off famously, and for two days and nights I was treated to lectures on Auca and Jívaro lore and the jungle life.

By prearrangement, a missionary Cessna flew me back to Shell-Mera, just in time to miss the bus back to Quito. Negotiations that were more complicated than the nuclear test ban talks finally resulted in the decision that the Cessna would fly me to Ambato, a



CAMERA IN CAPRICORN—Left page, top left corner: Spectators at Incaic ceremony in Cuzco, Peru; left bottom, spectators at cricket pitch, Buenos Aires; center, chic polo fan munches hot dog and Coke in Argentina; right, walking Indian patrols the Andes of Ecuador.
This page: Top left, apartments in Brasilia; bottom, Tierra del Fuego, end of a continent; above, Lake Villarrica and volcano, Chile.

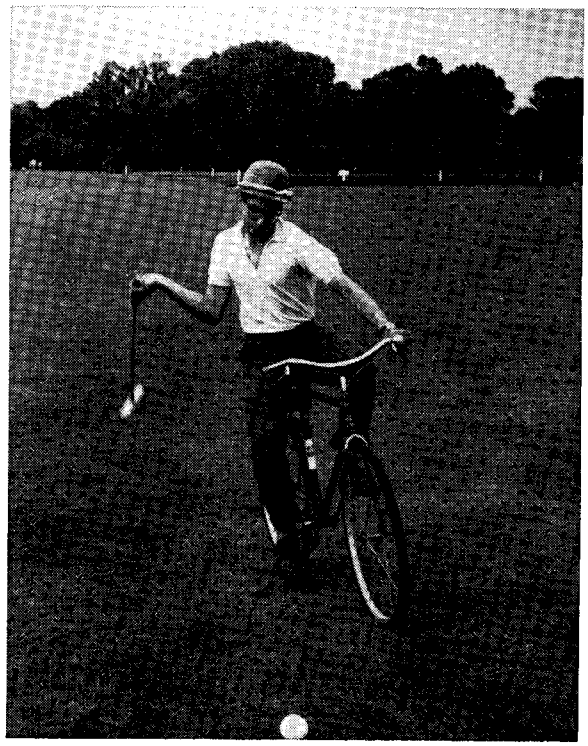
Credits: Left page, clockwise: H.S., H.S., Tim Kantor (Rapho Guillumette), H.S. Right page: J. Allan Cash, first two photos; bottom, Patrice Hartley (all Rapho Guillumette).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

small Andean town halfway to Quito, that had been destroyed by a savage earthquake in the 1940s. The plane dropped me in late afternoon on the deserted grass-covered Ambato strip, some ten miles from town, and the pilot waved goodbye and took off, leaving me absolutely alone on the Andean plateau. The idea of walking ten miles with a suitcase and a typewriter loomed as rather repulsive, so I settled for what may have been a week's wait for someone to turn up. But luck was on my side and it took the form of a small Indian boy on a bicycle. I do not speak Quechua, the Indian language of the Andes, but my plight was obvious enough. A few gestures and smiles conveyed the idea that I needed a car, and presently my rescuer pedaled away. An hour later a baby-blue Ford of the 1937 vintage with the word "taxi" painted on its one remaining door hove into sight. The driver spoke Spanish and he readily agreed to drive me to Quito for a rather spectacular fee. Being in no position to negotiate from strength, as Dean Acheson used to say, I accepted his ultimatum and off we went on a seven-hour nocturnal trip that was only a notch less thrilling that the Chile-to-Argentina drive was to be years later.

Few countries in Latin America offer the variety, wrapped in a small geographical package, that is the main characteristic of Ecuador. It has the tropical jungles in the east, dropping into the Amazonas basin, and the cloud-shrouded *sierras* where Quito lies as a monument to the Spanish colonial past and, before that, to the days of the Inca empire of which, along with Cuzco (in present-day Peru) it was one of the two capitals. It is a city of churches and narrow hilly streets, of Indian markets and of excellent paintings—of the old colonial Quito School and of the modern impressionism of the type practiced by Oswaldo Guayasamin. But Quito is also a frontier breaking into the modern age. As jet airliners arrive daily at its valley airport, a new hotel (with gambling tables) has risen in the hills, and a middle-class residential section on the Long Island pattern is shooting up alongside the old town.

If the jungle and the *sierra* around Quito are two parts of the Ecuadorean package, the third part is the tropical coast and its offshore islands. The latter have become on one occasion the target of my interest, which originally stemmed from all the tales about the Galápagos Islands inhabited by huge old turtles and used during the war by the U.S. Air Force. The visit to the Galápagos still belongs to my "futures" list, but I did manage once to sail to La Plata island, a vision of the South Seas and a throwback to the balsa-raft Indians of the Heyerdahl theories and to the exploits of Sir Francis Drake. La Plata is a small island, really a peak jutting out of the Pacific and surrounded by tiny coves and lovely little beaches, northwest of the port of Salinas, and it unexpectedly became a stop during a deep-sea fishing expedition for blue marlin. Rather than spend another night at sea in our sloop, we dropped anchor at La Plata just before sundown and I immediately fell in love with it. Tall palm trees lined the white sand beach. Four or five fishermen's huts lined the curve of the cove. Above the beach rose the mountain peak with its tangled green vegetation. Wild goats and semi-domesticated *burros* of the fishermen peered at us from rocky ledges. I momentarily expected Gauguin or his latter-day reincarnation to emerge from the foliage, a canvas under his arm. But Gauguin did not appear, and instead we climbed the mountain in search of Indian artifacts of the pre-Colombian era. We did not find much, although one of the current theories is that mainland Indians migrating to Polynesia made La Plata one of their way stations. History books also indicate that it was off this island that Drake sank a Spanish galleon full of gold and silver, and that his men buried the treasure there. I regret to report, however, that La Plata may be in the process of losing its charm: a group of entrepreneurs is to turn it into a resort and fishing club.



Horseless polo practice, Buenos Aires.

I have repeatedly referred to the fact that the easiest way to cross South America from the Pacific to the Atlantic, or vice versa, is to fly over the Andes, unless one prefers the overland route by car or train from Santiago or by train and boat from Peru across Bolivia and into Brazil. Intrepid and tireless drivers can also take the Pan-American Highway from Colombia to Caracas, Venezuela, over the northern Andean range, but then the traveler winds up on the Caribbean rather than on the Atlantic. One of my favorite ways, however, is by riverboat from Iquitos, Peru, to Manaus and Belém in Brazil. It takes time, but it has the unique advantage of providing a trip through the Amazonas basin (the boats are air-conditioned and equipped with reasonable bar service). There are, in fact, ocean ships sailing directly to Iquitos from New York.

Going from the west to the east, the indicated procedure is to fly from Lima to Iquitos to board the boat there. The boat then lazily sails downriver past Leticia and Benjamin Constant, sleepy jungle towns at the junction of the Peruvian, Colombian, and Brazilian borders, and on to Manaus. Before reaching this Brazilian city, which half a century ago knew the glories of the rubber boom, the vessel goes over the "Encounter of the Waters," where the two arms of the Amazonas meet, and the river that was black becomes brown and muddy. Even this far upstream the Amazonas is already so broad that you can hardly see one bank from the other. It floods hundreds of acres of the jungle on either side of its main bed, and a man unfamiliar with its course may easily lose his way in the labyrinthine channels that flow in the shadow of the immense trees. The channels abound with alligators, which can be hunted with a powerful rifle if you are enough of a marksman to hit the half-submerged reptile on the soft bone structure between the eyes. Otherwise, the bullet will glance off the tough skin. The Amazonas also has the *piranhas*, the tiny fish that are all mouth and teeth, and that can turn a full-grown cow into a white skeleton in less than a minute if she falls into waters infested by them.

Manaus, which once built an opera house with gold leaf on the roof and played host to the world's great entertainers, is reminiscent today of a vast, tropical Klondike. The golden days of

(*Continued on page* 99)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sweet and Hot

A wandering gourmet's guide to Latin American cookery

What to Ask For	*What It Is*	*Where It's Eaten*	*Inside Stories*
Sopa de Aguacate con Queso	Avocado and cheese soup, laced with pepper and onions, but soothing as a midday siesta	Colombia	Ruinous for that diet, but you only live once
Sopa de Espuma	Egg, flour, and cheese foam afloat on an ocean of tomato and chicken broth	Mexico	Not so bad for the diet, but so good you'll think it is
Anticuchos Mixtos	Marinated, skewered appetizers of grilled beef, veal heart, chicken livers	Peru	One man's shishkebob is another man's anticuchos.
Mejillones Rellenos Frios	Mussels in chili vinaigrette, flavored with sweet red peppers and onions	Brazil	A shell game no Brazilian ever tires of
Gallina en Escabeche	Breast of chicken, successively skinned, seasoned, simmered, chilled, and served —with pimientos, carrots, peppercorns, and other local exotica	Chile	A prince among poultry
Pastel de Choclo	Beef pie with an occasional raisin, in a crust of corn and garlic	Chile	Imported by traveling Chileans from the Incas of Peru
Carbonada Criolla	A stew of thirty-three — count 'em, thirty-three—ingredients, including beef and a pig's ear	Argentina	If there's no peach in it, you've been taken by counterfeiters.
Picadinho	Beef and pork hash, served in crepes with cream sauce	Brazil	A French immigrant, but now fully naturalized
Paella la Fonda	Chicken, shrimp, clams, pork, ham, lobsters, mussels, sautéed with the customary peppers and spices	Costa Rica and elsewhere	Found in as many varieties as Latin American women
Feijoada	A free-for-all of beans, dried and smoked beef, pigs' ears, pigs' feet, and for good measure a pig's tail—all simmered in, among other delectables, brandy and white wine	Brazil	Served in every home, rich and poor, for Saturday lunch
Chile con Carne, Acapulco style	To the familiar variety, add mushrooms, garlic, hard-boiled egg, and an untranslatable Latin touch	Mexico	An elegant version—like Paris compared to Podunk
Dulce de Leche con Pina	A minor mountain range of sugar, cream, and vanilla on a plateau of pineapple	Argentina	Argentinians, who don't mind living dangerously, often mix it with ice cream.
Guacamole	Crushed avocados, befriended by pepper, onions, lemons	Mexico	May be served as hors d'ouvres at cocktail time
Tacos	Meat in crisp folded tortillas, punctuated with cheese and onions and topped with tomatoes and shredded lettuce	Mexico	The native sandwich in these parts
Bunuelos	Crunchy fried pancakes, seasoned with a light snowfall of cinnamon, sugar, and awash in honey	Mexico	You'll find them stacked a foot high in any native market
Matambre	Roast steak, wrapped and tied around a small gardenful of vegetables	Argentina	Easy on your travelers' checks, and good to eat, too
Empanadas	Half-moon pies of fried pastry, stuffed with a steamy mixture of meat, garlic, onions, peppers, and other volatile goodies	Bolivia	Often served at teatime
Seviche	Marinated, uncooked filet of bass, seasoned with just about everything but the fishing pole	Peru	Old favorite of the Inca kings
Atole de Durazno	Peaches and cream, boiled with sugar and, of all things, a fig leaf	Mexico	A festival drink for weddings, parties, holidays, and shindigs in general
Chocolate Ecuatoriano	Frothy hot chocolate, flavored with orange rind, almond, and vanilla, and finally crowned with a mint leaf	Ecuador	The next best thing to chewing the cocoa bean
Ponche de Noche Buena	Christmas punch, boiled with cloves, raisins, guavas, and laced with rum	Mexico	The Great Liberator

—Federico Rufe.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Ann Zane Shanks (Pix).*

Indian Stoic

Courageous Quixote

Superstition's child

Friend of violent death

Lover of flowers

And of ladies. . . . he is

MEXICO'S MAN

By KATE SIMON

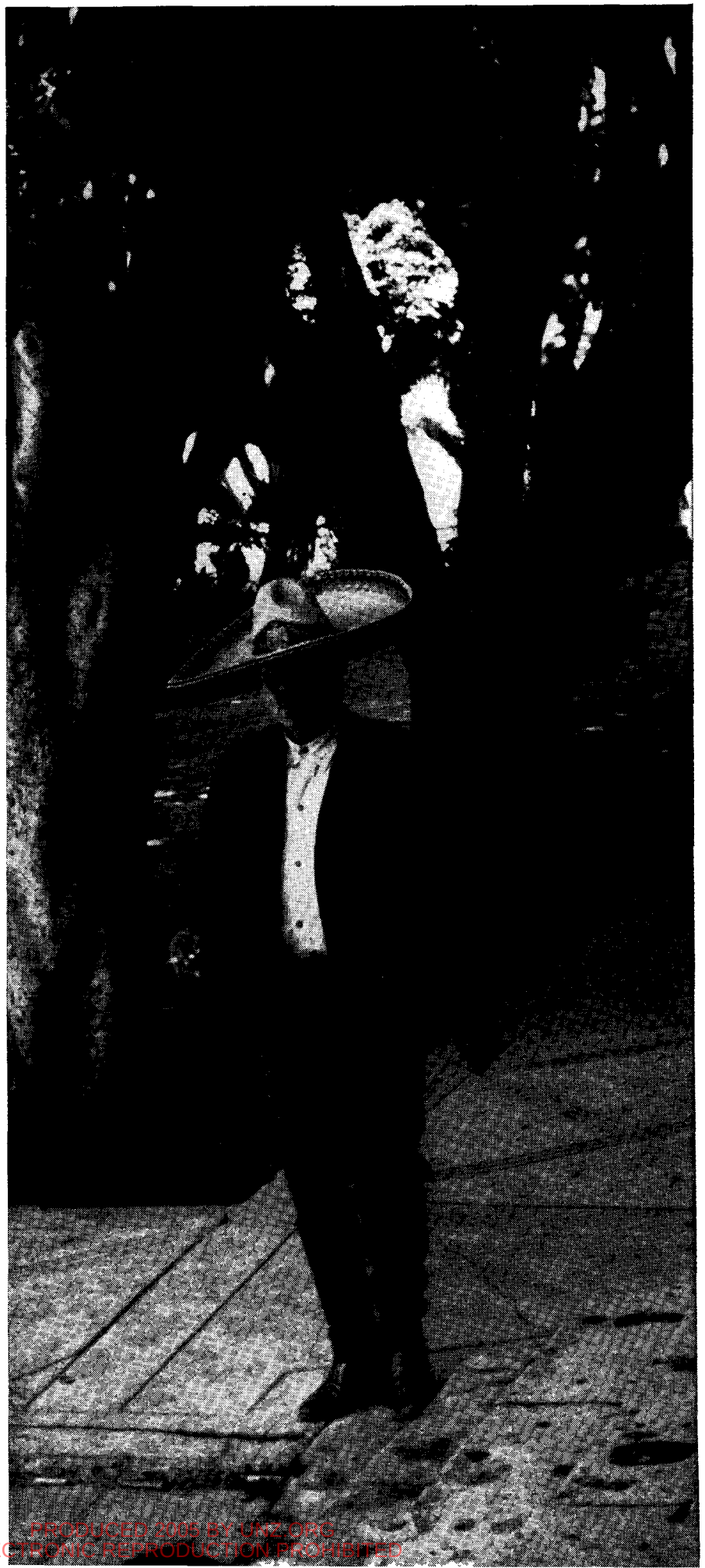
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIKE all men, the Mexican is the axiomatic many, but a bit more so, living as he does physically and psychically in a tangle of centuries. He may gild the Montezuma side of his Janus head and glorify his Indian past, or he may lean yearningly toward the Cortez side, the black and silver and iron lace of *hispanidad*. But his famous *machismo* comes of the mating of Indian stoicism with the mad courage of Don Quixote.

He has lived with superstitions born with the first clap of thunder and the superstitions induced by bright-toothed radio commercials. Quetzalcoatl, the plumed serpent god who had a white beard, prepared the welcome for Cortez, who also had a light beard; the Indian practice of human sacrifice prepared the sacrifice of the exsanguinated Christ who hangs in rural churches.

The Mexican has carried conquerors on his back, shaken them off, and outlived them. An old close friend of violent death and a lover of flowers and dancing, a deep diver into pain and pleasure, he knows a good deal about the dark surprises that wait in the corners of the human condition and is broadly tolerant of them or, where they touch on ancient angers and fears, deeply intolerant. He thinks that the tall, lithe Dane who dances through the Veracruz Carnival in a bright *tutu* with a cushioned bosom and porcelain make-up is a pretty funny, appealing fellow; the man who makes him feel inferior by refusing to drink with him may be appointed the mortal enemy. His inherited compound of fatalism and ferocity and his ancient citadels of art and might—apt to appear at any random stroke of a machete in the jungle—stand as witness to his past greatness. His present is an eager reaching for the goodies that lie in Europe and north of the border and a resentment of the pressures that sell them. Pleased to be more stable than the mercurial countries to the south, he is hurt in his egalitarian soul to hear Mexico called the "Colossus to the North" by a Nicaraguan.

The dips and rises of altitude make differences in the meldings: the Indian of the high mountains wraps himself in seclusions as tightly as he wraps his *sarape* around his mouth and nose to keep out the bad airs of the mountain night. The silence surrounding his opaque eyes and the barbed, tortured images of his churches give rise to insistently whispered reports (happenings always across the next mountain) of black-hooded Eastern processions of spurred chains on ankles and flagellant whips, culminating in actual nails-in-flesh crucifixions. The citizen of the coast, a spoiled child of fecund trees and willing fish, celebrates Christmas



Ann Zane Shanks.→

PRODUCED 2015 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by hanging balloons, which quickly shrivel in the abundant sun, across his house front; he puts dabs of absorbent cotton among the leaves of his orange tree to imitate snow he has never seen and dances to "Jingle Bells," sung as "Navidad, Navidad," in hot Afro-Cubano rhythms.

Regional history—which kingdom conquered which before *The* Conquest—left differences in art, in conduct, and in *Weltanschauung*, and even distinct physical differences. The erratic pace of the "*Revolución*," now a portmanteau concept embracing all improvements from industrialization to lively theatres in Social Security centers to not spitting on the floor of the bus, makes its contrast—planting corn with a sharpened stick in a rural area, tending a flashing assembly line of an auto plant in the city. Communications and what the mountains or jungle will permit in the way of roads make differences. A good truck road increases not only the number of children who can attend a local school, but also the number of juke boxes that wear away, disc by roaring disc, the older, softer music; sewing machines zip through cloth that was once finely, laboriously embroidered; the smell of beer and pop are replacing the hoary sour smell of pulque. A good road leads inexorably to the twentieth century, and when all the roads are good—an imminent danger—Mexico will have reached the anonymous homogenization of the rest of the world. Fortunately, there are still some trying roads, and the worst to travel are often the best.

At any given time, a Mexican is doing the same things as the Mexican near him, and different from the Mexican fifteen miles away. In Sanborn's in Mexico City, in the Parroquia Café of Veracruz, in the coffeehouses of Mérida, the city Mexican, dressed in a dark, sleek suit or the starched white *guayabera* of the tropics, slowly sips strong, sweet coffee while he discusses his versions of Latin American politics, fruity gossip concerning which ex-President's sister-in law owns which gaudy, populous houses and what Khrushchev said to Castro. Some of it may be sound, some flagrantly apocryphal, but all of it is as florid and gleamingly sharp as an antique sword, and accompanied by practiced estimations of the passing ladies, glances that combine the incisive eye of an X-ray machine and the velvet of a caress.

At the same time, his compatriot in Patzcuaro, dressed in worn blue denims and a work shirt, is meticulously cutting and painting huge melon-shaped sections of paper to be pasted together into a lovely balloon, to be attached to a candle-filled box, to be wafted into a fiesta night, to be burned and replaced by another that will burn and then another, until one floats off poised and intact to become a star. In the highlands of the state of Hidalgo, a solitary pulque worker is sucking up the *aguamiel* from the heart of a maguey plant to siphon it back into the casks hanging at the sides of his burro. In Oaxaca, a sociable convoy of Zapotec-Mixtecos spreads its *sarapes* and largesse of English—"Byoorifool, my fren', for you

—Marilu Pease (Monkmeyer).

Madonna in the market place, Oaxaca.

bery chip"—before a tableful of tourists, blocking the view of the bird-cage bandstand in the plaza and the blue-purple hills. Their wives, in regal turbans of wrapped and twisted *rebozo,* flash filigree earrings, lace unnecessaries, and gauzy ornaments in front of the customers, as much dazzled by their urbanity and fine instinct for frail sales resistance as the sunset colors of the woolen *rebozos* they dangle. Glancing obliquely from behind a pillar in the arcade, too shy to stare widely and openly, stands a Mixe from the mountains, wearing a conical felt hat over his deer eyes and his sparse, four-haired Mandarin beard. To the north a large, square Tarascan in sturdy overalls drives his new truck loaded with vegetables to the market in Morelia; to the east the young male beauties of Chiapas, wearing beribboned hats and carrying long rifles, march their elegant bare legs in Etruscan-style sandals through the Chamula villages.

La Señora Gonzales of the Lomas in Mexico City wears heavy gold bracelets on her French-knot sleeve and the most perilous of Italian high heels. She goes to church frequently, but not as frequently as she goes to the hairdresser. Her maid reverses the equation and so does the little grandmother of the household. As delicate and durable as old ivory, grandma spends her hours outside the church deploring the passing of Porfirio Díaz and with him the gracious, queenly life of the hacienda, now displaced by irreligious license. Her contemporary, the old market woman, deplores nothing in the past; it is not her habit to regret, deplore, or judge. Her family and pueblo gave her no formal education but her life of few gains and many losses has given her a monumental, open skepticism and tolerance. She hates no one but loves only her grandchildren and the Virgin Mary in a flower-bordered niche in a corner of the market, her sister and alter-ego. Between drags on the cheapest cigarette—a symbol of her financial achievement and independence—and brisk sales of a bundle of scallions and two tomatoes, she searches out the keys to a new, expanded world from her grandson's primer.

There is something of the Madwoman of Chaillot in the ladies of the Tehuantepec area of Oaxaca, a slightly mad arrogance perched on homemade pedestals, a quality of excess both forbidding and attractive. Although the legend says she is immensely tall for a Mexican woman, she is not, except for a few of her, who are especially fat also. She cloaks herself in the sombre, regal anger of a deposed queen and a habitual downward look at the rest of humanity, particularly when she is traveling in an invulnerable legion, draped in black velvet embroidered with big, red roses and iced with stiff white ruffles, a lacy headdress winsomely framing her Roman Senator face, and chains of twenty- and fifty-dollar gold pieces trailing from her ears, neck, and arms.

One of the world's greatest cardiologists, Dr. Ignacio Chávez, is Rector of the beautifully extravagant National University in Mexico City, a reminder of the decoration and architecture of pre-Conquest learning and art centers, boldly stamped with twenty-first-century elements. A mile away, in a dissolving shack guarded by a lean yellow dog, an old woman pastes leaves on her

(*Continued on page* 100)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NIGHT THEY KILLED THE BOSSA NOVA

—*Drawings by Susan Perl.*

By GEOFFREY HOLDER

MOVIE audiences here are joke to movie audiences home.

I grew up in the steaming, brawling Caribbean catharsis pits. (I still have a scar from the time Kay Francis shot Basil Rathbone on a double bill in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad. A hefty market *vendeuse* next to me shouted, "She's *right*, all you men too *baaad*." Then she whapped me with her purse.) I can't stand these antiseptic air-conditioned funeral chapels in New York where you have to go to see "art films"; but I sat through *Black Orpheus* in one of them seventeen times. On the eighteenth time, I took my (then) four-year-old son. He had been to Trinidad for carnival that winter and had been initiated good and proper. When the carnival samba scenes shook the theatre, he wiggled off my lap, bounced into the aisles, and started dancing up a breeze. The serious art cinemaddicts stiffened; ushers came running. You'd think nobody had ever improvised in these cemeteries since Benny Goodman started riots at the Paramount twenty years before.

"Shake it, Leo," I laughed. "It's healthy." He did his number and I let him. I figured there was something wrong with anybody who could sit still. But the rest of the audience wasn't ready for that.

Never mind, I thought. When *Black Orpheus* hits 42nd Street and the neighborhoods, when the sound track songs get played on the radio, it will bring back the samba. That will shake everybody up. We'll have a real epidemic! Macumba—the voodoo ritual that started in the hills of Brazil—was transformed into samba, the same way gospel singing was transformed into jazz.

But what happened? Nothing. *Nada.* The disk jockeys didn't get their payola

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or something. All we heard was *Never on Sunday. Black Orpheus,* cursed with an Academy Award, got shelved as a classic before anybody saw it. It never got beyond the art cinema circuit where constipated vanguard audiences discuss things to death.

Forget that. Months later in London, my brother dragged me all the way from the airport to hear a new Odeon LP. It was all he could talk about. "You got to hear this," he told me. Well, I had to be polite to my brother. But I've had it with LPs. The curse of the music business used to be the three-minute side; a good record just got started and it was over. Now the curse is the LP. A singer may have a good five minutes but it has to be padded to the point where they can charge $4.98 plus tax.

Well, anyway, I listened. There was a guitar. Some way-off violins. And somebody I'd never heard of was singing like a Portuguese angel. I screamed "Macumba!" and never stopped dancing for a month. I didn't know a word of Portuguese but I got the message. This boy, whoever he was, was a complete and utter original. With one record he was right up there with Holiday, Ray Charles, Piaf and Montand and Henri Salvador. The tension between his lazy, languid lyrics and the insistent samba rhythm was hypnotic. Intoxicating was hardly the word for it. There were a dozen sambas, so insistent, so subtle that it simply wasn't possible to get the tunes out of your head once you'd heard them. I had never heard of Joao Gilberto before. But when I read that some of the tunes were his, and the rest had been written by the *Black Orpheus* team of Antonio Carlos Jobim and Vinicius de Moraes, it all made sense. *Black Orpheus* couldn't do it; this record will do it. Everybody will soon be doing the samba. Nothing can stop it now. Discovery of that single LP made my trip. I brought back a dozen copies. I raved about Gilberto, Jobim, and Moraes to everybody I met. At Lena Horne's Christmas party, before I could sell her, Lenny Hayton sold me. I grabbed the nearest ex-Dunham dancer, who happened to be Frances Taylor (Mrs. Miles Davis) and all night it was samba samba samba. How could this country resist? What North America needed was not a silly ballroom craze, but a dance like the samba that could be done all day, in the living room, bedroom, and bath. And what happened? Nada but the twist.

Gilberto became a singer's singer. Jobim and Moraes became musician's musicians. Jazz musicians who had to play twist music for a living came home and calmed their nerves and saved their souls by listening to the new and beautiful expression of the Afro-Brazilian religion, macumba-samba.

Don't-move-a-muscle-religions like Zen caught on like crazy. But with macumba-samba nothing happened.

Well, now, what did it all mean? As a dancer and choreographer I happen to believe that the body does not lie, that dances and contortions that pass for dances at any given time tell us something about the society that makes a vogue of them. The written record is part, not all. Dress, bearing, expression, movement show character and national temperament. Things that *don't happen* like macumba-samba, are often more significant than things that do—like the late unlamented twist.

Well, sir, it was no shock to me when the President's Committee on Physical Fitness broke the news that young (North) America was in poor physical shape. Automobiles don't fool me for a minute. The only difference between sports cars and wheelchairs is in the horsepower. There's invalidism all over the place. Dr. Salk licked polio but there's infantile paralysis all over the place. The solar plexis of young (North) America—there's your underdeveloped area! Young people in this country just can't dance.

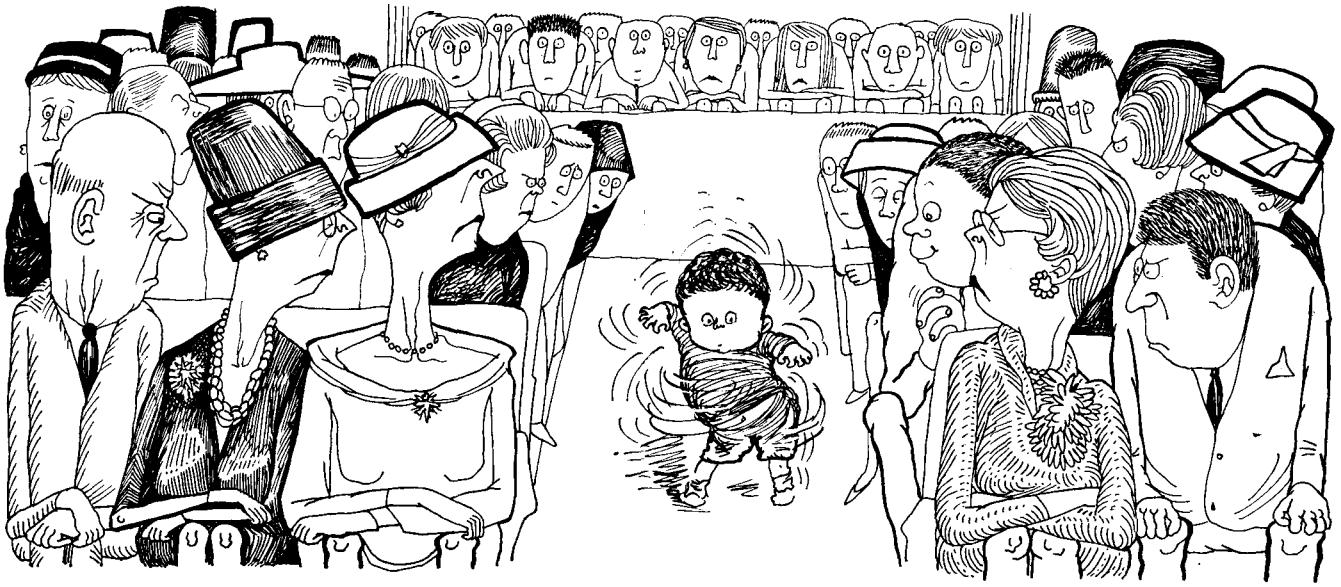
Honey, these kids can drag-race from one hootenanny to another in their T-birds, they can snap their fingers on the wrong beat, they can twist a little (because that's not a dance; it's just one way of wiggling out of an automobile)—but they can't dance.

I discovered that when I first came to the United States. But I'd forgotten. The only girls in this country I ever found who could dance were all grandmothers. They walked to school, I guess; they skipped rope, did the tango and the Charleston in their rooms because those dances were taboo; they learned somewhere how to let a man *lead* them. They have a sense of the past—a sense of history about rhythms, a feeling for repertory; they know the difference between Cugat, Lombardo, and Welk. If the beat changes, they don't have to rush to Killer Joe for private tutoring.

It will take more than touch football, fifty-mile hikes, and the rest of that greasy kid stuff to get young (North) America back on its feet. Hiking is divine, don't get me wrong, but some of these teen-agers should hike over to grandma's house and ask her to teach them to tango. Four hours a week to start!

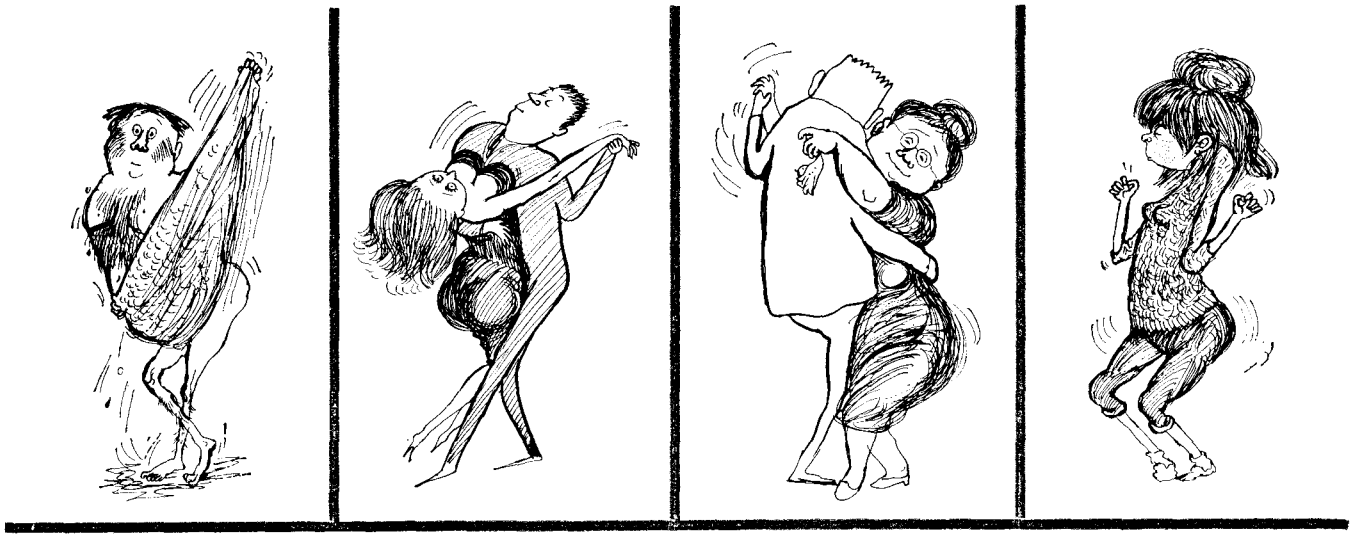
So it was, I thought, sic transit samba. Young (North) America wasn't ready.

I don't get to the Colony Record



"When the carnival samba scenes shook the theatre he wiggled off my lap, bounced into the aisle, and started dancing up a breeze. 'Shake it, Leo,' I laughed. 'It's healthy.'"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Blue suede bossa nova. Bossa nova ice cream. And in Paris they were twisting to the 'One Note Samba.' *Quelle horreur!*"

Shop every week. The Brill building is off my beat. So when I first heard parlor discussions of bossa nova, the jazz critics were already waist-deep in anthropological polemics, arguing whether it started first in the hills of Brazil or Beverly. I felt pretty far out of things so I talked to one of my drummers. He brought me a record by Stan Getz and Charlie Byrd. They had already introduced it to the nation on the Perry Como show.

I listened to the record and immediately got evil. Here were Gilberto's subtle macumba hymns, Jobim's intricate sambas. The divine Portuguese lyrics were gone; a couple of tunes later got fitted out with cornball tin-pan alley verses. It was like Bobby Darin doing Brecht; like John Philip Sousa playing the "St. Louis Blues." Only the poor people of New York who never heard the original could think this was the greatest. *This* was bossa nova and everybody and his mother cut a bossa nova LP.

And then the merchandizing began. Blue suede bossa nova shoes. Bossa nova ice cream. And in Paris they were twisting to the "One Note Samba." *Quelle horreur!*

Well, fortunately, Arthur Murray taught me about obsolescence in a hurry. Some years ago when the same thing happened to calypso, Arthur Murray sent for me. Oh, yes. I was summoned to his Academy for a big faculty meeting behind closed doors. Professor Murray asked Professor Holder to show his intructors how to dance the calypso. What could I say? There's no such dance. Calypso is just a rhythm to which all kinds of satiric sing-out-the-news lyrics are sung. You can dance all kinds of things to it, depending on how you feel, where you're dancing, how you're built. When they insisted, I did a turn or two. Murray frowned. Said it was too similar to the Charleston. I was shocked. I tried to explain the difference. They were only looking at my *feet*. I tried to explain the different attitude; the way you hold your head, the way you freeze your upper torso; the way your eyes stay ignorant of what your pelvis is doing; the way your body *argues* with the music.

I was pretty green then. I didn't know what a gimmick was. I wasn't much help. It didn't matter. In no time at all the Murray Academy came up with maps, charts, diagrams, blueprints; ten basic calypso steps, complete with annotated footnotes on hip-swaying, knee bumping, and "saucy gestures." Good for Arthur. Calypso got packaged, sold, tied-in, exploited, corrupted; it ran the great American commercial gambit into the junkyard. For a few months, anybody from the West Indies could get a U.S. visa if he claimed to be a calypso artiste. They were necessary to the U.S. calypso industry. Then *Voom!* It was over. Calypso joints became cemeteries. Now calypso (here) is just a slightly dirty adjective in the American language. The *Saturday Evening Post* described a West Indian boxing champ as having a "calypso gait." To call him indolent, swishy would have been libelous. Are you ready for that?

Having been through this mill, I waited with bated breath to see who would get his mitts on Gilberto, Jobim, and those Portuguese angels from Brazil.

My brother was over here from London when it happened. Full-page ads in the *New York Times*. Bossa nova at Carnegie Hall. Record companies were pushing it. They had it tied in with South American coffee, Keep-Castro-out-of-the-Caribbean, cultural exchange, Alliance for Progress, I don't know what all. Way down the list of performers, one among dozens, was the name of Gilberto.

My brother bought tickets. I refused. Gilberto belongs at the Waldorf, the Persian Room, I told him. Carnegie Hall is for Richter and Norman Mailer. He needs to be presented as a one-man show with Jobim and musicians behind him.

My brother didn't know Carnegie from Albert Hall. Probably poor Gilberto didn't either. Well, I wish I was a poor prophet. It turned out to be a catastrophe.

You've heard about the new journalistic discovery; that observation by communications media automatically changes or transforms an event (e.g., a CBS-TV truck can change a street fight into a mass demonstration).

Well something like that happened at Carnegie Hall—CBS, NBC, USIA, AP, UPI, *Paris-Match*, two dozen recording engineers, itinerant disc

(*Continued on page* 126)

João Gilberto on Records

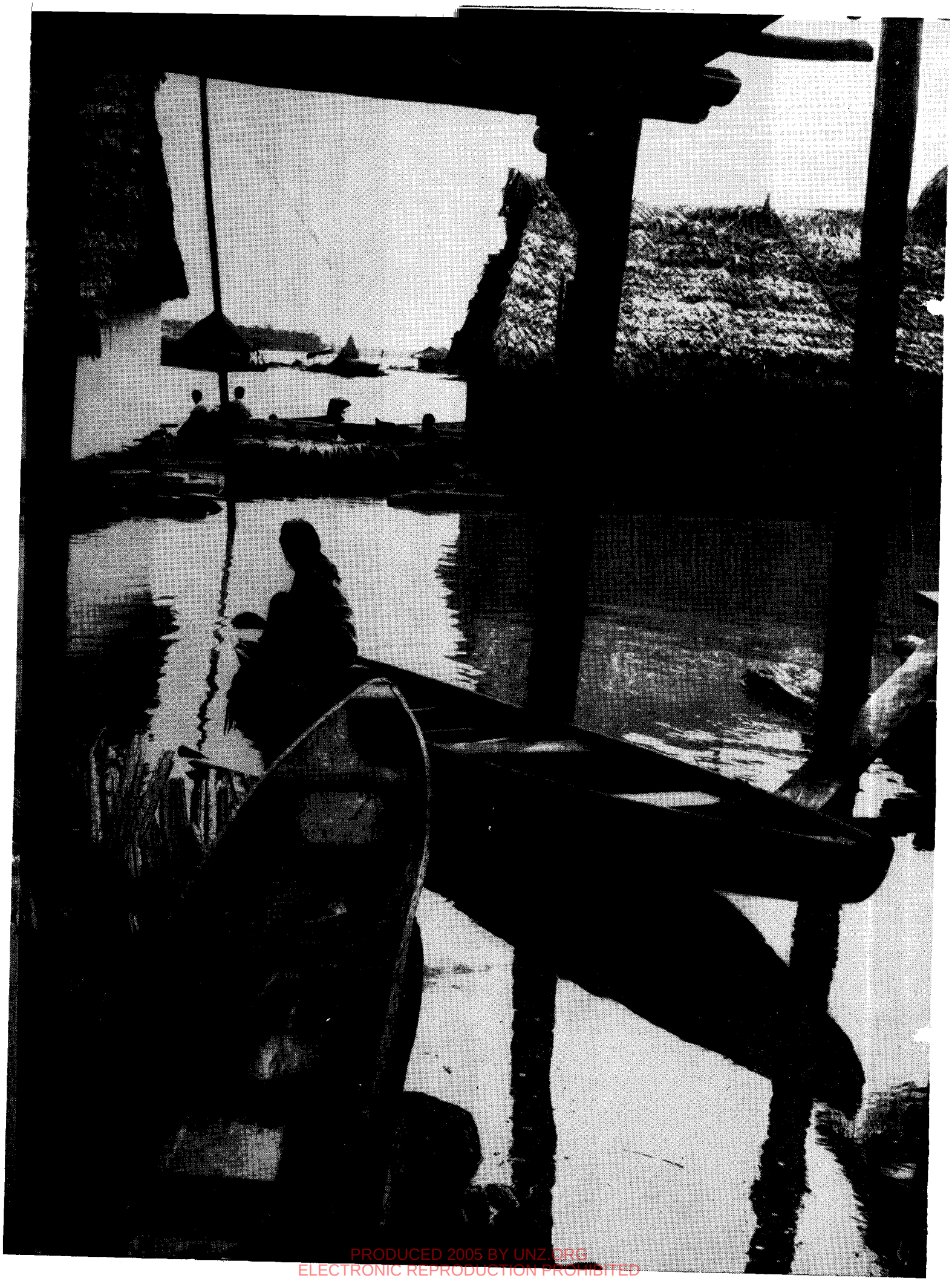
The Warm World of João Gilberto
Atlantic 8076

Boss of the Bossa Nova
Atlantic 8070

João Gilberto
Capitol 10280

(These are the original recordings issued in Brazil on the Odeon label.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRAZIL

By JOHN DOS PASSOS

THE Brazilians are great people for telling stories on themselves. One story that was going the rounds a few years ago was about God and an archangel on the third day of creation. When the Lord Jehovah has finished making Brazil he can't help bragging a little to one of the archangels. He's planted the greatest forests and laid out the world's biggest river system and built a magnificent range of mountains with lovely bays and ocean beaches. He's filled the hills with topaz and aquamarine and sowed the rivers with gold dust and diamonds. He's arranged a climate free from hurricanes and earthquakes which will grow every conceivable kind of fruit.

"Is it fair, Lord," asks the archangel, "to give so many benefits to just one country?"

"You wait," says the Lord Jehovah, "till you see the people I'm going to put there."

The point of this story is, of course, that it's topsy-turvy. Ever since the Portuguese founded their first colonies there in the early sixteenth century the development of Brazil has been held back by its inconvenient geography. The rivers run the wrong way. The mountains are in the wrong places. The steep coastal range for centuries formed a barrier to penetration of the interior. Though the central and southern uplands are suitable for colonization, the rain forests of the Amazon basin in the north offer the sort of climate and terrain that no civilization has yet been able to cope with. The eastern bulge is cursed with perennial droughts. Until the coming of air transportation, which a Brazilian named Santos Dumont, by the way, did almost as much as the Wright Brothers to promote, it literally took months to get from one part of the country to the other. Tropical diseases are still a threat to development. The chief asset of Brazil is the Brazilians.

How did a handful of settlers from tiny Portugal, a country which during the great period of Portuguese colonization numbered at most 2,000,000 souls, manage to occupy and assimilate one-half of the South American continent? How is it that the Brazilians, of all the South American peoples, seem furthest on the way toward producing a civilization of their own?

It is only recently that we have begun to recognize that there is something a little special about the colonial society the Portuguese established in America and Africa and the Orient. "Corrupt and inefficient" was what we were taught about it in school. The Portuguese have had, and continue to have, a bad press.

Perhaps the thread of racial, religious, and political tolerance that keeps reappearing in their history has something to do with the success of the Portuguese as colonizers. To begin with, Portugal was made up of more various cultural strains than the other colonizing nations of Europe.

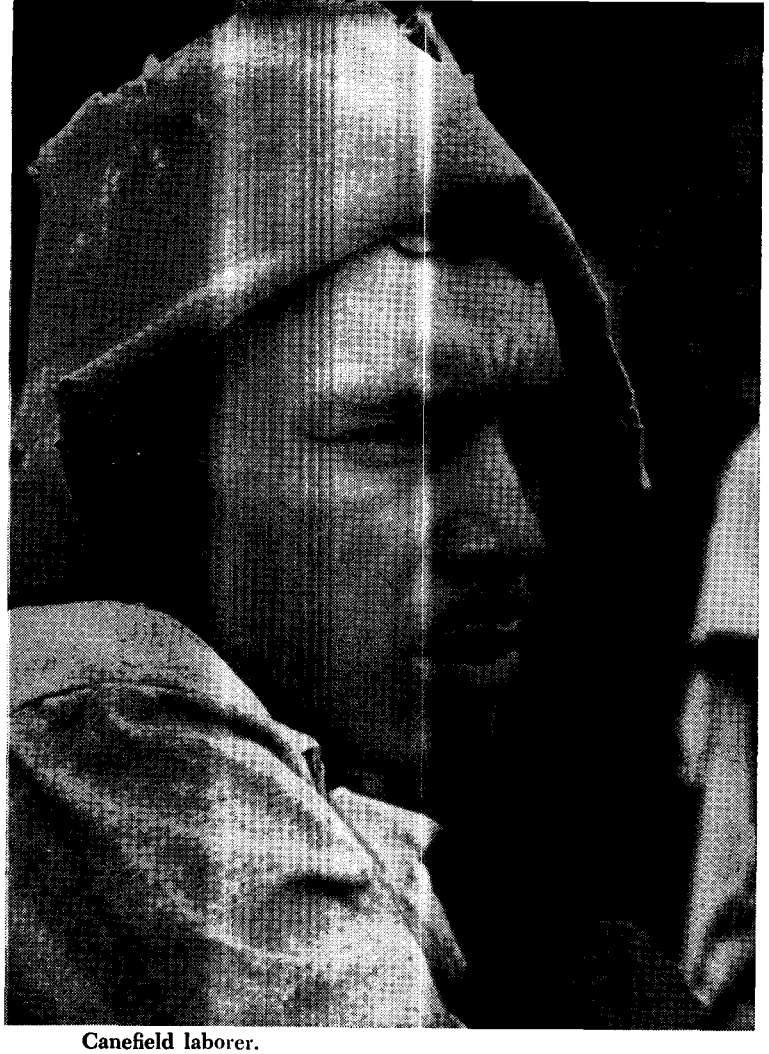
The northern Portuguese had a lot of Celt in them. Many of the landowning families were the offspring of blue-eyed Visigoths. There was a strong infusion of Burgundian French during the period of the establishment of the monarchy. In the south there was Arab and Berber blood. There the peasantry, though Christian in religion, retained habits and customs acquired during three centuries of subjection to the Moors. The towns had a large Jewish population, possibly descended as much from Phoenician and Carthaginian colonists, whose language and culture were He-

---

This article is taken from the author's new book, *Brazil on the Move*, and is published here through special arrangement with Doubleday & Company, Inc. (© 1963 by John Dos Passos).

—Marc & Evelyne Bernheim (Rapho Guillumette).

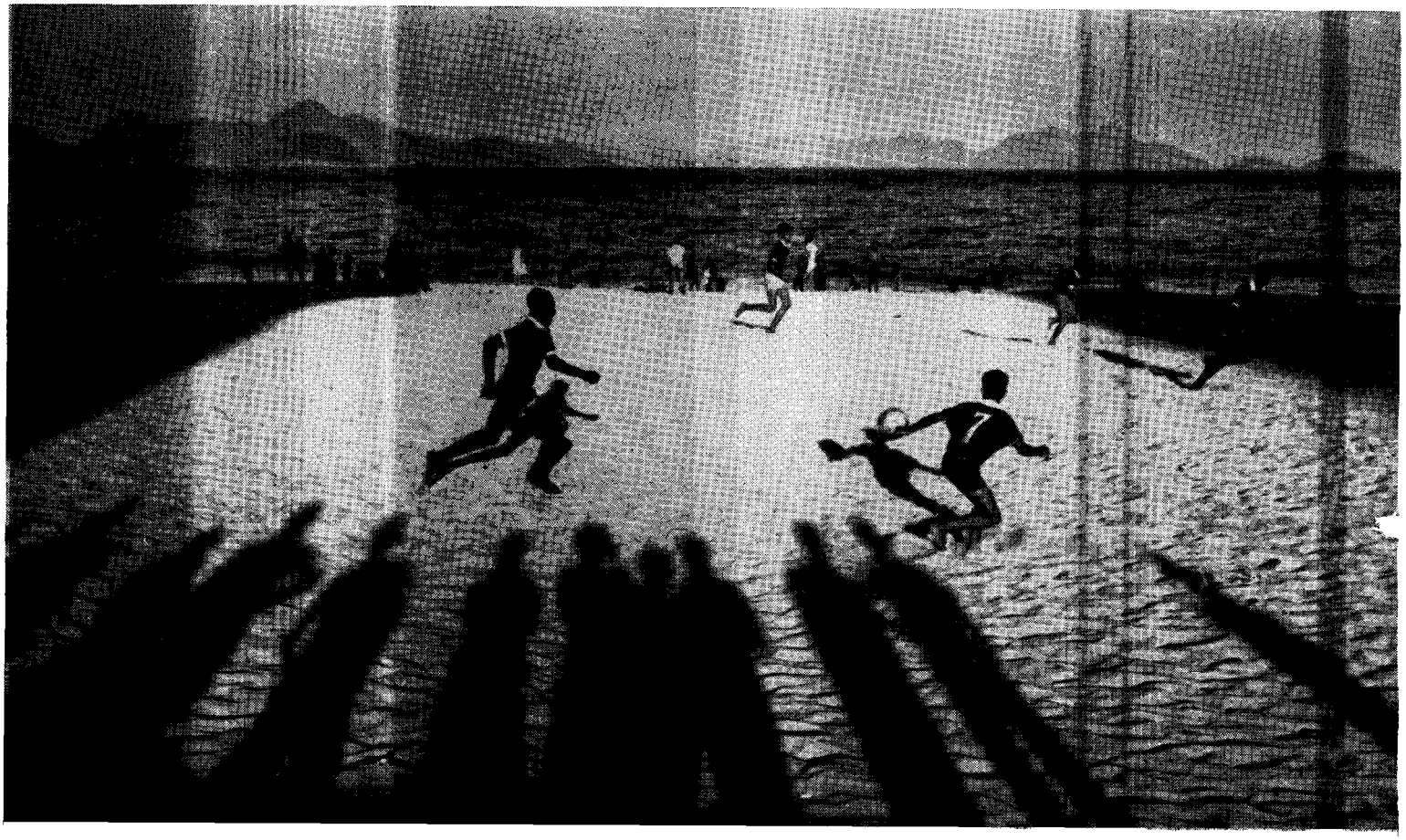
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Canefield laborer.

Food for Peace applicant. —*Nancy Flowers (Nancy Palmer).*

Football players, Copacabana Beach.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

braic, as from the Israelites proper. During Portugal's formative years, each of these populations intermarried fairly freely with the rest.

The Spanish philosopher Unamuno used to tell an amusing story to illustrate the prevalence of Semitic blood among the Portuguese. When the great King Manoel of Portugal wanted to marry a Spanish princess he was told that he must first purge his kingdom of Jews. He consented, but according to Don Miguel, the chief minister who brought him the expulsion decree to sign is supposed to have asked: "Which of us shall leave first, you or me?"

Seafaring peoples tend to get their prejudices rubbed off. Farmland was scarce on the steep Portuguese coast. Its people were forced to find their livelihood in trading and fishing. Their wine trade with England ripened early into a political and commercial alliance which added one more element to their cosmopolitan outlook. Prince Henry the Navigator was a grandson of John of Gaunt. Then, after Vasco da Gama's rounding of the Cape of Good Hope, African slaves, and all the arts and complexities of India and China and Japan, started pouring into Lisbon. Portuguese culture flared up into the sudden brilliance of the poetry of Camoëns and the surrealist style of the Manueline architects and stonecarvers.

It was at this explosive moment in the year 1500 that Pedro Alvares Cabral, in sailing a westerly course on his passage to India to avoid the calms off Africa that had so baffled Vasco da Gama, found himself, quite by accident, on the coast of Brazil.

A certain amount of mystery still hangs over the early exploration of the American coast. It is likely that even before Columbus's four expeditions opened up the New World to the Spaniards, Portuguese ships had been fetching the red dyewood called brazilwood from the beaches of the eastern bulge of South America. Brazil appeared on early maps as an Atlantic island.

WHEN Cabral's little fleet sailed into Porto Seguro, he seems to have taken it for granted that it was this island he was landing on. He celebrated Mass, announced to the Indians lurking about that he was taking possession in the name of Dom Manoel the First, King of Portugal and Lord of the Conquest, Navigation and Commerce of India, Ethiopia, and Persia, and sailed away to round the Cape of Good Hope in search of the profitable cargoes of spices he was hoping for in the Orient.

For a couple of centuries the authorities in Lisbon considered the settlements that grew up along the Brazilian coast, through the efforts of Jesuit missionaries and of private adventurers, as mere way stations to the East. Left to their own devices, marrying into Indian tribes for lack of Portuguese women, the colonists began to think of themselves as Brazilians.

In the north they raised sugar, and as the Indians were nomadic woodland hunters who couldn't adapt to agriculture, they imported slaves from Africa to plant and cut the cane.

In the backlands they raised cattle. As the population increased, the need for fresh pastures and the perennial quest for gold drove the ranchers of the São Paulo plateau to scour the hinterland. Fighting or absorbing the Indians as they moved, they formed themselves into wandering bands that explored the country south to the La Plata estuary and west through the central uplands into the farthest confines of Mato Grosso. *Bandeirantes*, or flag-carriers, they called themselves.

When the Brazilians began to ship home gold and diamonds, the Portuguese kings woke up to the fact that Brazil was a valuable possession. Their Oriental empire was falling to pieces. During the eighteenth century it was gold and precious stones from Brazil that supported the court at Lisbon.

THE home government did little in return, except to try to keep the Brazilians in their place. After the expulsion of the Jesuits, schools and colleges were discouraged. Printing presses were forbidden, and so was any industry that might compete with the home country. Although British shipmasters already had a share in the Brazilian trade, it all had to be channeled through the port of Lisbon.

When the Brazilians—particularly the prospectors and placer-miners of Minas Gerais—heard that the English-speaking colonists in North America had thrown off the European yoke, they were moved to do likewise.

The earliest record I know of a political relationship between Brazil and English-speaking America appears in Jefferson's report to John Jay when Jay

(*Continued on page* 102)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LITTLE BIRD THAT SNORTED

By CELIA DARLINGTON

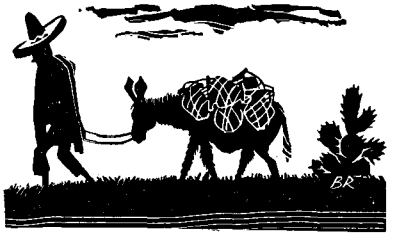
A SECOND-CLASS bus in Mexico is uncompromising in its attitude toward man. There is an obstinate look to the radiator and engine hood, something squat and determined in the angle of the red and yellow body and the battered luggage rack on top. Within, the seats are a little too narrow and much too hard, and for foreign standees headroom is lacking by about four inches. If you want to take a second-class bus, you don't turn up breathless just as the engine is warming up. You get there an hour early, to grab the least uncomfortable space you can find. This gives you time to stow your baggage, buy a cup of coffee and a roll at the sidewalk stand, and savor the atmosphere.

"*Me estoy riendo,*" read the sign above the café at the corner. "I am laughing." Six-thirty in the morning seemed a bit early for such sentiments.

Our bus, the "Little Bird," was going to make the run from San Miguel de Allende to Mexico City. From my seat directly behind the driver I viewed the situation. I counted the good luck charms along the control panel and around the windshield: one rabbit's foot, one St. Christopher medal, one Virgin of Guadalupe, two baby shoes, one pair of tiny boxing gloves, one fox tail, one bull fight postcard, one carnation in a glass holder, and two photographs of movie starlets in bathing suits. Alongside the driver's seat were a bucket of water and a tin can. Near this the driver's small assistant squatted, eating an orange.

Women with black *rebozos* over their heads and baskets under their arms straggled up. There was much yawning and gossip. The driver suddenly rushed up importantly. The radiator was filled with water, the gas tank with gasoline, the luggage rack with a miscellaneous burden of baskets, sacks, furniture, and agricultural implements. (Anything alive rides inside, including chickens.) The engine roared suddenly into full throttle and we were ready for takeoff.

The streets of San Miguel de Allende are narrow, steep, and paved with sharp cobblestones. We jolted past the churchyard with its yew trees gray in the morning light, past the early bustle of the market, and past the white stucco house of Cantinflas, idol of Mexican moviegoers. It looked as if our exit from San Miguel would be a complete, though noisy, success. But our driver missed the last narrow



corner by a centimeter or two. The Little Bird was a perfect fit for the narrow streets of the town but, not being jointed in the middle, it found right-angle turns a problem. We stopped. The small assistant leaped down. We bucked, balked, snorted, and jerked back and forth, the assistant slapping the stern of the bus (one slap a signal to inch her forward, two slaps to ease her back). Then we popped free and were quickly proceeding along the hillside toward Querétaro.

The road unwound through rolling ranch country. All seats were taken and there were half a dozen strap-hangers in the aisle. The space between me and the door was almost entirely filled with round baskets full of black and yellow corn. On top of the nearest basket of corn lay three eggs, resting lightly as though they had just been laid there by the hen, which, in fact, was squawking loudly from somewhere over my right shoulder.

The bus frequently had to come to sudden grinding halts to eject or to take on passengers. Indians in worn brown sarapes and sombreros seemed to spring up from the cactus plants along the road. Women with babies in their arms and bundles looped over their backs would squeeze their way to the front suddenly, call "This is it," and descend into what looked like a completely deserted countryside. Level fields stretched for miles on either side with not so much as a rabbit hutch in sight, and we would leave the women and babies there by the road, apparently satisfied that this was home.

Pretty soon it became evident that we were letting off a handful while we took on a multitude. "Getting down!" the small assistant would bark, as each passenger stepped off, "Getting down!" then "Getting on! Getting on! Getting on!" Each cry was accompanied by a slap on the rump of the Little Bird until, finally, when we were all wedged in, a sharp succession of slaps and a piercing yell of "*Vamonos!*" would put us on our way again.

It was a little beyond Querétaro that La Chica the goat joined us. The bus drew up at a small office while a great game of musical chairs took place. During the scuffle the old man next to me left, and La Chica with her owners took his place. There were five in the family—father, three sons of about eight to twelve, and La Chica of twenty-one days. She was black with long flopping ears and a mouth that twitched eagerly and constantly. The passengers did not need to be told, although we were, that the whole family had been painting signs in Querétaro. Everyone bore the marks of his trade. Even the little goat's nose had a broad streak of green across it. She sat beside me on the smallest boy's lap, her hoofs tucked under. Every once in a while she would get up, shake herself, nuzzle at the buttons on her master's shirt, wag her tail violently up and down, and settle back again. The boy would roll a little brown pellet off his pants into the aisle and scratch La Chica behind the ears.

A census of the occupants of my seat now showed them to include Toto

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and La Chica, a silent old man with white whiskers who had somehow infiltrated onto a section of my half of the seat, Toto's middle brother, who stood beween me and the driver with a sharp list in my direction, Toto's oldest brother, who had wriggled in by the window where he alternately petted La Chica and slid the window back for air, a young girl with braids who crouched in the aisle resting one elbow on my knee, and a very large woman with a baby who towered above me. The baby might be said to be riding on the seat also, since it rested on my head. The surrounding countryside was no longer visible.

Now we were in mountain country, toiling upward, and we stopped less often for passengers. When we did there was murmuring and shifting.

"Will any more fit in?"

"Yes, they'll fit in. See?"

It was impossible to close the door; the latecomers hung out over space.

Often we stopped while the assistant jumped down, grabbed the bucket and can, and brought water from a mountain stream. Then the boiling radiator would be fed and soothed and we would jolt along again.

We were in the middle of nothing when the engine died. The hood was lifted and a cloud of smoke issued into the thin mountain air. The passengers got down, bursting out of the swollen bus like peas from a pod. Some hung over the engine hood with advice, some sat down on the rocks along the side of the road, some vanished into the bushes, and some stood smoking and talking about the Christmas bull fight at Querétaro, which had been a flop.

"It's the ignition . . ." "Maybe the carburetor . . ." "How about the gas line?" Wires were attached and disjoined, levers were pushed, the driver kicked the left front tire resentfully. Then he sat down to have a cigarette. I counted again the good-luck charms over the dashboard.

When we started—and this could be attributed only to whim because nothing new had been done for the Little Bird—we ground into gear and down the road so suddenly that two unwary passengers were left behind. They came scooting out from behind the bushes and leaped aboard. "*Vamonos!*" yelled the assistant, beating the flank of the bus. Then he, too, jumped on by way of a ladder hanging down over the rear wheel.

"Youspukengles?" came a voice from behind me. I wormed my way around carefully so as not to disturb the girl with the braids.

"*Como?*" I said politely.

"Youspukengles?" After several repetitions I realized what the dapper young fellow in the pinstriped suit was conveying.

"Yes, I do," I said. "Do you?"

"Yiss," he hissed and became silent.

The two flat tires were a minor matter, although we were at a sharp turn in the mountain road (I found myself counting the good-luck charms again). But nothing came around the corner except a man with two burros loaded with firewood and a truck on the tailboard of which someone had scrawled in black paint, "How one suffers."

When the Little Bird stopped a third time it was generally conceded to be the altitude.

"We will stay here and wait," the driver told us, sitting down as he spoke and pulling out a cigarette. The passengers again erupted from the bus and again talked about the Christmas bullfight in Querétaro. It had been a lousy fight, they said.

Mexico City is spectacularly located, in a 7,000-foot valley surrounded by peaks even the least of which is 10,000 feet in altitude. It was at the summit of one of these that our bus chose to retire. The altitude trouble appeared to be chronic.

"We will wait," said the driver, pulling out another cigarette. In the United States, I thought, a dozen irritable passengers would be toying with their watches and muttering in anger. Here there was complete relaxation. Someone lent me a copy of a women's magazine in which there were fifty designs for knitting a sweater, each uglier than the last.

"Youspukengles?" hissed the man in the pinstriped suit.

"No, I don't," I said. "I'm French."

Someone in the back of the bus unleashed the cork on a bottle of pulque and the bus was flooded with an acrid smell. The assistant climbed to perilous heights above the highway to fetch down his bucket of water. Still the Little Bird refused to stretch her wings. The engine hood had been raised and lowered a hundred times, the wires attached and disattached, the levers pushed and again released. The driver had finished his last cigarette. He rose, spat, kicked the left front tire hard.

"*Vamonos!*" he said. It was only a few hundred feet to the crest of the pass and half a dozen husky passengers pushed with a will. Once over the top, our bus took off with a swoop and a clank, passengers climbed frantically aboard, and suddenly the engine groaned into life.

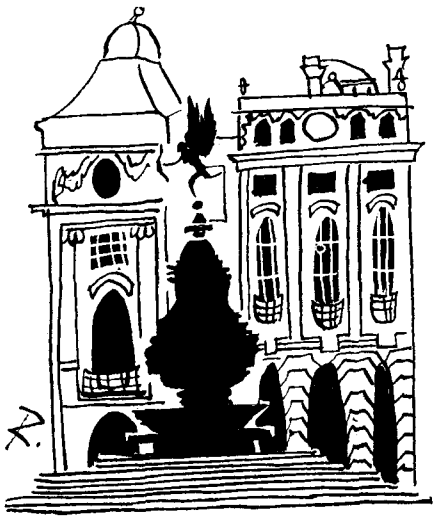
Below us spread all of Mexico City, with its skyscrapers, its tree-lined boulevards, its factories, its vacant lots, its pink churches, its dirt, its Paris fashions, its movie palaces, its tourist hotels, its flophouses, and its street

vendors carrying mountains of bird cages on their backs.

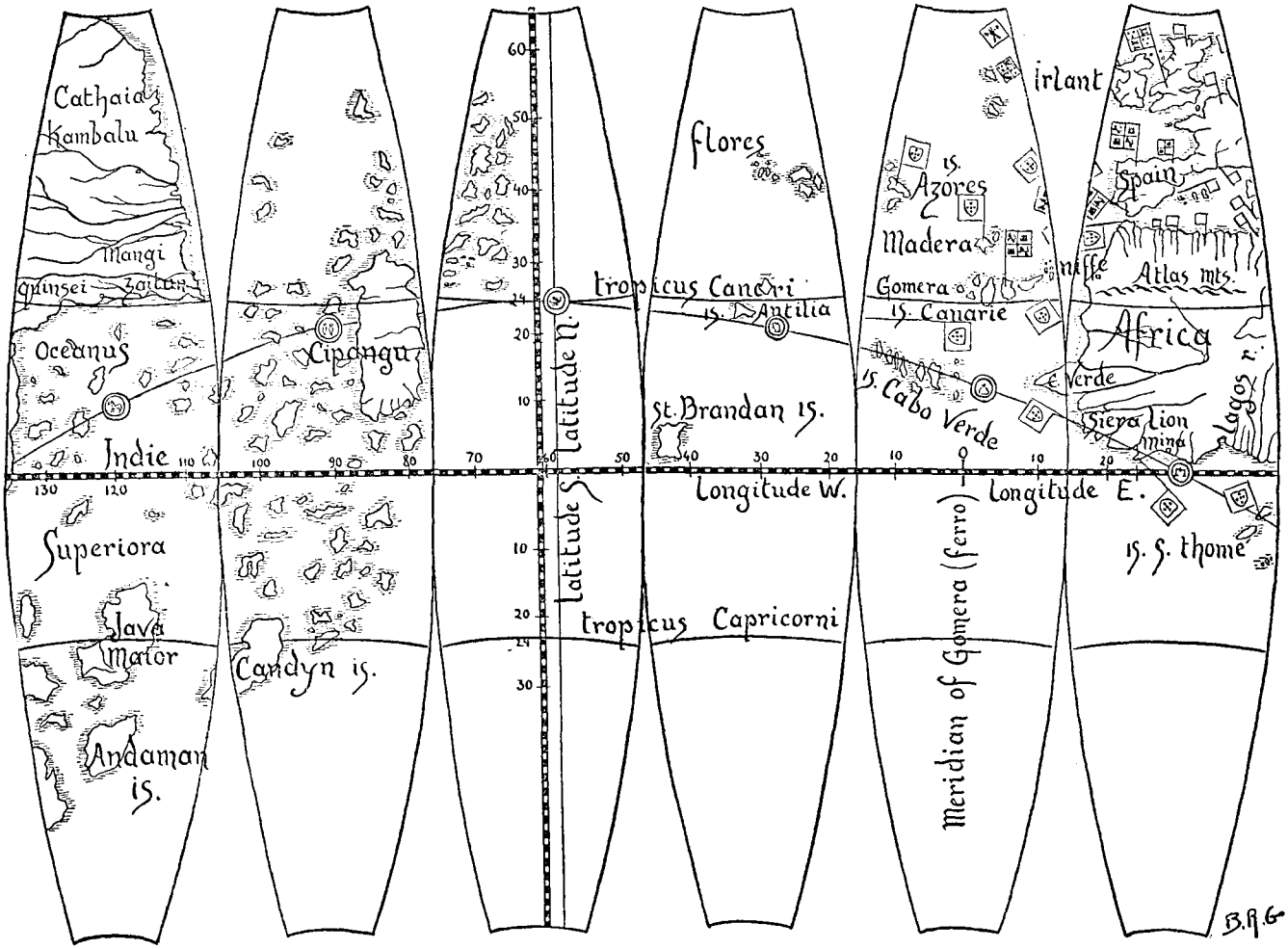
La Chica rose, shook her ears, twitched her tail rapidly. "Ma-a-a," she said, sucking at a button on Toto's jacket. Behind me the linguist had fallen asleep. Toto's father leaned over a mass of humanity to offer me a tangerine. I asked what time it was, but nobody had a watch.

We roared down on the city like a jet coming in for a landing. The street lights were just coming on as we headed down the Paseo de la Reforma. Under the golden statue of the Angel dozens of taxis and home-going cars jockeyed for position, horns screaming, brakes screeching. On our bus, the small assistant put the bucket and water can away in a compartment behind the driver's seat. The woman with the baby raised it from my head onto her shoulder. The jug of pulque went the rounds behind me. The girl with the braids climbed to her feet to drag down her baskets from the rack above. I counted the good-luck charms on the dashboard once more, and discovered a second rabbit's foot behind the oil gauge.

Somehow the Little Bird had made its flight; we were home.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*From "Admiral of the Ocean Sea," by Samuel Eliot Morison.*

America, the Navigator's Error

By John Lear

SOME old Greek writings have been interpreted to mean that seagoing adventurers from Europe found the land mass of earth's western hemisphere at least 2,000 years ago. And there is no doubt that 1,000 years ago Icelandic descendants of men from Norway colonized Greenland and explored lands southwest of there certainly as far as Newfoundland, probably to Nova Scotia or even New England, and perhaps through Hudson Bay and up the rivers of its drainage basin into what is now Minnesota. But nothing worth talking about in 1963 was done to develop this enormous new property until after Christopher Columbus, a Genoese sailor in the pay of King Ferdinand of Spain, landed a fleet of three small sailing ships in the Bahama Islands on October 12, 1492.

Why the long wait?

Among the earliest travelers to America, none thawed out far enough to write of where he had been and what he had seen with sufficient warmth to move other travelers to follow him.

Had there been such a talented translator of the wilderness, he couldn't honestly have recommended the accommodations then available for transatlantic crossings.

The man who changed the situation was Marco Polo, the most gifted travel writer since the invention of the singing travel commercial by Homer, the poet.

Marco was born into a family of traveling salesmen in the city-state of Venice in the year 1254. The merchants of Venice then were monopolizing Europe's trade in dyes, drugs, and spices from the Orient. At the age of fourteen, Marco traveled overland with his father and an uncle on a business trip to China. There Marco became a favorite of Khubla Khan, and roamed the Khan's vast territories for a quarter of a century before returning home. Once back in Venice, he issued such drool-provoking reports of precious stones, gold, silver, exotic animals and plants, wines, culinary succulence, and gorgeous women that his friends pleaded with him on his deathbed to retract some of his most fantastic descriptives lest the devil snatch his soul. But to the end he insisted: "I haven't told the half of what I saw!"

Perhaps it was just as well that Marco's stories were too rich for his contemporaries to digest. For few China-bound tourists of his day could

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have survived the deserts and snowy mountain passes that the Polos had crossed.

But Marco was, in his way, a scientist. His observations were detailed and remarkably unbiased by religious or political considerations. So it is not surprising that the long travelogue he wrote while a war prisoner of the Genoese should have received its first really serious attention from a geographer who worked for a banking house in Florence—Paul Toscanelli, Doctor of Medicine.

Toscanelli had no technical information explosion to contend with. The most authoritative world map available to him was 1,500 years old. Ptolemy, the Egyptian astronomer, drew it; the early Christian church suppressed it along with practically all other works of ancient science; and it might have been better for the later renaissance of learning if the Arabs hadn't preserved it for the latter half of the fifteenth century. To Toscanelli, who was being paid for keeping the Florentine bankers up to date, almost any traveler's gossip would be an improvement on Ptolemy.

NOW Marco Polo might sound like a gossip to the unsophisticated. His reports, however, were buttressed with facts, figures, distances. These last, Toscanelli saw after fitting them together, extended China almost thirty degrees of longitude farther east on the globe than China appeared on Ptolemy's map. Marco also mentioned, as a matter of second-hand knowledge (as opposed to his on-the-spot data about other places), a fabulous island of Cipango 1,500 miles east of China.

After mulling over Marco's stupefying revision of Ptolemy, Toscanelli made a model globe to represent the earth. On it, he put Ptolemy's map and added Marco's extension of China and the island of Cipango. Cipango, Marco had said, was the land where the spices grow. Since the Venetians controlled the spice trade overland to the east, Toscanelli, a citizen of the rival city-state of Florence, had no scruple against conceiving a spice trade expedition westward by sea to Cipango.

Toscanelli actually proposed such a voyage at least as early as 1459, when Prince Henry the Navigator of Portugal sought a loan from the bankers who employed the geographer. As collateral for the loan, Henry offered to put up the patent of monopoly that the Pope had given him on trade with India. Was the Pope's patent worth the money Henry wanted to borrow? Toscanelli said not. In his opinion the monopoly would be broken as soon as someone screwed up the courage to sail to India by way of the Atlantic. The westward run would be the shorter route, the geographer told the bankers. Besides, it would be free of the myriad toll-takers who upped the price of goods in transit at every stop along the long way overland. Toscanelli estimated the distance to Cipango at 3,000 nautical miles from the Ibernian peninsula; the voyage to China, he figured, would be 2,000 miles longer.

Toscanelli's big idea was still kicking around the Portugese court when Christopher Columbus got to Lisbon, through a fortunate shipwreck, twenty years later. Columbus was a tall, bold, and bony red-haired sailor with very few if any of the attributes of a scientist. Personally so ambitious that he supposed himself marked by destiny as a Man with a Mission, he never shaped his plans to fit the facts but shaped the facts to fit his ambitions. He married the daughter of a Portugese explorer who through discovery had become owner of one of the smaller Canary Islands. By being properly attentive to his widowed mother-in-law, Columbus fell heir to the explorer's papers, among which may have been a copy of Toscanelli's globe-map. In any case, Columbus somehow or other saw the map, acquainted himself with a Portuguese churchman who had been in correspondence with Toscanelli, and by entering the correspondence himself confirmed the geographer's acceptance of Marco Polo's estimates of distance within China and beyond China to Cipango.

THIS was all Columbus needed to complete his picture of himself as a heroic figure. He proposed to Portugal's King John II that he, Columbus, be permitted to test Toscanelli's theory and to receive an appropriate share of the consequent riches. King John referred the proposition to his recently appointed *Junta dos Mathematicos,* which listened to the sailor and dismissed him as a blowhard. But even after Columbus's boastings were stripped from it, Toscanelli's name was enough to cause someone at the Portugese court to sponsor a westward voyage planned to last for more than forty days. Because it set off from the wrong point on the globe, this expedition ran into adverse winds and turned back home a failure.

Columbus, meanwhile, tried to peddle his ambitions to the British, got nowhere, went to France, got nowhere, and tried the Spaniards.

Washington Irving is responsible for spreading the tale that Columbus's problem was to persuade his hearers that the earth was round, like a ball. This is nonsense. All the schools of Columbus's day taught the globular nature of the planet. Columbus's real problem was to demonstrate that the ships then available were capable of reaching his destination and returning safely home.

During the latter half of the fifteenth century, the Portugese had developed vessels fit for the open ocean. These had circumnavigated the African continent, from the Atlantic into the Indian Ocean by way of Good Hope, before Columbus outlined his scheme to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. But water and food for the crew severely limited the length of any single passage. It can be stated as a simple truth that no non-stop voyage from Europe to China could possibly have succeeded, even if China had been within the 5,000-mile range Toscanelli had set, instead of being 11,766 airline miles distant.

As some navigators do today in talking about travel to the moon, Columbus invented shortcuts that would make his mission more plausible. He began with the length of a degree of longitude.

There were 360 degrees on the globe. Everyone agreed about that. But there were three possible measurements of a degree: 1) 59.5 nautical miles, estimated by the Greek astronomer Eratosthenes in the year 200 B.C.; 2) 50 nautical miles, estimated by Ptolemy; and 56 2/3 Arab miles, estimated by Alfragan.

The Arab estimate was really the longest, for an Arab mile was 2,164 meters long, so that a degree worked out to 66.2 nautical miles. The unscientific Columbus assumed, however, that the Arab mile was the same as a Roman mile—1,480 meters. Since that measurement gave only 45 nautical miles to a degree, Columbus chose it for his purposes as an idea salesman. This shrank the planet as a whole 25 per cent below the size of Eratosthenes' globe, and 10 per cent below the size of Ptolemy's globe-map.

Next Columbus looked for the longest estimate he could find of the known land mass of the earth. Ptolemy said land covered 180 degrees. Marinus of Tyre said 225 degrees. Columbus chose the bigger of the two and put it on the smallest available globe.

Thus the eastern coast of Ptolemy's China was moved over to where Alaska is now. To this coast, Columbus added the extension Marco Polo had made to China, thereby moving the eastern coast of China again—this time to where San Diego stands today. Marco Polo's distance from China to Cipango (Japan) had to be added also, and it brought Japan to the site of present-day Yucatan—86 degrees west longitude.

The prospects for success of a west-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ward voyage to the spice lands were picking up fast. And Columbus still was not finished with his inventions. Since he planned to sail from the Canary Islands, 18 degrees west longitude, he had only 68 degrees of water to cross. Having got that close to his destination, Columbus decided that Marinus of Tyre had made the degree too big; arbitrarily now, the water distance was cut to 60 degrees. And although each degree in Columbus's mind was 45 miles long at the equator (where a degree is really 60 miles long), he shortened that figure to 40 miles because he would be sailing along the 28th parallel. Sixty degrees times 40 miles per degree brought him out 2,400 miles from the Canaries—in the neighborhood of the Virgin Islands.

By a fantastic stroke of chance, Columbus found land just about where he told the Spanish sovereigns it would be. The land was not Japan but one of the Bahamas. Even Columbus was fooled by the coincidence, however, and the whole of his first voyage after he touched the island of Guanahani was a search for Marco Polo's fabulous king whose palace was roofed and floored with gold.

Not until his third voyage did Columbus admit that he had come upon something other than the Orient. Long before that, another Genoese sailor, John Cabot, who also had read Marco Polo but had more respect than Columbus did for the scientific approach, recognized that Columbus hadn't gone far enough to reach either China or Japan. By sailing northwest out of Bristol on the coast of Britain, to take advantage of the curvature of the earth, he hoped to get around whatever it was that had stopped Columbus. But Cabot couldn't escape the land mass of the new world, either, and his voyages opened the way for English settlement of what ultimately became the United States of America.

Cabot never got back home from his second voyage, and some historians have suggested that he sailed so far south along the Atlantic coast that he reached the waters Columbus was exploring. Cabot may have been murdered by the Spaniards, and it could be that knowledge of his ultimate whereabouts was the real reason why Columbus returned to Spain at last in chains, on charges of disloyalty to the Spanish crown. For more than one jealous sailor of those days remembered how Columbus tried to sell his big idea to England's Henry VII before he finally sold it to Ferdinand and Isabella.

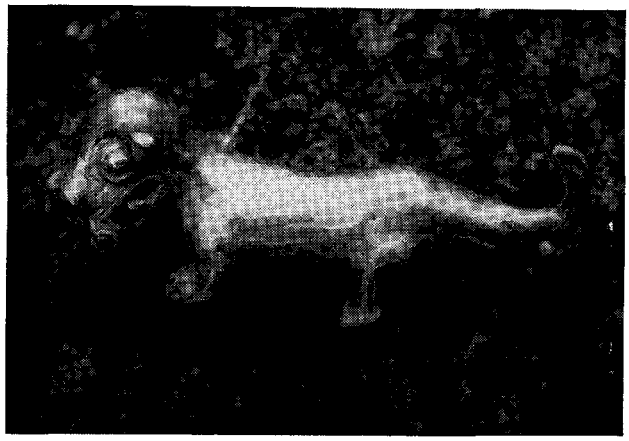
Background Reading

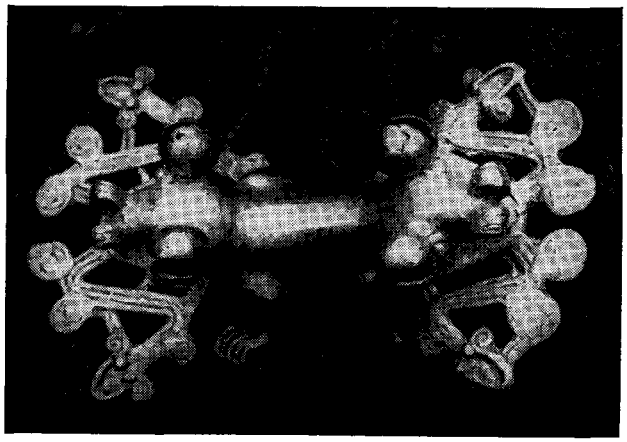
Admiral of the Ocean Sea, by Samuel Eliot Morison (Atlantic-Little, Brown)

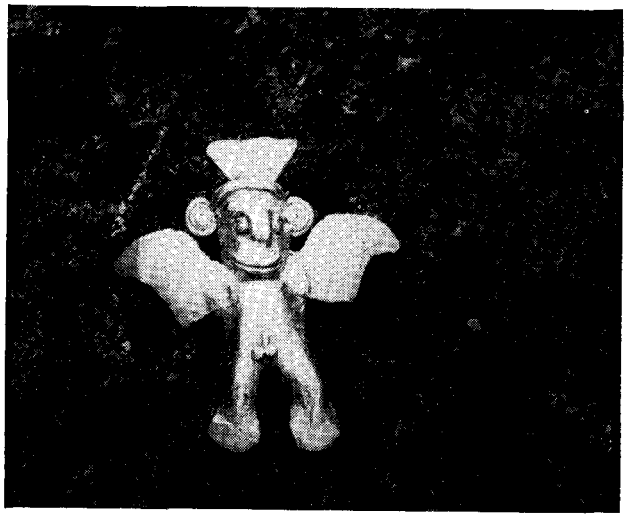
The Life of the Admiral Christopher Columbus by his son Ferdinand, translated by Benjamin Keen (Rutgers University Press)

Hakluyt: Cabot Voyages and Bristol Discovery under Henry VII, by James A. Williamson (Cambridge University Press)

A Pre-Columbian Crusade to America, by Hjalmar R. Holand (Twayne)







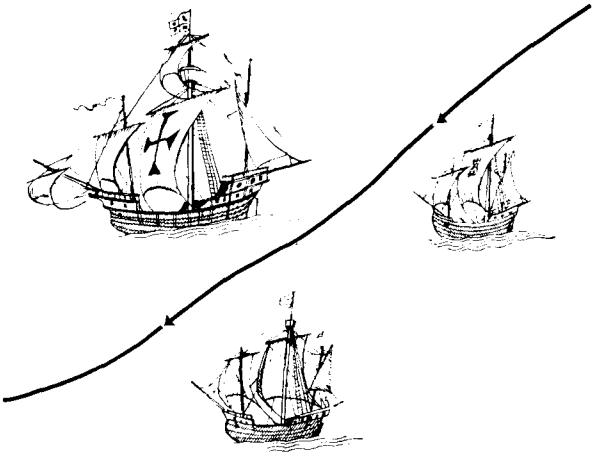
Pre-Columbian gold objects, Museum of Panama, photographed by Bradley Smith for *Columbus in the New World.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Entries in a Logbook

A Miscellany of Facts on the Voyagings of Columbus

- Columbus made four trips to the New World.
- His fastest crossing from the Canary Islands was only twenty-one days—to the island of Martinique.
- He spent a year in Jamaica.
- A large part of the gold he collected and sent back to Spain for melting was "heirloom" gold, collected over generations by the Arawak, Carib, Cuna Cuna, Cocome, and Guaymie Indians. Most of the trading was with metal bells, musket balls, beads, and coins.
- He discovered the Indians of the Dominican Republic panning gold in the Río Jánico, in the valley of the Río del Norte. Gold is still panned there exactly as it was in Columbus's day.
- Columbus did not like his flagship the *Santa María*, nor did he think it was a great sailing vessel. Although he wept when the ship grounded on a coral reef off the coast of Haiti on the very first voyage, and blamed the sinking on treachery among his crewmen, he said afterward that the *Santa María* was "too weighty and not suitable for making discoveries." Columbus sailed back on the *Niña*, his favorite among the three ships of his tiny fleet, and did not rename any of the three subsequent flagships after the *Santa María*.



- Many smaller ships than the *Santa María* have made the same voyage in similar time. In the mid-Fifties Ann Davidson, a young woman, sailed it alone in a smaller boat with little more technical equipment and far less sea lore than Columbus had.
- Columbus did not discover North America. He did discover South America, the Bahamas, and most of the islands of the Caribbean.
- Columbus did discover tobacco (the Indians were smoking it by putting a roll of tobacco in one nostril and inhaling). It is doubtful that Columbus took it up but his men did, and two years after the discovery said they were unable to quit.
- The Columbus ships carried artillery. He often awed the Indians by shooting one of the "lombards." It is probable that each ship carried at least one of these small cannons and probably two or more falconets (one-man portable guns somewhat similar to large shotguns). The lombards probably fired a two- or three-pound stone shot.

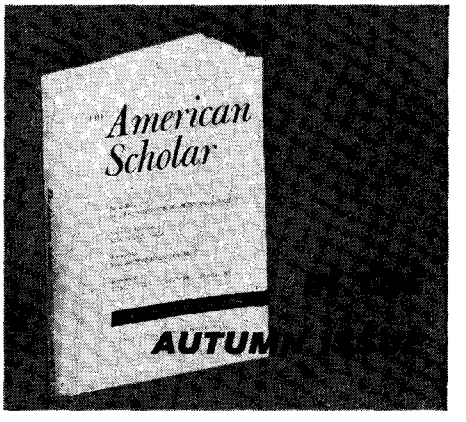
—Bradley Smith (author of *Columbus in the New World*).

autumn issue

FREE

with a trial subscription

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR — the leading general quarterly—features perceptive, informative articles on topics ranging from science to music, from literature to politics. Take advantage of the opportunity to receive a free copy of the giant 184-page autumn issue by entering your subscription now.



JOHN WILLIAM WARD
examines Benjamin Franklin as the prototype of the American self-made man

ALLEN GUTTMANN
predicts an early end to the postwar renaissance of Jewish writers in America

HANNAH ARENDT
warns that the conquest of space could *diminish* man's stature

LINCOLN ROTHSCHILD
appraises changing styles in Western art

H. STUART HUGHES
deplores the lack of historical interpretation of our era

ROBERT L. HEILBRONER
asks if America's Great Paralysis can be overcome

Enter your subscription now and receive your FREE copy of the autumn issue immediately.

The American Scholar Dept. C7
1811 Q Street, N.W. Washington 9, D. C.

Please send me the Autumn 1963 issue without charge and enter my subscription for the term checked.

☐ ½ year $2 ☐ 1 year $4 ☐ 2 years $7

☐ 3 years $9 ☐ payment enclosed ☐ please bill

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILL THE REAL COLUMBUS PLEASE STAND UP!

By RALPH SCHOENSTEIN

ON A RECENT TRIP to the Caribbean, I visited the tomb of Christopher Columbus in Santo Domingo. I like to visit tombs of Columbus. Four years ago I went to one in Havana, and nine years ago I saw one in a city in Spain. My only problem is that I have to wait at least three years between visits or I'll run out of Columbuses too fast. It'll be 1967 when I see my next one: the family plot in Genoa.

When I first saw the tomb in Santo Domingo, I was momentarily confused by the great navigator's diversified interment. I wanted to cry, "Will the *real* Columbus turn over, please!" I felt sorry for all the deceived relatives who'd brought flowers from time to time. And suppose some of them had paid for perpetual care!

But I soon realized that Columbus was surely important enough to rate burial in more than one place. Moreover, this triple tombing has turned out to be a good thing for Americans, who now can't see the Havana Columbus. In fact, until Castro falls, a new alternate Western Hemisphere tomb should be opened—perhaps in the Bahamas or Cleveland—for Americans who don't want to go all the way to Spain or Santo Domingo.

You're probably wondering why the Cubans, Spaniards, and Dominicans don't simply have exhumations to see which tomb has the phony. It seems logical that Castro should have done this already. (Khrushchev is probably holding a place for Columbus next to Stalin.) But in spite of his politics, Castro knows that when a country loses its Columbus, it loses a great lure for tourists, even if they *are* only Chinese Communists. Actually, the Chinese like to see Columbus as much as we do. After all, he *was* looking for *them*.

Today, more and more countries are realizing that it doesn't matter *where* Columbus is really buried. (One historian says he isn't buried at all: he was cremated and the ashes were dropped on Columbus Circle; but other historians doubt this because Columbus Circle wasn't discovered till much later.) The point is simply that a Columbus tomb is as vital to a nation's economy as a good sugar crop. In fact, both Haiti and Costa Rica are anxious to bury him, too.

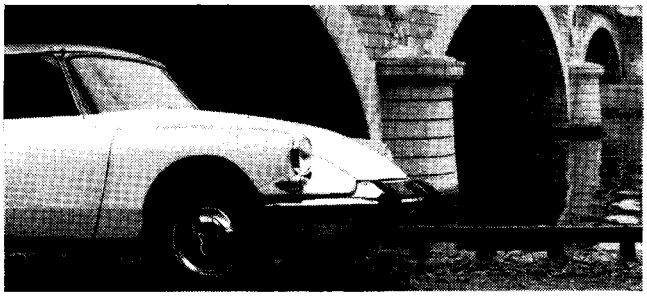
Columbus isn't the only famous corpse playing the shell game. Other tombs have been fast replacing cathedrals as tourist attractions because they're so easy to put up and so hard to check out—even when you *have* dental records. Last summer, a friend of mine came back from Europe and excitedly told me about a visit he'd made to Mozart's grave in Salzburg. A music-loving guide had taken him there.

Take him the guide surely did. I didn't have the heart to tell my friend that if he really *had* seen Mozart's grave, the funeral must have been in 1963, for the grave where Mozart *started* being dead is lost. He died a pauper and was put in an unmarked plot whose location even his undertaker forgot.

Because this undertaker was so absent-minded, Mozart is a dream body for the cemetery shell game. No matter what happens in the development of the Common Market, other European cities will undoubtedly hop on the Mozart hearse. Even America may soon get in on all the funereal fun. Not only are we getting a Columbus or two (one has been ordered for the World's Fair), but the same folks who planted Mozart in Salzburg are now making final plans to put Genghis Khan in East St. Louis.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Europe in your future? A car is a must abroad! Have a new CITROËN waiting for you.

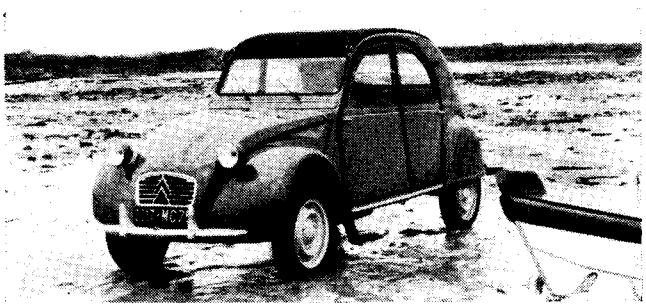


CITROEN DS 19: 5 Passengers

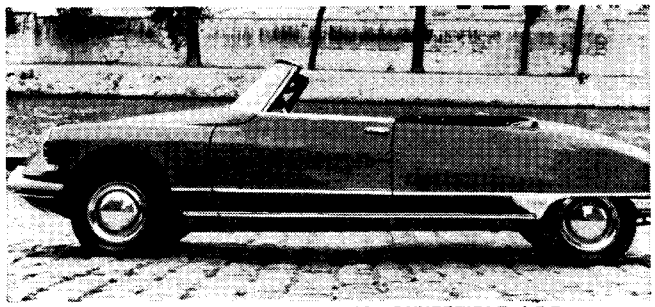
CITROEN ID 19: 5 Passengers

CITROEN STATION WAGON: 7-10 Passengers

CITROEN AMI 6: 4 Passengers



CITROEN 2CV: 4 Passengers



CITROEN DS 19—ID 19 CONVERTIBLE: 4-5 Passengers

Citroen of France is your best choice, with a car and a plan for every budget. Take advantage of a car manufacturer's tax-free delivery. Orders placed in the United States will be delivered in time for your arrival. Bring it home for further savings. See your Citroen dealer today, or for full description of each car in the Citroen line:

Write for Free Overseas Delivery Brochure.

FOR FULL DETAILS, MAIL COUPON TO CITROEN FACTORY BRANCH NEAREST YOU SR-12

Citroen Cars Corporation

IN NEW YORK, N. Y. AT: 300 PARK AVENUE, N. Y. 22 IN BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF. AT: 8423 WILSHIRE BLVD.

Gentlemen:

I plan on going to Europe. I would like a new car there.

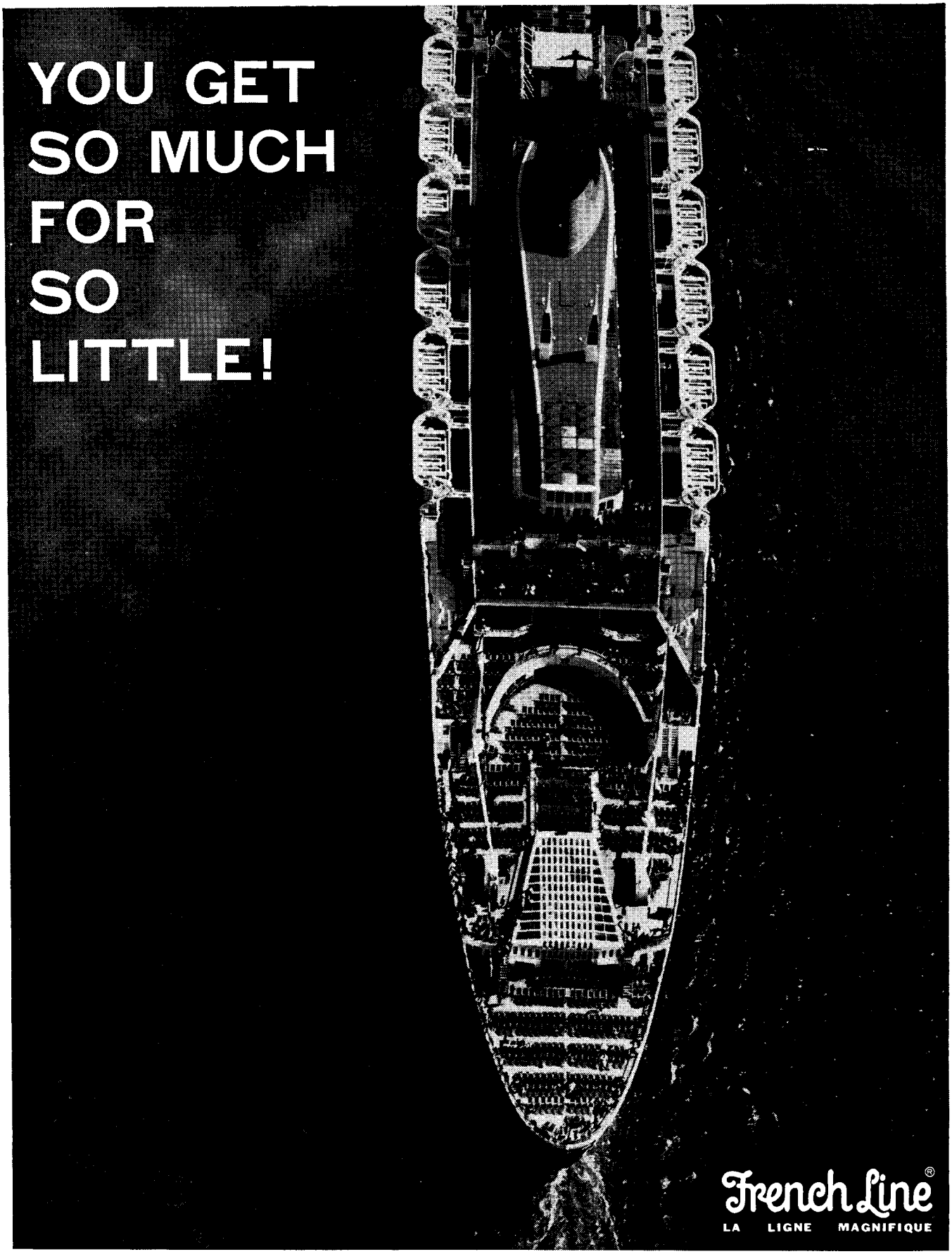
Please send me complete details about the Factory Direct European Delivery Plans and the name of my nearest Citroen Dealer.

My name is_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EUROPE ON THE FABULOUS S.S.FRANCE

SAVE 10%! Off-season fare, starting August 8th. **SAVE 25%!** 30-full-days-ashore excursions between October 1, 1963 and February 29, 1964. **DEPARTURES:** New York to Southampton and Le Havre: • **Oct. 17** • **Oct. 31** • **Nov. 14** • **Nov. 29** • **Ask your Travel Agent about our new and exciting AIR/SEA Holidays in cooperation with AIR FRANCE; also our 3 fabulous Caribbean Cruises—12½ to 16 days.**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Remains of Spain Are Mainly a Strain

BY PATRICIA K. BROOKS

A YANKEE tourist in South America will quickly discover that there are greater disparities between America del Sur *y* del Norte than just the language. In spite of a long period of separation from Mother Spain, the Spanish influences are still strong indeed. Take, for example, that all-Spanish sport of bullfighting.

Many solemn tomes have dissected the intricacies of that ancient pastime, but few *aficionados* have ever commented on the humorous aspects of the game. The Plaza de Toros is one of the few arenas in Spanish life where spectators are encouraged to throw their *inhibitions* to the wind. The results often provide a show that is as diverting as the main attraction. Spaniards are a verbal people, and for a Spaniard to sit in silence during an afternoon at the bullfight would be worse than the Chinese water torture. Besides, Spanish is a language that lends itself to colorful improvisation, and nowhere is the improvisation more colorful (and less printable) than at the Plaza de Toros.

In fact, the *ripostes* are often more entertaining than the bullfight itself. If a matador is performing badly, grave doubts (always expressed at top volume in penetrating gravel voices) are cast on his paternity. Latin variations of "Moider de bum" ring out frequently, though more imaginatively expressed. Such commands are not directed against the bull, who is often the hero of the crowd, but against the *Presidente*, who sits in a box high above the crowd and dictates all rules and decisions. It has been suggested that, knowing Spanish tempers, he sits *above* the crowd for very good reasons.

If the audience feels the matador is overpaid and underbrave, they show their displeasure by greeting his every move with a series of stingingly derisive *"Olés,"* chanted in unison. And at the end of the dismal performance, they *really* take their revenge by standing and cheering and applauding wildly—for the bull. The matador is left to slink out of the ring as unobtrusively as possible. If he is lucky, there will be thunderous silence. Often he receives instead hoots, whistles, and hurled cushions.

At one bullfight, after the poor bull had been *"piced"* too strenuously by the picador, the inexperienced matador made four futile stabs in an effort to kill him. Each sword thrust missed the target miserably and the spectators were disgusted at the sloppiness of the performance. One ad lib artist in the stands relieved the tension by shouting, "Why don't you take the skin home and use it for a strainer?" The crowd went wild.

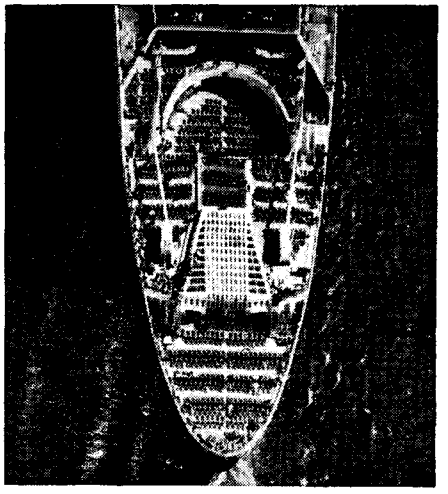
But though the comments and endless chatter often amuse Spanish-speaking tourists, the tourists offer their own sport to local *aficionados*. Anecdotes in Spanish have a habit of increasing in scope with each retelling, so it is now widely believed by Spanish-speaking people that each Moment of Truth between bull and bullfighter is accompanied by a M.O.T. for each tourist. At this moment he is carried faint and green from the Plaza de Toros mumbling incoherently "I didn't know they actually *killed* them."

Another Spanish custom that often puzzles Americans is the hand-kissing business. Various techniques are used. There is the Clutcher, the hand-kisser who seems to covet the hand he is kissing. He may not even look at the lady, he is so intent on the hand. He strokes it, examines it minutely, talks to it, pats it, and finally, with obvious reluctance, returns it to its owner.

The Absent-Minded Hand-Kisser immediately assumes the hand is his own. The poor girl may wonder if she will ever get it back. Only when he has finally put it in his pocket while reaching for his pipe tobacco can she manage to wangle it free.

Then there is the Antiseptic Kisser

(*Continued on page* 98)



COME CRUISE WITH US TO THE CARIBBEAN ON A FLOATING FRENCH CHATEAU

S. S. FRANCE

THREE FABULOUS CRUISES

Christmas-New Year's Cruise
The S.S. France leaves New York **Dec. 20.** Returns Jan. 2. Calling at Nassau, Cristobal, Curacao, Martinique, St. Thomas. **12½ days $495** and up

Leap Year Cruise
The S.S. France leaves New York Feb. 26. Returns March 10. Calling at St. Thomas, Martinique, Curacao, Cristobal, Nassau. **13 days $510** and up

Spring Cruise
The S.S. France leaves New York **March 12** and Port Everglades, Florida, **March 14.** Returns to Port Everglades, March 26 and New York March 28. Calling at St. Thomas, Martinique, Cristobal, Curacao, Nassau. **16 days $595** and up for full N.Y./N.Y. cruise. **10% less** for the Port Everglades portion of the cruise.

BOOK WITH YOUR TRAVEL AGENT NOW

French Line® LA LIGNE MAGNIFIQUE

FRENCH LINE, 610 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.
Please send me information on transatlantic excursion rates and Caribbean Cruises for the **S.S. France.**

☐ Transatlantic excursion rates ☐ Cruise information

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A STREETCAR NAMED AUTOFERRO ECUATORIANO

By SYLVAN MEYER

RIDING down the volcano corridor from the high mountain city of Quito to the coastal metropolis of Guayaquil on something called the *Autoferro Ecuatoriano* can be the biggest travel bargain since Alice went to Wonderland.

A thrill, said the few who've tried it. An adventure, said our embassy people in Quito, wryly. They go from capital city to seaport, from the Andes to the plains, by jet.

Let the jet riders make the trip in an hour. The *autoferro* is the way to see Ecuador, to meet Ecuadorians, and to break the pace of touring. There are plenty of planes out of Guayaquil for continuing the tour of South America.

The *autoferro* is a diesel streetcar conveyance that plunges in twelve or thirteen hours from the high Andes to the flat plains of the banana-producing coast. It pauses in adobe, thatched-roof hut villages, rockets across gorges, and rides the lip of one abyss after another.

In the villages, charcoal fires cook concoctions of cornbread, hog skin, and various other unrecognizable victuals. As the *autoferro* slows down, the Indian women rush aboard to sell their wares, plus cigarettes, gum, chunks of pork, sweet rolls, and a cloying sherbet in paper cups. Except for the sherbet, the food is served directly into the passenger's palm, by the saleslady's fingers.

Also at the stops, passengers may buy parched corn tidbits and oranges, juicy rewards for dry throats of tourists not yet conditioned to the drinking water along the route.

A ticket on the *autoferro* costs about $4. This buys a straight-backed seat, covered in clean linen, and vistas of snow-capped mountains and growing banana and cocoa close enough to touch from the window.

Catching the *autoferro* means arriving at the Quito station at 5:30 A.M., clutching a box lunch and as little baggage as possible. The station is bedlam blended with chaos as coffee is served, beggars denied, shoes shined, luggage ticketed. Newsboys shout "*Diario*" as they sell the morning *El Comercio*. Baggagemen (*maleteros*) appear to be purloining the luggage but are only placing it on top of the *autoferro*.

On the equator, the sun rises and sets at six o'clock, and as dawn promises relief from the chill, passengers intuitively crowd toward the car. There is no call for the train and no loudspeaker for a call if the trainmen ever decided to issue one.

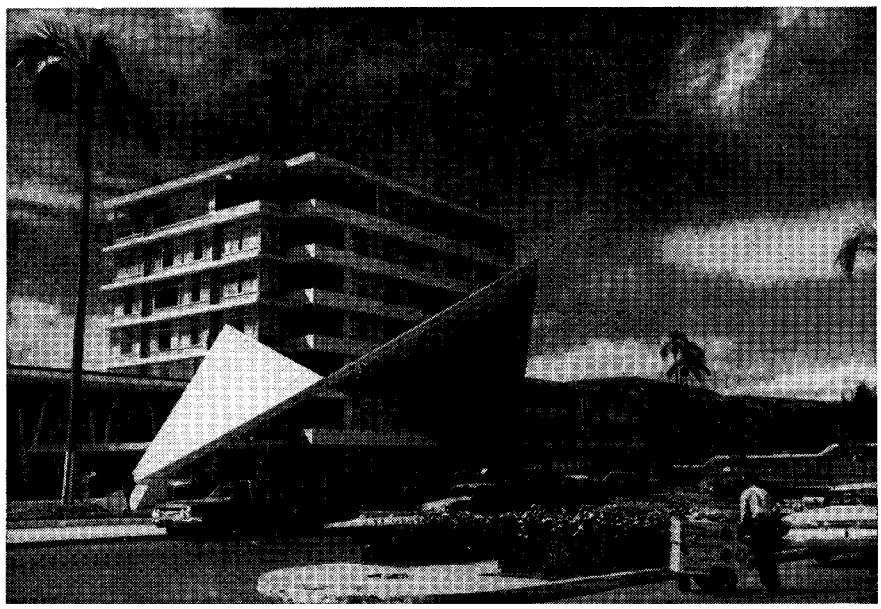
Forewarned by experienced hands at the embassy in Quito, I dashed for a window seat and made it, although moving fast at that time of the morning isn't appropriate to Quito's 9,300-foot altitude. There is an overhead rack for parcels, flight bag, lunch box, and other impedimenta.

The *autoferro* driver, justly proud of his skill, looks neither to the right nor left nor behind him. At six o'clock he fires the engine and takes off like a big silver condor through the mountains.

As the sun rises, tall points of snow-covered rock appear on each side. Antisano, 18,900 feet, and Cotopaxi, 19,500, are the first two on the left. Americans can harbor a warm feeling about Cotopaxi because on its heights at 11,600 feet is a small national Aeronautics and Space Agency satellite tracking station where thirty of their countrymen and about $3,000,000 of their tax dollars tirelessly follow man-made moons through the sky.

The morning start is cool and the *autoferro* races straight south for several hours along the high Sierra ridge. Later it will be warm and time to peel jackets and sweaters in preparation for the ride through the flat plain. Eucalyptus trees, about the only kind of tree growing in the neighborhood, rush by. Broad meadows with black and white Holsteins reach out to the bases of volcanic peaks with truncated tops. Meadows alternate suddenly with rocky gorges.

Few Americans ride the *autoferro*, which leaves from Quito for Guayaquil on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. More should. It is best to take the ride *down* the mountains,



—*Mike Andrews (Pix).*

A hotel in Quito, Ecuador.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"OFF SEASON" TOUR?

never!

There's no such thing as an "Off Season" tour anymore.

There used to be though.

When people only traveled in the summer.

Nowadays, Alitalia tours are booked Spring, Fall, Winter *and* Summer.

Rather economically, too, all year long.

And if some fun moves in-doors? (London in December, don' cha know!)

So what?

Alitalia (with a typically Italian attitude), figures fun loving people will have their good times anyway.

Transatlantic, you'll fly Alitalia's Super DC-8 Jets. Then what? A Mediterranean cruise? The "Grand Tour" of Europe? North Africa? Rome, Paris, Algiers, Israel, Vienna, Cairo, Venice, London? You name it. We've got it.

But get the whole story. Send the coupon to our Tour Director—who is a fun loving type himself.

And fun is never "Off Season."

21 Day Sunny Holiday to North Africa—$889.
Jet to London for 3 days, then to Madrid for three more and fly on to fascinating Casablanca, colorful, exciting Algiers and Tunis. Then to Naples, another 3 days in Rome and back to New York.

21 Day Sunny Holiday in Italy—$799.
To Milan by Super DC-8 Jet. Venice, Florence, Assisi, Rome, Naples, Sorrento, Capri. (And you can substitute Paris and London for Assisi, Sorrento and Capri—only $58.50 more!)

21 Day Tour of Israel, Greece and Italy—From $925.
Jet to Milan, then on to Venice or Genoa. See the sights and you're off by ship to Athens, Haifa, Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, Nazareth, Tiberius, (The Sea of Galilee) Nicosia.

21 Day Tour of Turkey, Greece and Italy—From $959.
Jet to Milan. By rail to Venice or Genoa. Then a leisurely cruise to Piraeus, Venice, Naples, Greece and Turkey: Istanbul, Izmir, Athens, Nauplia, Tripolis, Olympia and Delphi.

21 Day Mediterranean Pleasure Cruise—From $777.
Jet to Rome, then on to Naples. *Board the S.S. Stella Solaris for* (beautiful) Alexandria, (wicked) Port Said, Beirut, Haifa, Limassol, (classic) Rhodes, Athens, Malta, Messina and back to Naples. Now you can *spend a week touring Italy or doing* the Rome/Paris/London circuit.

21 Day Tour of The Holy Land—From $969.
Includes the Middle East, Egypt and Italy. *Jet to Milan, entrain to Trieste* or Genoa and cruise to Venice, Alexandria, Naples, Beirut and half a dozen fascinating Mediterranean port cities. 8 days in the Holy Land; *Jerusalem, Damascus, the Dead Sea,* Jericho, Bethlehem, etc.

21 Day African Air-Sea Safari—From $1399.
Jet to Rome. Jet to Nairobi. Safari *(by car) to Mombasa and board your* cruise ship for Mogadiscio, Aden, Massaua, Suez, Port Said, Brindisi, Venice and Milan. 35 day Air-Sea Safari ($1599) further includes *Johannesburg, Capetown, Port* Elizabeth, Durban, Dar es Salaam.

Note:
All tour prices based on 21 Day Round-Trip Jet Economy Excursion *fare from N. Y. eff. Oct. 1, 1963 thru* March 31, 1964. All per person prices based on double occupancy. First class accommodations. (Standard and cabin rates available.)

More information? See your Travel Agent, or send coupon below.

TOUR DIRECTOR; ALITALIA AIRLINES
666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y., Dept. SR1012

Please send me brochures on the following Tour(s):

☐ Sunny Holiday to N. Africa ☐ Sunny Holiday to Italy ☐ Israel, Greece and Italy
☐ Turkey, Greece and Italy ☐ Mediterranean Pleasure Cruise ☐ Holy Land Tour
☐ African Air-Sea Safari ☐ Opera Tour ☐ FotoSafari.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

ALITALIA AIRLINES

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

since starting at the Guayaquil end would mean that the cruise through the corridor of mountains would come at night, and the traveler would miss the view.

First stop is at the village of Tambillo. While the local vendors rush aboard, the passengers rush off for coffee in a tiny café across the highway from the tracks. In the café, essence of coffee as black as coal is in a small vial on the table.

As the *autoferro* jockey blows the diesel horn, passengers clamber back aboard, taking a first good look at each other. On a Saturday, there may be another American or two aboard. On the Saturday we took the trip it was James Webb, Auburn '52, taking a final look at Ecuador after completing an engineering job on the new airport at Guayaquil. Other passengers were businessmen, Ecuadorian tourists seeing their own country, secretaries from Riobamba who had visited relatives in Quito, a pair of young priests escorting a group of well-behaved young boys to Guayaquil, a naval cadet who wanted to try out his schoolbook English against a tourist's record-learned Spanish.

A pocket dictionary and a pamphlet with conversational phrases were helpful, but the social ice breaks rapidly in any case. In an hour or two the passengers are as gregarious as members of the same safari, and in a way that's exactly what they are. The natives regard as a very jolly type the traveling gringo who looks up small-talk phrases in his books and asks for help, insisting at the same time that his pronounciation is *"muy malo."*

"Oh, no, muy bien," reply the polite Ecuatorianos.

EVERYONE watches for the first glimpse of Chimborazo, 20,700 feet high, from the right-hand windows. This is the grand emperor of Ecuador's kingly mountains.

Everyone watches as the train passes. Even the burros and the big cows raise their eyes and stare as though a special cargo is hurtling by them. There's ample scenery for those aboard to watch. An hour's nap won't waste even a few pennies of the four dollars you paid for your ticket.

At Riobamba comes the lunch break and small boys selling strangely sweet Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola. Across the broad plaza from the station is a small hotel with smoky, dark paneled walls and a courtyard with tables where soup is available to bolster the box lunch, and a dessert of coffee and sticky pastries is guaranteed to leave an unquenchable thirst for the rest of the ride.

Webb and I didn't loiter. The horn gives a three-minute warning and the *autoferro* rolls with passengers vaulting through the doors as it picks up speed.

By noon the sun burned bright and hot. I traded my window seat to my neighbor, a petite Guayaquileña, a secretary for the Department of Health and Sanitation who laughed pleasantly at my Spanish and supplied me with verb endings when I faltered.

Now comes picture-taking time. Passengers crowd the open doors of the car as it hurtles through the hills, wheels screeching on sharp turns of tracks only inches from the edges of sheer cliffs.

Someone is always hanging from the doors, clutching the handbar in one hand and a camera in the other. The uncertain photographers get an assist from the brakeman who clutches them about the waist as they lean over the abyss. Windows on the *autoferro* open from the top down, leaving only half their span clear. The lower part of the window lets in about as much light as a gray filter and also has spots that will produce more alibis than pictures when the neighbors come over to look at the slides back in the States.

Incidentally, no film is available along the route anywhere. Because of shadows, mountains, and changes in the color of rocks and vegetation, frequent light-meter checks are mandatory, as well as an ample supply of film. One writer said he had always considered the train ride along the fiords of Norway the most exciting rail trip in the world until he traveled the *autoferro* in Ecuador.

Startlingly clean Ecuador, with its bright skies and cool heights, although smack on the equator, was the first love of the old *conquistadores*. It is the center of colonial art and culture. A good history of the country makes a fine companion on the *autoferro* between bits of conversation, exchanges of family pictures, sucked oranges, and naps.

I also wished for a geologic history of the country as the car flashed through walls of multicolored rock, deep black topsoil, and plateaus arid as a Western desert. The Ecuadorians are not reliable sources of tourist information. They don't know one mountain from another and couldn't identify a stream, rock formation, or a bit of vegetation if their *cebiches* depended on it. My friends even missed on bananas, although Ecuador exports more bananas than any country in the world. It turned out that the tree we saw was plaintain.

The dramatic climax of the adventure comes at Devil's Nose. Here the car loses some 3,000 feet of altitude in a series of switchbacks across the face of a lava precipice. From the *autoferro* door, the tracks below the train are like laced stairs reaching to the valley floor where a doll-size station waits for the car to descend.

Shortly after Devil's Nose, the *autoferro* drops through a series of gorges, losing the remainder of the 9,000-plus feet of altitude with which it started, and ventures onto a flat plain that looks for all the world like North Florida missed by the pine tree planters but not by the palmettos and scrub trees.

Once in the flat, the *autoferro* lurches into high speed like a prewar street car. Since the driver is the same fellow who started the ride at dawn, he is in an understandable hurry.

The houses have turned from adobe to bamboo. The Indians are darker. The vegetation is greener, with broad leaves. Banana plantations fly past, and stretches of jungle.

THEN, in the early dark, the *autoferro* stops. Porters swarm aboard offering to take baggage. It and the passengers then go, not to a taxi, but to a ferry that crosses the Guayas River to Guayaquil. The ferry ride is included in the cost of the original ticket, which no one has warned you to save, so it is lost. An extra ticket for the ferry costs two *sucres*, or about nine cents.

My companions on the train had warned me about the *maleteros* at the end of the line. *"Ladrónes,"* they said. Thieves. Any gringo with a camera is fair game for these dashing pirates. Pay five *sucres* for each bag and no more than ten for the taxi to the hotel, they told me. *"Cinco, no más."* Five no more. Even as we boarded the ferry, the Secretary of Health and Sanitation turned to me; *"No más,"* she said, shaking her finger.

The advice saved several *sucres* but does not avoid a mammoth debate in pidgin-Spanish in the shadows of the docks, a debate settled only by threats of calling the *policía*.

Aboard the ferry, the padres and their students, the cadet, the secretaries, the businessmen crowd the rail and watch the lights of the country's biggest city approach across the turgid waters. There is a heavy fragrance of jungle on the river mixed with the salt of the sea twenty miles away. The journey ends with the river smoothing the rough edges of fatigue.

Everyone who can make it will meet at nine in the bar of the Continental Hotel for a drink and will sit in the soft air and talk about the *autoferro*.

There is, it is true, a regular train "down the hill" on other days, but it is not as comfortable or, I am told, as friendly. Anyway, who would want to take a train when he can take the little car that travels all by itself?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANNOUNCING *SR's* ELEVENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Competition

TWO GRAND PRIZES

for color winner: **A TRIP TO TOKYO**

for black-and-white winner: **A TRIP TO LONDON**

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 4, 1964, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 4th issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director of Photography in the Fine Arts.

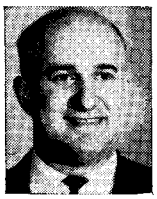
Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1963.

SR's 1962 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Ralph C. McGoun, professor of dramatic arts at Amherst College, 1962 winner of the grand prize for color. Professor McGoun won a round-trip to Tokyo for his picture of "Devastation Trail" at the Hawaii National Park.



James Gianelos, an engineer from Cleveland, Ohio, 1962 winner of the grand prize for black and white. Mr. Gianelos' landscape taken at Einseideln, Switzerland, won him a round-trip to London.

PHOTO AWARDS ➔

Saturday Review

25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1962, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. No prints will be returned.

4. **Color photographs**

a. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard.

b. Color prints must be 8 x 8 or 8 x 10, unmounted.

c. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photographic Awards Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1963, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to **January 4, 1964. Winning pictures** become the property of Saturday Review.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Islands of
HAWAII
offer even more
GAIETY
during
November, December
and January
FESTIVAL of the PACIFIC
A wonderful weekful of entertainment, Nov. 16-23, with lavish outdoor shows of hulas and song from many Pacific lands.
WONDERFUL WEATHER
Swim, surf, golf under smiling skies. Average temperature is 74°; the water, an inviting 72°.
HOLIDAY SHOPPING
Send gay packages from Hawaii! Fill your gift list with discoveries from our friendly shops.
NARCISSUS FESTIVAL
The gaiety goes on with our Island-style celebration of Chinese New Year, beginning Jan. 11.
Just a wish away—4½ hours by jet, 4½ days by ship from the West Coast. See you soon!
See Your Travel Agent or Write
HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU
2051 Kalakaua Ave., Dept. K-6, Honolulu, Hawaii
Offices in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

Remains of Spain

Continued from page 93

who views every new hand as a potential source of leprosy. He can barely bring himself to go through the motions, letting the hand go almost before he has grasped it and long before it nears his lips. His is a symbolic kiss which really consists of a quick nod of the head.

FEMALE hands are the only ones kissed, but in a Latin country *everyone* is touched. A Spanish-speaking businessman, lunching at an ultra-modern corporation dining room in New York recently, commented on the extra-large table for four at which he was sitting, "In our country we could never conduct business at a table this wide—our companions would be out of touching distance." Arm-grabbing, lapel-clutching, elbow-grasping are arts; almost anything holdable is seized upon, as though one's companion would vanish unless held tight during the conversation. It is certainly one way of insuring rapt attention. Occasionally the grasp is so firm that what seems to be smiling enthusiasm turns out to be a numbing pain.

Latin humor aims at many targets, and sometimes the most serious subject, such as religion, lends itself to this purpose. For instance, May is known as First Communion Month, and during this season shop windows display myriad ensembles for small children to choose for their First Communion Sunday.

Traditionally, the little girls wear long, flowing white gowns, and the boys dress in elegant white suits. Unknowing tourists are often startled to see six- or seven-year-old girls marching down the avenue on a Sunday morning looking for all the world like precocious Lolitas ("Can they possibly be child brides?"). The boys' suits, for

reasons long buried in Spanish history, often have a nautical cut. The higher the social class, the lower the rank. The uniform worn by a duke's son might be that of an ordinary seaman, whereas the tiny Admiral promenading down the Grand Vía might well be the proud heir of the duke's concierge.

Mingote, a Madrid cartoonist, said the definitive word on all this in a well-remembered Spanish cartoon in which two American gobs are shown saluting a pint-sized First Communion Commodore, covered with gold braid and epaulets, and muttering to each other, "My God, they commission them early here."

Rembrandt and Van Gogh

By Harold Witt

REMBRANDT and Van Gogh, the dark side and the bright,
were always seeing themselves as others couldn't
in portrait after portrait—Rembrandt painting light
as shadow's contrast, Van Gogh, his brilliant madness,
at first a brooding minister and then
earless, his eye wheels green and flecked with russet—
while in Rembrandt's twilight an increasingly bitter man

sat for himself and brushed his deepness in.
The more Van Gogh despaired the wilder he wielded
circles of yellow, scrolls and swirls of blue—
but Rembrandt's disappointment never failed
to stroke the accurate dark of what he knew,
not to leave out the ramifying wrinkle.
If methods differed, life came equally through.

Both faces move us in spite of the night and day-
glaring disparity of handling the subject in hand—
the self's skin sagging and ocherous, carefully planned
with zones of dun suns like hopes beginning to dull,
or pigments all fire and tight on an agonized skull.
We see into eyes that narrow or gaze from old folds
two ways of looking at blackness and blinding golds.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Capricorn Uncensored

Continued from page 72

the rubber are gone, and the city just vegetates under the broiling sun, hoping for a rebirth from a new rubber boom, which is improbable, or from an oil boom, which no longer seems probable after the failure of the test drills in the region, or from some other, thus far unspecified economic act of God or man. Belém, further downstream and past the other sleepy river towns like Santarém and Obidos, is the main Amazonas port and the principal city of the Brazilian north. It is not booming, but its economic activity is rising from a variety of sources and it may have a reasonable future if the north goes on developing.

This development, not quite spectacular as yet but more promising than it is generally realized, was one of the things that attracted me to the Brazilian north several years ago in one of my searches for Latin American frontiers. This particular expedition was carried out aboard a twin-engine Beechcraft, which, as compared with an airline, is the difference between flying over the immensity of Brazil and flying in this huge country. We flew from Rio de Janeiro, then still Brazil's capital, to Brasilia, where the new capital was being erected. I had been to Brasilia many times before—in fact I first visited it late in 1956, with former President Juscelino Kubitschek, when the future capital was nothing but a prairie marked off with white pennants—and this time my interest was not in the spectacular architecture of the government buildings and the artificial lake, but in the new city's function as the hub of nascent civilization in the theretofore empty Brazilian hinterland.

One of Kubitschek's notions in building Brasilia was to create a central point from which civilization and economic activity would radiate. New frontiers could then be opened, he reasoned, and Brazil would finally discover and conquer its West. A highway was thus built to the Atlantic, linking Brasilia with Rio and São Paulo, and other roads connect it with older towns in the region. But the most spectacular idea engendered by Kubitschek was to build a highway from Brasilia to Belém—the famous BR-14—to link for the first time Brazil's north and center overland. Until then Rio and Belém were connected only by ship and airplane.

My goal, therefore, was to reconnoiter the new road, flying north from Brasilia. The first main section of BR-14, about two-thirds of the way, cut across the dry prairie of the state of Goiás and the underbrush of the jungle. Bull-

(Now–we're offering two of the greatest travel bargains ever!)

1. **Our new 21-day jet economy fares $149 less** than regular jet economy fares. London only $350 round trip from New York. Rome just $495.40 and you can visit up to 19 additional cities at no extra cost.

2. **Maharajah Holiday in London — Paris — Spain** 17-day all expense tour including 21-day economy jet fare for only $589 from N. Y. Extend the tour to 21 days and include Morocco with its romantic cities and oases—for the all-inclusive price of $749.

Don't take a chance on missing Europe between now and Spring... call your travel agent or mail the coupon for full fascinating details.

☐ I'm tempted. Please send me more information on your new low 21-day fares.
☐ Please send free brochure on Maharajah Holiday in Spain. I might even be Morocco-bound, too!

AIR-INDIA
410 Park Ave., N. Y. 22

Name

Address

City Zone State

My travel agent is: SR-18

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dozers had already cut across this area and the road was opened to jeeps and heavy-treaded trucks in good weather. We landed at the main road-builders' camps, watching the withered old dusty towns and villages begin coming to life, and the wretched dust farmers suddenly finding employment as laborers. Everywhere the talk was of the new highway, of Brasilia, and of a bright future for that forgotten part of Brazil. Dynamic young engineers dropped in from the sky in their Piper Cubs to inspect the work; others pushed ahead in jeeps and tractors.

The second section of the road—the real challenge to the builders—began at Imperatriz at the edge of the Amazonas jungle. Here, huge trees had to be felled by machine and by axe. Then the bulldozers and the tractors followed to lay the track. Landing strips were being carved out every fifty miles to fly in food and supplies. Mule trains brought in water. Indian scouts preceded the work parties to negotiate with the tribesmen, many of them complete savages, inhabiting what was described as the thickest jungle in South America. I spent several days dropping in on the builders along BR-14, then left the trail-blazers behind to fly on to Belém. From there, we took our Beechcraft low over the Amazonas delta—the river-sea as the Brazilians call it—and on to the territory of Amapá, on the northern bank of the river and one of Brazil's newest frontiers.

Amapá is a territory adjacent to French Guiana that until a few years ago had nothing except forest and a complicated border dispute with its neighbor, about which nobody really cared. Then manganese was discovered there and Amapá suddenly surged into the twentieth century. A United States-Brazilian corporation invested $50,000,000 in the project, and in three years a mine was built, along with a modern town. A railroad linked it with a new deep-water harbor, and prosperity came to the territory. Today manganese from Amapá is an important entry in the Brazilian export earnings sheet. From a reporter's viewpoint, the flight to Amapá was one of the most encouraging expeditions in Latin America.

But Brazil manages to exist with one foot in the 1960s and one foot in virtual pre-history, and I became vividly aware of this when we flew back from Amapá to the Amazonas basin. Swinging southwest from Belém and again crossing BR-14, we flew to the state of Mato Grosso and came down in the late afternoon haze on a grass strip of an Indian Protection Service outpost. Here, one inspector hopelessly cared for a village of sick Indians whose only gain from civilization was disease. The men and the boys fished and hunted just enough to keep alive on a starvation diet. The rest of the time they just squatted on the ground, as lifeless and impassive as huge rag dolls. We left behind our supply of aspirin and sulfa powder in a sad farewell gesture. This was a different kind of a frontier.

The Beechcraft damaged its landing gear coming down in Belém and I left the plane behind, taking an airliner back to Rio. The city was inaugurating a new speedway built over land reclaimed from Guanabara Bay and I was anxious to be on hand for the unveiling of this project, another achievement of the Brazilian genius in urban planning and daring architecture. A museum of modern art also rose from the new land.

Presently I was back at my desk and with my list of Latin American "futures." The flying trip to the north had provided me with a dozen new ideas for exploring that part of Brazil. But there also was the plan to visit the Brazilian northeast, the land of drought and despair where the talk of revolution had preceded Castro in Cuba; a trip to Fernando de Noronha Island off the northeast coast; a long-delayed idea to enter British Guiana from Brazil to see the green timber forests and the famous tropical fish; then a jump over to Cayenne to see what the French were to do with Devil's Island now that the prison was closed; a stop in Trinidad, which was preparing for independence; an overdue return visit to Caracas and then a trip to the Orinoco River iron mines. . . .

There is no end to the discovery of Latin America and her old and new frontiers. She is perhaps forever the New World.

The Gem

By Richard Moore

DARKNESS relents, and dawn
fingers shadowy lawn
and finds a gem of dew
and fills it with sky-blue.

Strange that a thing so small
has room to mirror all:
the house inside the grass,
trees, me, shadows that pass.

How was this thing achieved?
Sun sank; and earth conceived
in shadow, turned from light,
and the drop grew all night

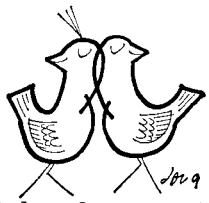
and looks now at the sun—
who sees what the dark's done
and beats down on the lawn
until her gem is gone.

Mexico

Continued from page 76

forehead to draw out a headache, hangs around her neck a bean amulet to ward off the evil eye, and sets to cook over a charcoal brazier an infusion of armadillo skin to allay the pain that wings through her skinny insides. The leaves, the amulet, the armadillo skin, and bits of bark and moss she bought just in case, come from an herb market just outside of the Merced Market, the *Les Halles* of Mexico City, a handsome, sensible modern structure sitting below the gleaming glass-and-mosaic walls of new business towers.

Señor Fulano courts la Señorita Hidalgo for five years, sending her flowers, watching her sew her trousseau, making polite conversation with Mamacita, who watches his every move with a searchlight eye. He hires *mariachis* to awaken his beloved on her birthday with "On the day of your birth were born all the flowers." He sends her little notes full of sap and eager sorrow, like



German lieder. Once married in the church under the inconsolable eyes of numerous saints and to the happy sobs of a platoon of widowed aunts, he avenges himself on his dove, his rose. He spends increasingly frequent evenings out with the boys, rarely lying to his dependent, fatalistic wife, who rarely asks; she knows the score, having been taught by the sighs and prayers of her mother. He soon selects another woman to establish in a *casa chica* which he visits quite regularly and whose inevitable children he supports and helps rear until another lady catches his eye and wayward needs. He may drop one *casa chica* to shape another or, if he can afford it and his self-portrait of *muy macho* dictates that he must, he runs deftly among three households, taking a breathless pause now and then to throw a verbal flower at a passing cutie.

Near Papantla in Veracruz the frail, while-clad Totonac, whose nose and eyes seem too big for his small face, collects a harem under one roof or in a settlement of separate huts and allots jobs to his women: there is a planter of corn, a cooker of *pozole*, a drawer of water, and so on, the choicest positions held by the powerful oldest and the delectable youngest—sometimes displaced by a boy. A man with a market stall in a hill town and a field that's a day's walk up the mountain must,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of course, have two households. The well-paid rope-worker of Yucatan in the pre-nylon days of sisal rope spent his prosperity on similar arrangements. The *hacendado* of pre-revolutionary times managed to elude the monochromes of monogamy as his compatriots of all classes did, and still do, taking to themselves the inherited privileges of Indian modes, the expansive self-indulgence of the Spanish conquerors, and the decimation of men through wars and revolutions. It makes eminently good sense to the men, is rarely discussed by the women who live with it, and is reviled by the "new woman" who has, finally, had enough of all this nonsense.

The pageant moves on and on, including the young intellectual whose life is a passion for science, or literature, or reform; his quick, ambitious sister, as alert and touchy about her rights as a suffragette, which in a sense she is; the sweet or sour expatriate who subtly envenoms with his cool pity the happy-idiot days of thousands of tourists; and the lovely, intelligent children, frank and serene as lilies. It is as varicolored as a medieval tapestry and a delightful relief from the vast blots of improvement that blur human diversity in too many other parts of the world.

Los Angeles

By Norman Rosten

I KEPT seeing this guy
With an oil derrick on top of his head

And finally said, "Jack
How do you manage to balance it?"

He said, "It's a lot easier
Than it looks. I'm ready to gush

At the drop of my pressure.
I try my best to be casual about it."

He seemed to be a portable,
That is he easily toted the damn thing

In and out of houses and offices
Occasionally blacking a wall or two.

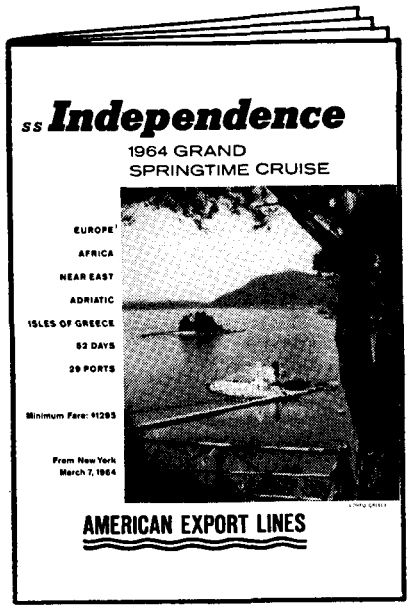
I liked his humility; he'd say
"Its not me, just a geological phenom,

This great volcanic thrust merely
Finding an outlet through my dome.

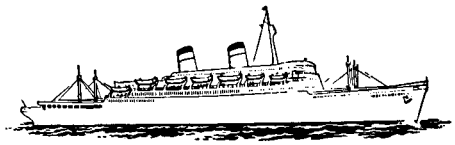
It's the climate here—after awhile
It brings out the oil in every man."

Which would you rather visit? Europe? Africa? The Near East? The Adriatic? The Isles of Greece?

This free brochure shows you how to visit them ALL in one complete cruise. Rates $1295 and up.



Cruise in American comfort aboard the s.s. Independence: Madeira • Casablanca • Santa Cruz • Tangier • Gibraltar • Alicante • Beirut • Algiers • Messina • Alexandria • Port Said • Palma • Haifa • Rhodes • Cruise the Bosporus to the Black Sea • Istanbul • Izmir • Piraeus • Lisbon • Mykonos • Cannes • Marseilles • Barcelona



AMERICAN EXPORT LINES

American Export Lines, Dept. SR-10-12
24 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y.
New Telephone: 797-7222 (N. Y. Area Code 212)

Gentlemen:

Please send me your illustrated brochure on the 52-day Mediterranean Cruise of the Independence, sailing from New York March 7, 1964 to 29 ports including the Isles of Greece and the Holy Lands. I understand that there is no charge or obligation.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

MY TRAVEL AGENT IS:_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Special Offer . . .

Handbook of Latin American Studies

In response to many requests by librarians and specialists in the Latin American area for the out-of-print volumes of the early numbers of the *Handbook of Latin American Studies*, the University of Florida Press is now reissuing a limited number of copies of Numbers 1 through 13 at special prepublication prices for orders received by December 31, 1963.

The regular list price for *Handbook* Numbers 1 through 22 is $15.00 and for Numbers 23 through 25 is $17.50. The prepublication price of Numbers 1 through 13 will be $150.00, with individual volumes selling for $12.50. Several later numbers of the *Handbook* which have also been out of print are in press, and all 25 volumes will soon be available. The complete set of Numbers 1 through 25 will carry a special price of $300.00 until December 31.

Handbooks		Through Dec. 31	After Dec. 31
Each:	1-13*	$ 12.50	$ 15.00
Set:	1-13	150.00	195.00
Set:	1-25	300.00	382.50

*Publication date: Dec. 1, 1963

The University of Florida Press takes pride in its roster of distinguished authors working in virtually all areas of Latin American scholarship. A list of their books will be sent promptly upon request.

UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA PRESS
15 N.W. 15th Street
Gainesville, Florida

Brazil

Continued from page 83

was handling foreign affairs for the Continental Congress. It concerns a conversation Jefferson had at Nîmes with a Brazilian medical student, in the spring of 1787, when Jefferson was Minister to France. He had managed to break away from the gray drizzle of Paris for a breath of sunlight in the Midi. The Brazilian was a medical student named José Joaquim de Mayo who seems to have been a member of a group in Rio affiliated with Tiradentes and his friends in the province of Minas. These later became known as the *Inconfidentes*, those disloyal to the king. De Mayo was asking whether the Brazilians could get help from North America if they set up an independent republic.

Jefferson had to tell him that the Confederated States had only been independent for five years and that they were much too busy with domestic problems to engage in military adventures. It was only in the coming summer that some forty delegates were to shut themselves up in Philadelphia to write the constitution that cemented the union. Besides, Jefferson explained, their commercial relations with Portugal were profitable and cordial.

BUT liberty was still Jefferson's passion, and he couldn't help but add that "a successful revolution in Brazil could not be uninteresting to us, that prospects of lucre might possibly draw numbers of individuals to their aid, and purer motives our officers, among whom there are many excellent"; so he reported to Jay. Always the teacher, Jefferson went on to give the young Brazilian a little lesson in civil liberties. He explained that "our citizens being free to leave their own country individually without consent of their government, are equally free to go to any other."

Reading over the scanty record of this meeting in the drapery-hung parlor of some stuffy French inn among the Roman ruins of Nîmes, you got the feeling that Jefferson and de Mayo had no need to waste time defining their terms. In spite of their bad French they understood each other. The libertarians of the eighteenth century spoke an international language.

The revolutionary movement of the *Inconfidentes* was crushed. A few years later Brazil attained independence in a quite different way from any other of the American nations.

Instead of being an exploited colony Brazil suddenly found itself the head and front of the Portuguese empire. This was in 1807. Although the British

Background guides to front page headlines

POLICY BOOKS
from the Council on Foreign Relations

UNESCO: *Assessment and Promise*, by George N. Shuster. A realistic description of UNESCO's direct and indirect services to education and international cultural exchange. It details the important job being done by UNESCO under the handicap of budget limitations and criticism from the uninformed.

TOWARD AN ATLANTIC COMMUNITY, by Christian A. Herter. "The former Secretary of State presents a brief, clear statement of the background and development of the steps toward economic and political integration of Europe . . ."
—*Library Journal*

THE UNITED NATIONS: *Structure for Peace*, by Ernest A. Gross. "A good little book on an immensely complex subject written by a man who knows just about all there is to be known about it."
—*The Reporter*

LATIN AMERICA—*Diplomacy and Reality*, by Adolf A. Berle. "Possibly the most significant currently available study of the U.S.-Latin American relationship."
—*New York Times Book Review*

THE ORGANIZATION OF AMERICAN STATES AND THE HEMISPHERE CRISIS, by John C. Dreier. "An excellent short course in Latin America . . . It is succinct, but comprehensive, and obviously most timely."—*North Carolina Weekly*

POLICY BOOKS are published in both hard cover $2.95 each; and paperbound $1.25 each.
Send for free catalog.

Published by Harper & Row for the
COUNCIL ON FOREIGN RELATIONS
58 East 68th Street, New York 21

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had destroyed French and Spanish seapower at Trafalgar, Napoleon's armies were sweeping Europe. In Portugal local republicans were greeting them with cheers. When the French advanced on Lisbon the ruling Braganza embarked his whole administration on a fleet said to have been of a thousand sail, and, under the protection of a British squadron, took off for Brazil.

For sixteen years he reigned in Rio as John VI of the Kingdoms of Portugal and Brazil and the Algarve. Brazil developed mightily. The ports were opened to world commerce. European immigrants came in. A university was established. Printing presses were set up. Exiled French academicians started a school of fine arts. British soldiers and sailors trained the armed services. European investors set up industries. Rio took on a cosmopolitan cast it has never lost. Exports of sugar and forest products soared. Cattle-raising flourished. The ranchers and the slave-owning sugar planters ran the country.

When the Braganzas were restored to the Portuguese throne after Napoleon's abdication, the Brazilians refused to go back to a colonial status. They set up John VI's son Dom Pedro I as constitutional emperor of an independent Brazil. When he failed to suit them, they sent him packing off to Portugal, and chose his son Dom Pedro II, still a small boy, to succeed him.

Dom Pedro II grew up to be an extraordinarily able ruler. He had the statesman's knack. Personally an unassuming man of scholarly tastes, he dedicated his life to developing responsible parliamentary government on the English model. The fifty years of his administration consolidated the Portuguese-speaking settlements spread over such an enormous terrain into a unified nation. It was largely due to Dom Pedro's foresight and moderation that while Spanish America split up after independence into turbulent and warring regimes, Portuguese America enjoyed comparative internal peace. When he was forced to abdicate in 1889 in favor of a federal republic, he went into exile, leaving behind him among his beloved Brazilians habits of compromise and moderation in political affairs quite alien to the violence of the Spanish tradition. He was truly the father of his country.

THE transition from monarchy to republic took place virtually without bloodshed. Though the Brazilian republic has suffered its share since then of the uprisings and *pronunciamentos* and military dictatorships that have until recent years been the rule in Latin America, the Brazilians have retained a respect for the legal way of doing things that seems more English than Mediter-

LOWEST AIR FARES TO EUROPE

ASK ANY TRAVEL AGENT

Lowest of any scheduled airline at anytime of the year! Extra savings, too, on Low Season and Family Plan fares for 10½ months, Aug. 16 to Apr. 30; return Oct. 16 to June 30. Savings also apply to children 12 to 25. Fly in comfort on long-range pressurized DC-6B's.

WRITE FOR FOLDER R

FROM NEW YORK TO: ICELAND • ENGLAND • SCOTLAND • HOLLAND • GERMANY • NORWAY • SWEDEN DENMARK • FINLAND • LUXEMBOURG*
*No Family Plan to Luxembourg

VISIT ICELAND en route, new Tourist Discovery.

The *PIONEER* of Low Fares to all Europe

ICELANDIC AIRLINES
LOFTLEIDIR

610 Fifth Avenue (Rockefeller Center), New York PL 7-8585
37 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago 3 FI 6-2341
210 Post St., San Francisco 8 YU 2-7651

Panama

IS THE PRIZE!

Panama is your pleasure prize, colorful as Taboga, Flower Island beach resort. Thrilling horseback rides up El Baru volcano, dancing the tamborito to native bands—famous El Panama and Continental Casinos. Lively Latin music on the French Plaza, blue waters lapping the ruins of Old Panama, sundowners at the Pacific's most luxurious Club de Pesca—all on the grandest vacation south of the U.S.A.!

Fastest Jets from New York, Miami, Mexico City. Shops matching Hong Kong, beaches lovely as Tahiti. Deluxe hotels, palm-lined boulevards. Mighty Panama Canal. Islands of San Blas Indians.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

TO PANAMA GOV'T. TOURIST BUREAU
630 Fifth Ave., New York 20
Circle 6-5841

SR-1012

Send me color folders, no obligation.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Africa Anyone?

Now ! fly

ETHIOPIAN BOEING 720B FAN JETS

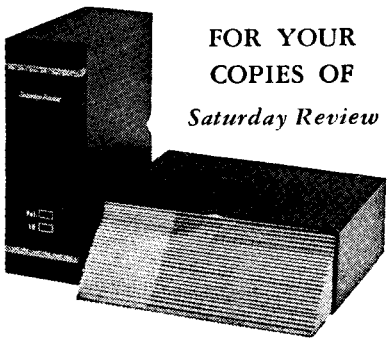
From 6 famous gateways Madrid, Athens, Frankfurt, Accra, Nairobi, Cairo . . . FLY ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES Imperial Jets for speed, quiet, comfort, to and across Africa . . .

Visit Ethiopia . . . an ancient culture surviving into the jet age — adventure of a lifetime!

ETHIOPIAN JETS

See your Travel Agent
TWA General Agents in U.S. and Europe

HANDY FILE



FOR YOUR COPIES OF *Saturday Review*

- Keep SATURDAY REVIEW issues neat, clean, in order
- With washable leatherette cover and 16-carat gold leaf lettering designed especially for SR
- Holds 26 copies

$2.50 each, postpaid
(3 for $7.00, or 6 for $13.00)

Money back if not completely satisfied
ORDER DIRECT FROM:

JESSE JONES BOX CORP.
DEPT. SR • BOX 5120
PHILADELPHIA 41, PA.

Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

ranean. Transitions from one regime to the other have tended to be by compromise instead of by violence. Brazil is a country of gusty oratory, but the bark of the politicians has usually proved worse than their bite.

There was an amusing instance of typically Brazilian moderation several years ago during Secretary Dulles's visit to Rio. The Communists controlled the national students' organization. Since hatred of the United States is their gospel, the leaders breathed fire and brimstone in an effort to stir up disagreeable incidents. Meanwhile the government and the more moderate factions among university students worked quietly to have everything smooth and rosy. The headquarters of the Communist students' organization turned out to be on the one road in from the airport. Never would they allow warmonger Dulles to pass their headquarters, they kept proclaiming. When the fateful day came, Mr. Dulles was driven without incident past a building draped in black. The Communist students had moved their headquarters to a back street.

ALONG with this knack for political moderation, Brazil offers a picture of racial tolerance rather unusual in the world. This, too, is part of the Portuguese inheritance. Although slavery was not abolished there until the 1870s, the history of the relationship between master and slave has been different from that among the English-speaking peoples.

The Portuguese were a mixed lot to begin with. Their long association with the Moslems of North Africa resulted in a certain tolerance of polygamy at variance with their Christian faith. During their great expansion

in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the Portuguese adventurers and navigators established footholds not only in Brazil but on both coasts of Africa, in Abyssinia, Persia, India, and China, and as far east as Japan, where it was Portuguese priests who introduced the Christian religion.

Though their appetite for expansion was enormous, their numbers were few. Portugal was months and years of slow sailing away from the outposts of empire. They picked up their wives where they could. Indeed the Portuguese adventurers seem to have taken a naïve pride in the acquisition of the greatest possible number of wives and concubines from among the local populations. The Brazilian settlers particularly were family men with a vengeance. Even today it is not uncommon to find a Brazilian supporting several families. Bastards of various hues were still considered members of the family.

The Portuguese family was patriarchal in the Biblican sense. In Brazil, as in the Old Testament, the patriarch had power of life and death over every member of the family group. At the same time he was responsible for their welfare. When the scarcity of hands, in the homeland as well as in the colonies, was remedied by the importation of Negro slaves, slaves were considered part of the family, as they are in Arabia today. The master's mulatto children enjoyed a certain status. Half-breeds, whether of Indian or Negro blood, tended to be drawn into a dominant culture, instead of being discarded into an outcast class as they are in English-speaking America. The social results of this difference in attitude have been tremendous.

There has resulted a society in which racial tensions are few. As early as colonial times the Jews discovered so little prejudice against them that they had trouble preserving their cultural identity. After a couple of generations of intermarriage they melted away into the rest of the population. The same thing seems to be happening to the Germans and Italians who colonized the southern states and to recent European immigrants pouring into Rio and São Paulo. There is an amoeboid quality about the mild Portuguese culture that absorbs the most diverse elements.

THE growing diversity in the national origins of Brazilians shows up in public life. One of the leading politicians is ex-President Kubitschek. Oscar Niemeyer is their best-known architect. The pioneer in modern architecture at São Paulo was named Warshavchik. Rio's famous after-luncheon speaker is named Herbert Moses. Particularly in São Paulo you meet families with North American surnames that date back to the Southern slaveholders who emigrated to Brazil after the Civil War. There are Smiths who don't speak a word of English. Even the Japanese, established at first in tightly exclusive colonies, are beginning to melt into the Brazilian population.

The patriarchal mentality, combining with the humane impulses of the European nineteenth century, produced during the last fifty years an attitude of tenderness toward the Stone Age

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peoples of the Brazilian forests. In that period Brazil was a leader in the effort to conciliate and preserve primitive peoples.

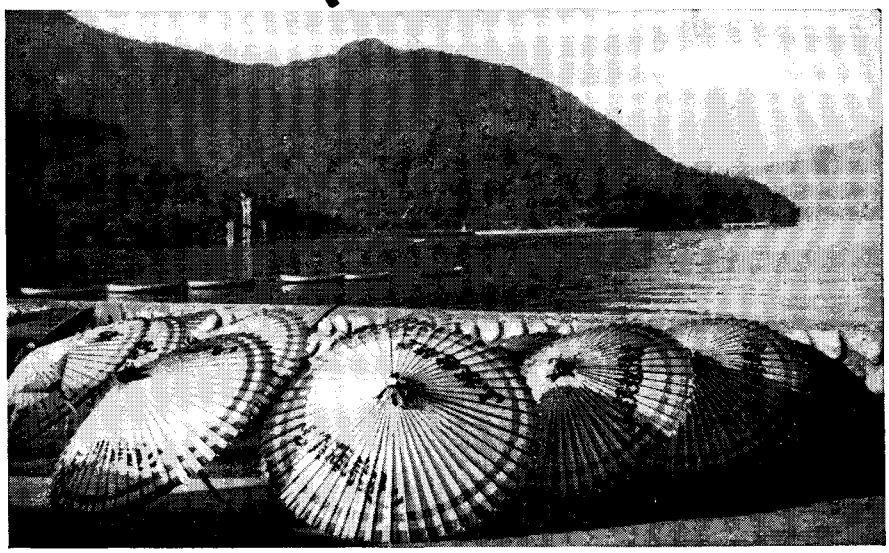
It's worth noting that one of Brazil's great military heroes was Candido Rondón, who died a field marshal at the age of ninety-two. He was three-fourths Indian. His paternal grandfather was a *bandeirante* out of São Paulo who settled in Mato Grosso and married a Terena Indian. His mother was a Bororó. From the day he entered a military school back in the time of the empire, throughout his long and successful military career, he devoted his great energies to the gradual civilizing of the forest Indians. Like his *bandeirante* grandfather, Rondón was irresistibly attracted to the rain forests and the jungles. He personally mapped and surveyed more undiscovered territory than any Brazilian of his time. It was Rondón who shepherded Theodore Roosevelt during the exploring trip to the River of Doubt that was nearly the end of him.

The Indian Protection Service Rondón set up is unique. He worked out a battery of methods for civilizing the wild tribes without destroying them. At the same time his Boundary Commission to map the disputed frontiers with the Guianas and Venezuela and Colombia accomplished miracles in eliminating international friction. Rondón managed to replace nationalist fanaticism by a spirit of rational give and take. "Never be the first to shoot" was his motto.

ALONG with racial toleration, religious toleration has been the rule. Although Brazil is predominantly Catholic, it is one of the few South American countries in which Protestant missionaries are not interfered with. The Inquisition never reached Brazil. For a century religious toleration there has been so complete that the average Brazilian city offers today almost as many religious sects as Los Angeles. Alongside the predominant Catholics you find Episcopalians, evangelists of every stripe, Christian Scientists, followers of Auguste Compte, spiritualists, and votaries of various African cults brought over by the slaves. In the thoroughly up-to-date city of Porto Alegre in Rio Grande do Sul we found a half-voodoo, half-spiritualist group called the White Line of Umbanda announcing its meetings in the newspapers.

As the threat of a Communist-colored dictatorship looms ever larger, the votaries of the most various religious sects tend to draw together. The last time I was in Rio I attended a meeting organized by a league for the defense of civil liberties. A large crowd made

UNIQUE



JAPAN! Come see the Pearl of the Orient... Japan. Gilded pagodas guard exquisite miniature gardens. Snow-capped mountains shadow placid blue lakes. Modern hotels—side-by-side with ancient shrines. And for the sport thrills of a lifetime, see the exciting Olympic Games of 1964 in Tokyo. Visit Japan... *the year around!*

Japan National Tourist Association
Dept. 209, 45 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y. 20, N.Y.
Please send me a set of colorful booklets on the joys of visiting Japan.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

JAPAN NATIONAL TOURIST ASSOCIATION
New York • Chicago • Dallas
San Francisco • Honolulu • Toronto

Wayne

Aquí tiene Vd un libro!

The most complete and up-to-date account of Spanish-American literature available.

SPANISH-AMERICAN LITERATURE: A History

by Enrique Anderson Imbert, translated from the Spanish by John V. Falconieri.

An unusual but effective combination of history and literature that at once synthesizes and analyzes the evolution of a literature without degenerating into a mere catalog, a pitfall rarely avoided because of the vastness of the subject. It presents a critical and discriminating appraisal of the verse, prose, and drama written in Spanish in the Americas from the time of the Conquistadores up to the present.

Published under the auspices of the Latin American Translation Program of the Rockefeller Foundation.

624 pages *November 30* *$17.50*

at your bookstore or

WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS
Detroit 2, Michigan

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Discover the secret of the world's most perfect tours

❋ To the fabulous Orient or beyond . . . the far Pacific, India, or around the world to Europe . . . choose a tour offering the extra enchantment of flying Japan Air Lines. ❋ Aboard JAL's magnificent DC-8 and 880-M Jet Couriers, you relax in the classic atmosphere of Japan. Kimono-clad hostesses like Fumiko serve you with such warmth and graciousness, you arrive at each destination refreshed and ready for the pleasures ahead. ❋ And what pleasures! The world of Japan Air Lines tours offers infinite variety, sure to include your interests. Start planning now with the coupon below.

JAPAN AIR LINES

JAL hostess Fumiko Nakamura

Send for "Your World on JAL" Tour Kit

At no obligation, this coupon will bring you full information on the wide variety of tours flying JAL. Escorted tours designed purely for your enjoyment . . . special-interest tours featuring photography, art, sports, etc. . . . independent tours for travel at your own pace. Wide choice of countries, duration of tour, time of year, costs. Check and mail coupon today to:

Japan Air Lines — Box 2721 SR, San Francisco 26

Name_____

Address_____ Phone_____

City_____ State_____

Name of Travel Agent:_____

About when would you like to leave?_____

☐ Japan ☐ Escorted tours
☐ Southeast Asia ☐ Independent
☐ South Pacific ☐ Special interest:
☐ Round-the-world _____

☐ If you would also like the complete 200-page guidebook, "Seeing Japan," enclose $1 with coupon.

☐ Send me free descriptive folder on "The Pleasures of Japanese Cooking"—first authoritative, illustrated guide to the delights of Japanese food preparation and traditional dining customs.

up of the most various elements among rich and poor gathered on the open lawn between the ranks of great trees that form the square behind what is known as Russell Beach on Guanabara Bay. The archbishop of Niteroi, a number of church dignitaries, several Protestant ministers, a positivist, a representative of the spiritualists, and a rabbi spoke from the same platform.

The rabbi's speech was one of the most touching I have ever heard. He told of the oppressions and miseries of his early life in Russia and Poland, constant harassment because of his race and religion, the agony of the escape, and the delight on landing in the new world of Brazil. He had been received with hospitality and a sort of inattentive friendliness that could hardly be called toleration because the Brazilians saw nothing particular about him that needed to be tolerated. He was a man like themselves. He spoke with pride and gratitude of his Brazilian citizenship. Only in Brazil had he come to understand the meaning of freedom.

Funeral

By Miller Williams

He pulled off on the shoulder, less to lend
respect than room, because the road was narrow
in the rain
and saw the train creep painfully down the pavement
past the bend
to where his careful eyes had caught the sign
of the Zion African Methodist Episcopal Church
and an unpronounceable county line.

Three faced three tall men straight and brown
braced against its weight and let it down.

He heard the shovel crunch and the dirt slip
like a pump out of grease or an old man with asthma
and though that preachers sin and doctors die
was not even now a thing he would have thought of
he turned to miss a rabbit caught in the lights
and tried a while to say the name of the county
before he found his speed and checked his watch
and tuned in Memphis for the lightweight fights.

History-Makers

Continued from page 37

Díaz: Historian of the Conquest, Herbert Cerwin has answered many of the lingering questions about the man and his writing. Born in Guatemala City and author of an outstanding book on Mexico, Mr. Cerwin has made the study of Bernal Díaz a lifelong affair. Not only has he examined the original texts of the *Historia verdadera* and other Díaz documents, but he has also tramped through the Mexican and Guatemalan wilderness where Cortés, Bernal Díaz and the others marched on their various campaigns. The result is that Mr. Cerwin's book (Univ. of Oklahoma Press, $4.95) is both good scholarship and good reading.

The author advances a number of theories on what happened to the several copies of Bernal Díaz's original text, and offers up evidence that the manuscript in the archives of Guatemala City is not in Díaz's own handwriting. Indeed, even the signature is a facsimile. Tracing archival records and then using his deductive processes, Mr. Cerwin holds that the original was destroyed by Díaz after a copy was made for officials in Spain and another for his own use. The details of how he reached these conclusions make fascinating reading.

Mr. Cerwin could hardly have chosen a more exciting man or era about which to write. "Few men in this world have lived such a life as I have," wrote Bernal Díaz in his *Historia verdadera,* and then he goes on to recount in remarkable detail the events in the conquest of Mexico—many details of which are confirmed by historians studying other records. He was a common soldier under Cortés who regarded the role he played in that conquest as the greatest single event in his life. And he wrote his history because the letters of Cortés and the accounts of others failed to give credit to soldiers who made Cortés's accomplishments possible.

Mr. Cerwin catches the flavor of the era in which Bernal Díaz and Hernán Cortés lived and struggled, and sums up the former's contribution:

> Bernal had a good hunch that he was writing, not for his king, not for the Council of the Indies, not for the Spanish people, but for the world; he played his hunch right. It is unfortunate that he did not live to enjoy some of the glory; nothing would have pleased him more. But at eighty-four this old conqueror, with his memories, was still writing and working on his manuscript in a last tussle with Lady Fame.

—J.N.G.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Political Progress

Continued from page 39

them. He didn't promise them the earth. He simply said, 'You're no longer pariahs. You're men.'"

Franco delves deeply into the life of Fidel, tracking down his relatives, teachers, and schoolmates. A doctor who had known Castro in college accuses him of murdering two rivals for the leadership of the student federation.

A priest who had taught Castro in college describes how his pupil, in a fit of temper, deliberately drove a motorcycle into a stone wall. Fidel, who was in a coma for five days, has suffered from a mental disorder ever since, the priest says.

Interesting observations are also made about Che Guevara, the ideollogical brain behind the Cuban regime. It appears that a fight he once had with an American sailor in a bar helped to shape his anti-American attitude.

Unfortunately, Franco does not make it clear whether the interviews he conducts are actually held with the persons indicated and in the settings he describes. For, although he doesn't name the interviewees, he makes no secret of their professions and backgrounds, offering the Cuban police, it would seem, strong clues to their identities. For example, he quotes the headwaiter of a Havana restaurant that he names.

Because Franco writes with great emotion, it is difficult to evaluate the objectivity of the vivid impressions that cascade through the pages of this book. And evaluation is all the harder because so few Western reporters can get into Cuba.

Party Line Next Door

Operation America: The Communist Conspiracy in Latin America, *by Jules Dubois (Walker. 361 pp. $6.50), searches country after country for its links with Moscow, Havana, or Peking. John Pearson, assistant foreign editor of Business Week magazine, has had nine years' experience as a correspondent in Mexico and Venezuela.*

By JOHN PEARSON

THE LIMITATIONS of Jules Dubois's latest book, as a contribution toward understanding the Communist threat in Latin America, are suggested by its subtitle. Dubois reduces the complex interplay of political, social, and economic forces in Latin America to the dimensions of a dark plot directed from Moscow, Havana, or Peking.

To prove that a Communist conspiracy exists, Dubois has assembled a vast amount of information, ranging from declarations by Latin American newspaper editors to a four-page appendix listing the names of Peruvians on Fidel Castro's payroll.

Some of this is tedious or irrelevant. It is hardly news that Communists in Latin America operate through fronts and under shifting party labels. Few readers will be surprised to learn that Latin Communists distribute large quantities of propaganda, play on native anti-Yanqui sentiments, and infiltrate labor unions, governments, universities, and newspapermen's associations. Moreover, Dubois leaves the reader to decide for himself regarding the authenticity of source documents such as the diplomatic correspondence allegedly extracted by Cuban exiles from Cuban embassy files in Buenos Aires.

Dubois, a veteran correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune* with long experience in Latin America, is at his best in his country-by-country analyses of Communist activities. He skilfully unravels the complicated politics of Venezuela, for example, where four differ-

"...a fascinating book...He names the names, the places, the specific intrigues; and tells a good story excitingly."—VIRGINIA KIRKUS

OPERATION AMERICA

BY JULES DUBOIS

Veteran Latin American correspondent and winner of the Wallace Award for Journalism

From personal acquaintance with key Latin Americans (including important Soviet agents), from captured documents, and – most important of all – his own expert analyses of fast-breaking events, Mr. Dubois has written a book of tremendous immediate importance. "His aim is to provide comprehensive background on communism's 'macabre plan' to subjugate the Latin nations. This he does....He goes down the line, country by country, giving the names of the communists at work in each, how they got where they are, and what they are trying to accomplish....*Operation America* is invaluable."

—BERT QUINT, *N.Y. Herald Tribune* $6.50

Recent current affairs books from Walker & Company

2 **THE BERLIN WALL** by Deane and David Heller. Retail price $4.50

3 **INVITATION TO MOSCOW** A Polish barrister's personal story of Soviet "confessions" by Zbigniew Stypulkowski. Retail price $5.95

4 **THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF DAG HAMMARSKJOLD** by Arthur L. Gavshon. Retail price $4.50

5 **HITLER'S GERMANY** by Claude David. Retail price $3.50

6 **WAR** A scientific investigation of the phenomenon of war by Gaston Bouthoul. Retail price $3.50

7 **THE PERMANENT CRISIS** An appeal to Americans to reorient their thinking about the cold war by Kurt London. Retail price $6.00

8 **EAST ASIA IN DANGER** How the re-emergence of China as an aggressive power affects East Asia by Lorenz Stucki. Retail price $5.00

9 **KRISHNA MENON** The first full-length portrait, by Emil Lengyel. Retail price $5.00

Order now!

25% Discount

IF YOU USE THIS COUPON!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

DISCOUNT COUPON

WALKER AND COMPANY S-12
10 West 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019

Please send me the books whose numbers I have circled, at the discount price listed below. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return them for the full purchase price.

1. OPERATION AMERICA $4.88 2. $3.38 3. $4.46 4. $3.38 5. $2.63 6. $2.63 7. $4.50 8. $3.75 9. $3.75

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carnaval in Rio cruise

On America's Newest Cruise Liner ss ARGENTINA

Sail away from winter to the delight of the grandest celebration of the Latin American year—the CARNAVAL-IN-RIO. Enjoy yourself against a background of exciting music and songs.

At any season, Rio de Janeiro is incomparable for scenic loveliness. But the visit during this pre-Lenten celebration is an experience of a lifetime.

Colorful floats, gay parades, dancing for which the populace has been a year preparing.

The ss ARGENTINA will be your hotel throughout the 39-day cruise—all first class, outside rooms, equipped with draft-free air conditioning for your comfort, stabilizer equipped to assure you smooth passage.

From New York, January 17, 1964
(From Port Everglades, Florida, January 19)
39-DAYS 12 PORTS $1560 UP
including 6-port adventure in the Caribbean

Calling at:
NASSAU, SAN JUAN, BARBADOS, RIO DE JANEIRO, SANTOS (SAO PAULO), MONTEVIDEO, BUENOS AIRES, BAHIA, TRINIDAD, MARTINIQUE, ST. THOMAS.

Midwinter is the busy season for travel to South America... See your travel agent now!

Write for brochures on Cruises to: Carnaval-in-Rio South America • Caribbean • Scandinavia • Africa

MOORE-McCORMACK LINES
Dept. R, Two Broadway, New York 4, N. Y.

ent Communist groups were operating at one time after World War II. He gives a fascinating account of the now-defunct Caribbean Legion, and clears up some of the confusion surrounding the rash of invasions and counter-invasions—ranging in political complexion from Communist to reactionary—that broke out in Central America and the Caribbean in 1959.

At the same time Dubois falls into distortions and oversimplifications in his eager search for Reds, dupes, and collaborators. Deposed President Juan Bosch of the Dominican Republic, trying to guide his country through a turbulent transition to democracy after thirty years of dictatorship, was beset by grave economic and social problems as well as by violent political agitation from both the right and the left. Yet Dubois finds the main source of the Dominican Republic's troubles in Bosch's reluctance to force a showdown with the Communists. In his chapter on Peru, Dubois smears by gratuitous association with the Fair Play for Cuba Committee anyone who supported diplomatic reprisals by the Kennedy Administration against the military junta that seized power in that country last year. Yet the author admits that the junta collaborated with the Communists.

THE basic fault in Dubois's perspective is that he mistakes a part for the whole. Conspiracy to seize power, of course, does have a place in Communist strategy for Latin America. But communism is not fully explained by calling it an international conspiracy; Latin Communist parties also have local roots, and they offer a method of dealing with local problems that has considerable appeal to Latin Americans. Dubois himself observes that the Communists have succeeded, where the United States has largely failed, in developing a people-to-people program. This is the real challenge of communism in Latin America.

A Better Neighbor Policy

Mexico and the Americans, *by Daniel James (Praeger. 472 pp. $7.50), reminds us of our mistakes in dealing with the Caribbean nation. John J. Johnson, professor of history at Stanford University, wrote "Political Change in Latin America." His next book will be "The Military and Society in Latin America."*

By JOHN J. JOHNSON

THE OBJECT of this analysis is to demonstrate that after more than a century of ill-feeling and distrust on the part of Mexico, and condescension and imperialism on the part of the United States, relations between the two republics recently have been improving to the mutual benefit of the parties concerned. Along the way author-journalist Daniel James shows considerable sympathy for the legitimate aspirations of the Mexican people and contrasts the Mexican and Cuban revolutions to the detriment of the latter.

We in the United States can well afford to be reminded of our past mistakes and of Mexico's rightful pride in its profound social revolution and its unique culture, as well as of its determination to develop that culture the way it chooses without gratuitous advice from the outside.

This is, however, a disappointing volume, the more regrettable because the history of Mexico's search for national unity and the history of Mexican-U.S. relations, if properly handled, offer many lessons that have wider application. The author fails in a number of respects. Among the more important is that he shows a decided preference for dealing in blacks and white. For example, before it became the "Good Neighbor" during the FDR Administration the United States plays the role of a materialistic, imperialistic villain and, in writing that in spots verges on the melodramatic, "poor," "exhausted" Mexico is saved by one "miracle" after another. This is too simplistic an approach. Moreover, Mr. James surprisingly ends by adopting a position quite similar to the United States one that he deplores through most of the volume. He is, in the final analysis, happiest when the Mexicans behave as we do, when they follow a "pragmatic," what-works policy, and when they are concerned with their image in the United States, because an unfavorable one hurts "where it hurts most, in the pocketbook. . . ."

NOW it is probably true that Mexico is more materialistic today than it has been throughout most of its history, and that may or may not be good; but the Mexican people have values which they will not surrender for any amount of economic cooperation with the United States. Mr. James

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

believes this; however, in his striving to appear objective on the one hand and to praise and criticize on the other, it strikes me that he reaches a stand almost diametrically opposed to his original position. And worse, in his analysis Mexican culture becomes synthetic rather than a synthesis, which it surely is.

I found the volume irritating for other reasons. Mr. James perhaps would have been less confusing if he had not made Mexican statesmen such as Obregón, Calles, and Cárdenas the decision-makers of their regimes and then absolved them of certain major "mistakes" of their administrations. Also, it would have helped had he reconciled his contention that the dominant Mexican political party welcomes opposition, with his rather convincing proof that in fact it does not. I might have been more kindly disposed toward the volume if in establishing Mexico's contribution to the World War II effort he had not expected me to accept such absurdities as ". . . the United States [after Pearl Harbor] would have been a sitting duck for Japan had that country been able to secure the cooperation, or merely the neutrality, of the Mexican government."

LAYMEN would probably take Mr. James more seriously if he had exercised more restraint in passing off hindsight for acumen, in second-guessing statesmen from both the United States and Mexico, in setting up straw men in order to knock them down, and in predicting what would have occurred had circumstances been different. Scholars will not fail to object to his pinpricking of authorities in the field and passing off such pinpricks as evidences of scholarship. Mr. James probably would have fared better had he made no pretense of being scholarly, or attempted to give the impression that he had something new to say about the internal development of Mexico and Mexican-United States relations. The fact is that everything of consequence he has to say about our southern neighbor has been said in English as well and more accurately by a number of professionals, for example Howard Cline, Robert Scott, Lesley Byrd Simpson, Frank Tannenbaum, and Bryce Wood, to name five.

Mexican culture, one of the most complex and exciting in the world, and Mexican-U.S. relations, upon which hinges to a great extent mutual understanding in this hemisphere, deserve a far better rendering than Mr. James has given them.

Lowest fare ever. $130 off regular fares. Similar big savings to Santiago and Buenos Aires. In early 1964: lowest jet fares of all to all of South America.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR CALL US:
New York.....500 5th Ave., CH 4-2644
Chicago.....18 S. Michigan Ave., 332-7123
Miami.....121 S. E. 2nd St., FR 7-4763
Los Angeles.....510 W. 6th St., MA 7-4293
Houston FA 3-9315 • Washington 265-0400

The Airline That Knows South America Best
LAN-CHILE AIRLINES
Now In Its 35th Year

you haven't seen Europe if you haven't seen Switzerland

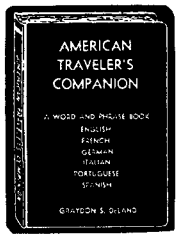
Everything in one place! Snow-coned mountains and palm trees. Modern cities and pre-Roman settlements. Superb cuisine. Incomparable shopping at tempting prices. Resorts, spas, hotels in spectacular settings. Riotous nature and peace everywhere. And, in 1964, the biggest event in Europe—The Swiss National Exposition. All of Switzerland will be on show, in Lausanne, April 30-October 25.

Your travel agent has the best answers. See him for free information, maps, and folders, or write Dept. S, Swiss National Tourist Office, 10 West 49th Street, New York 20, New York or 661 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUY YOUR
VOLKSWAGEN
AT
BRISTOL
MOTORS SERVICE, INC.
DELIVERIES
HERE & ABROAD
AUTHORIZED
SALES & SERVICE
442 East 92 Street, New York— Dept.SR
ENright 9-6160

"Have 5 Languages
— Will Travel"
MEXICO SOUTH AMERICA EUROPE



Concise DICTIONARY
5000
Words and Phrases

- STUDY
- TRAVEL
- BUSINESS
- GOVERNMENT
- REFERENCE

—Keyed to English, across double-page spread —stressed syllables in bold face—pocket size —sewn—attractive, durable, flexible maroon fabrikoid—The author is Professor of Modern Languages at Florida State University.

$4.00 at Your Bookstore or Order Direct from

American Traveler's Companion
1228 Crestview Ave., Tallahassee, Fla.

GOING OVERSEAS
FROM IDLEWILD?
SAVE TO 40%
ON TAX AND DUTY FREE CIGARETTES

The Cost of American Cigarettes overseas is extremely high . . . and the amount varies with each country. We advise the amount permitted . . . and deliver purchase directly to plane. Thru the courtesy of your Airline it is . . .

NOT WEIGHED AS BAGGAGE!
Write, Call or Visit

WORLD TOBACCO CO., Dept. 12
Rm 2119, Arrivals Bldg. N.Y. International Airport
Jamaica 30, N.Y. Area Code 212-656-5060

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Please send the address at which copies are now being received, as well as the new address, when notifying us of an address change. Allow four weeks for the changeover. Include postal zone number, if any.

SATURDAY REVIEW
Circulation Department
25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

New World

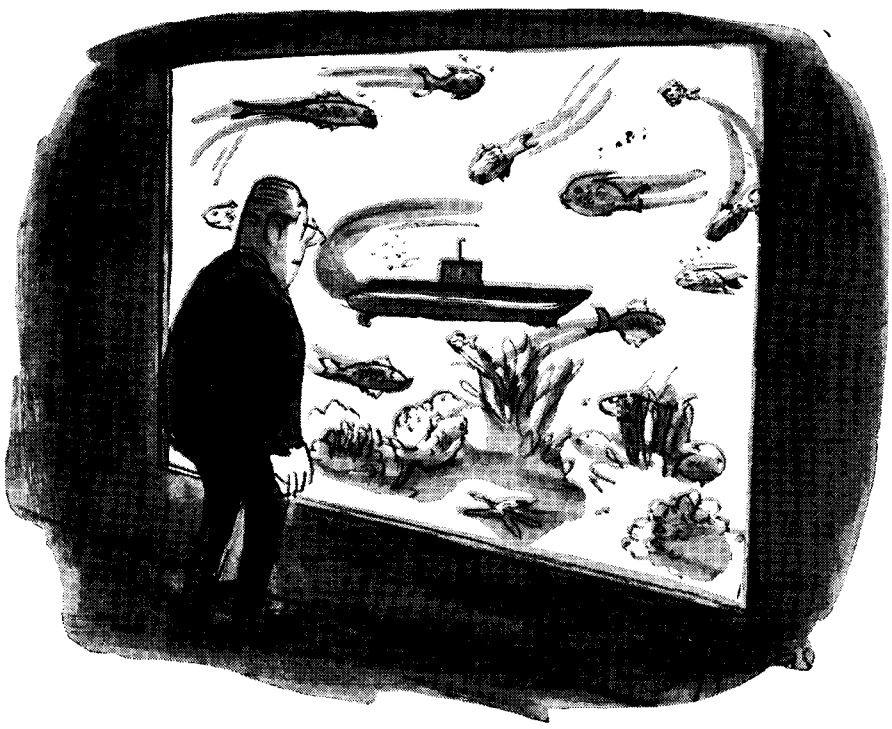
Continued from page 27

find a steady erosion of the old-style rule of strongmen that only a few years ago we took for granted in Latin America. Democracy has suffered setbacks during the first two years of the Alliance, but on the whole the balance sheet has been in democracy's favor. The vast majority of the Alliance member countries have maintained democratic rule, often in the face of violent attacks from the extreme left and despite the unsettling effects of inflation and other economic and social problems. Two major countries—Argentina and Peru—for the first time in many years appear to be on the road to some real progress in an atmosphere of calm and stability.

Meanwhile, younger, more responsible leaders are emerging in key countries and regions, men determined to act on the basis of the premises of Punta del Este. I have found them active and effective from Mexico to Chile, from Brazil to El Salvador. One of the most recent examples is the new President of Peru, Fernando Belaunde, who won in a free election that might not have been held had it not been for the application of principles embodied in the Alliance Charter. Belaunde is keenly aware of the need to act boldly and quickly in a country where social tension and economic imbalance cry out for redress. He is typical of reform-minded men in or out of government throughout the Americas, men who have pinned their hopes and their political fortunes on the Alliance and whom we cannot afford to disappoint, for Latin America's sake and our own.

AMONG the lessons we have learned in the past two years is that, in sounding the clarion call for a grand Alliance for Progress, the United States raised expectations, both south and north of the border, that could not have been met under the best of circumstances. Still, the time had come for a bold new move, for the peoples of Latin America were running short of patience, and the moment had come for the United States to declare itself. Once the decision was made, we had to address ourselves both to the task of organizing the program and of explaining over and over again that the Alliance was neither a patent medicine nor a miracle wand, but a solemn compact to make courageous decisions and get down to hard work.

We found that many people were comparing the Alliance to the Marshall Plan and gauging our progress accordingly. In fact, the Marshall Plan was a



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much easier job, as Paul Hoffman readily admits. It was a program to reconstruct an economy ravaged by war, while the Alliance seeks to build brand-new societies in countries that were ravaged by history.

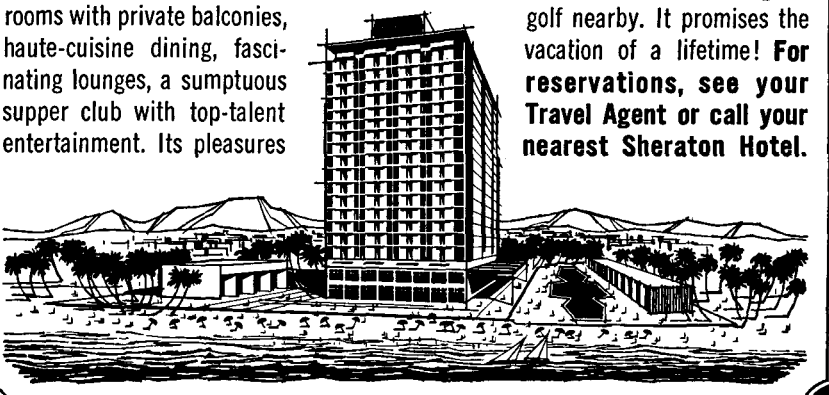
In the past two years we have found ourselves embattled (and by "we" I mean both Latin and North Americans working on the program) by communists and pro-communists who, for obvious reasons, want to see us fail, and by conservatives who saw in the Alliance a threat to their privileges. We wasted no time on the extreme left. On the other hand, we found conservatives who were willing to open their minds and, once they saw what the Alliance is seeking to achieve, to become part of it. Others remained, and still remain, bitterly opposed to it. Much advice has come to us to listen to these "experienced" men who "know Latin America." But this is a program for peaceful revolution. Its purpose is revolutionary as much as it is peaceful. The alternative is not between the status quo and violent revolution. The alternative is between peaceful and violent revolution. Those with the greatest stake in free and constitutional government should be expected to realize this best. Those who do not realize it cannot claim that they know Latin America and have no claim on the acceptance of their advice. I have often asked myself: If those who have exercised or been close to the leadership of Latin American countries during the past two generations have the answers, why do we have such a towering problem today?

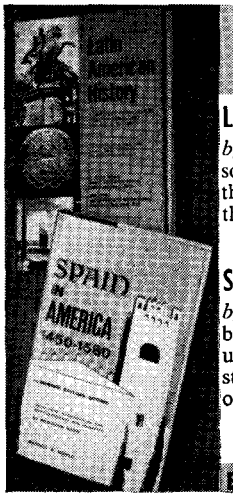
A still-unsolved problem is the apparent contradiction between reform and stability. On the one hand, stability is an attraction to private investment, which is vital to the success of the Alliance. On the other hand, reform, which by its very nature brings with it change and temporary instability, is the proclaimed purpose of the Alliance. The question is whether in each case we can strike a balance between these two requirements that reduces the country's loss of investment to a minimum while proceeding with reform as orderly and effectively as possible so as to create a stability of development that can be lasting.

There are some oversimplified notions about the role of the armed forces in Latin America that we have learned and are still learning to shed. A very small minority of countries is under military or para-military rule today, while the vast majority are being governed by constitutional and elected civilian authorities. Increasing numbers of military men in Latin America are becoming aware that the United States

SAN JUAN
PUERTO RICO SHERATON HOTEL

OPEN NOW. This is the most exciting new resort hotel in the Caribbean. Its charms are dazzling! Deluxe guest rooms with private balconies, haute-cuisine dining, fascinating lounges, a sumptuous supper club with top-talent entertainment. Its pleasures are glittering! Magnificent private beach, garden swimming pool with cabana colony, tennis courts and great golf nearby. It promises the vacation of a lifetime! **For reservations, see your Travel Agent or call your nearest Sheraton Hotel.**





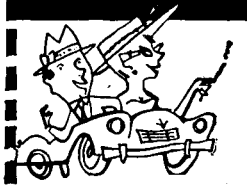
Insight to "New World" facts from Columbus to Castro...

LATIN AMERICAN HISTORY. 121 Maps & Charts, Bibliography
by A. Curtis Wilgus & Raul D'Eça. A summary of political, economic, social, and cultural events from 1492 to the present. "And at last, for the student or the frantic traveler, *Latin American History* . . . offers just the facts, shortly and sweetly . . ."—*Saturday Review*
Paper $2.50; Cloth $5.95

SPAIN IN AMERICA 1450-1580
by Edward Gaylord Bourne. With *new* introduction and supplementary bibliography by Benjamin Keen. "This latest edition is well presented, up to date, and easy to handle. It should make good reading for the study of Spanish America. It also gives Americans an insight into their own past and cultural heritage and their indebtedness to Spain."—*Hispania*
Paper $2.25; Cloth $5.00

At all booksellers
BARNES & NOBLE, Inc. 105 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y.

EUROPE by CAR



FREE
The most complete folder on:
- All Car plans (includes Renting, Leasing, Purchase, Repurchase)
- Europe by Car "trip-kit" information and shipping home costs.
- European Car Licenses, Insurance, Documents

SIMCA
MERCEDES
CITROEN
RENAULT
HILLMAN
VOLKSW'GN
JAGUAR
PEUGEOT
MG, etc.

MAIL COUPON OR PRESENT TO YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.
I'm interested in_____
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____
SR-12

EUROPE BY CAR • 45 Rockefeller Plaza (at 50th St.) N. Y. 20 • TEL. LT 1-3040

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEE THE EUROPE ONLY SEEN BY CAR!

Exciting, uncrowded, economical Europe. It's the Europe *only* seen by car. Purchase, Lease or Rent a car from Auto-Europe and see Europe at its level best. For complete information, Auto-Europe's *free,* full-color guide, "The ABC's of European Auto Travel" covers everything on wheels... it's as necessary as a passport. For free copy, write

Name_____
Address_____
Car preference (if any)_____ Dept. 11

auto europe

New York: 25 W. 58 St. PL 2-2424. *Chicago:* 153 E. Ohio St. MI 2-3211. *Beverly Hills:* 268 S. Beverly Drive. BR 2-3149. *San Francisco:* 150 Powell St. EX 2-7894. *Seattle:* White-Henry-Stuart Bldg. MA 2-3456. *Toronto:* 88 Eglinton Ave. E. HU 7-0173. *Vancouver, B.C.:* 685 Hornby St. MU 1-5936.

CONSIDER A UTAH VACATION...

This season, any season, spend more of your time — and less of your money, enjoying a leisurely Utah vacation.

History? Father Escalante travelled Utah's heartland in 1776, and the Uinta Wilderness is little changed since he glimpsed it. Streamliners and freeways follow the Donner Party and Mormon pioneer routes, but Utahns have preserved most historic sites, restored others.

Glorious scenery? Dinosaur's cliffs, Dead Horse Point, gorgeous gorges carved by the Green and Colorado . . . Monument Valley, Canyonlands, Arches . . . hard-to-reach Rainbow, easily reached Zion and Bryce, all lie in Utah. Ramble the snow-tipped Wasatch, laze in peaceful Heber Valley, visit waterfowl and elk refuges on the Bear, in Jim Bridger's fabled Cache.

Culture conscious? Our Utah Symphony (Maurice Abravanel) tours the state, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir sings weekly, we've the nation's finest university-centered Ballet. Chamber. music? Modern dance? Theatre-in the round? All at the University of Utah Memorial Theatre, Playbox and Kingsbury Hall. View contemporary paintings, prints and sculpture, Indian artifacts and Americana at a dozen art centers. . . .

Skiing? Snow lathers our Wasatch slopes ten feet deep by midwinter. Try Alta's famous powder, Brighton's family-styled slopes. Ski scenic Solitude and Snow Basin. Timp Haven offers skiing plus toboganning, plus skating. Join the college crowd at Beaver Mountain. Ski atop a silver mine at Park City's new Treasure Mountain.

For your FREE copies of Facilities Folder, Cultural Events Calendar or Ski Facts, write Dept. 360, Utah Tourist and Publicity Council, Council Hall, Salt Lake City, Utah.

takes the Charter of Punta del Este seriously when that document speaks of free and democratic government and respect for the will of the people. In addition, more and more Latin American military men are developing a sense of social responsibility and a realization that in the second half of the twentieth century economic and social progress is an essential element of national security. Thus, we find several Latin American countries where the armed forces are carrying out civic action programs, such as road-building, teaching, and community development. This trend is growing, and is one of the healthiest signs in Latin America today.

ANOTHER problem with which we grapple every day is the question of economic versus social projects. With limited funds available, what should be the planner's choice between a factory or a hospital? If he decides to build the hospital, he must support its maintenance artificially until an economic motor is set up that can sustain it. If he decides to build the factory, he will create the wealth that can provide and sustain a hospital and other social projects. Still, the political and psychological situation in a given case may argue against the orthodox solution. It is a constantly recurring problem to which there is no completely right answer. The over-all policy should be the proper mixture of social and economic development to provide enough benefits for the people and sustain their hope while long-term projects of basic developmental value are going forward.

A great deal has been said and written recently about the inadequate flow of foreign investment into Latin America. Undoubtedly, the continued presence of Castro and fear of other Castros arising elsewhere in Latin America is a deterrent to some investors. Fear of expropriation and political instability is another negative factor. Fortunately, the United States government is today in a position to guarantee investment against a good many risks. This helps us a good deal in attracting new investors to Latin America. As the Alliance takes hold and creates its own and better kind of stability, Latin Americans will find it profitable to keep and invest their money in the growing market at home, and foreign investors will find Latin America increasingly attractive. Meanwhile, we find a good many American firms moving in with investments in the expanding field of manufacturing and in association with Latin American businessmen. These joint ventures in manufacturing seem to be the shape of things to come in Latin American investment, in preference to the wholly owned subsidiary in the extractive and utility industries that were the favored fields and patterns of the past.

This leads to the problem of private versus public enterprise. In both North and Latin America, there is a good deal of sloganeering in favor of or against private enterprise that is as loud as it is divorced from the facts. The doctrinaire advocates of a pure private enterprise economy here in the United States, which is one of the prime examples of the mixed private and public-sector economy in the world today, give us no help in finding the most sensible approach in Latin America. Nor do the orators south of the border who extol the virtues of socialism while their countries suffer from the effects of inefficient public operations and a stagnating monopolistic private sector. The crying need is for pragmatism on both sides—a recognition in this country that the public sector is a fact of life in Latin America, as it is here, and a greater realization in Latin America that there is going to be no economic development without an active, healthy, and socially responsible private sector. There is increasing recognition of this in Latin America today, but considerable work remains to be done both here and there before the facts of life catch up with some favorite shibboleths.

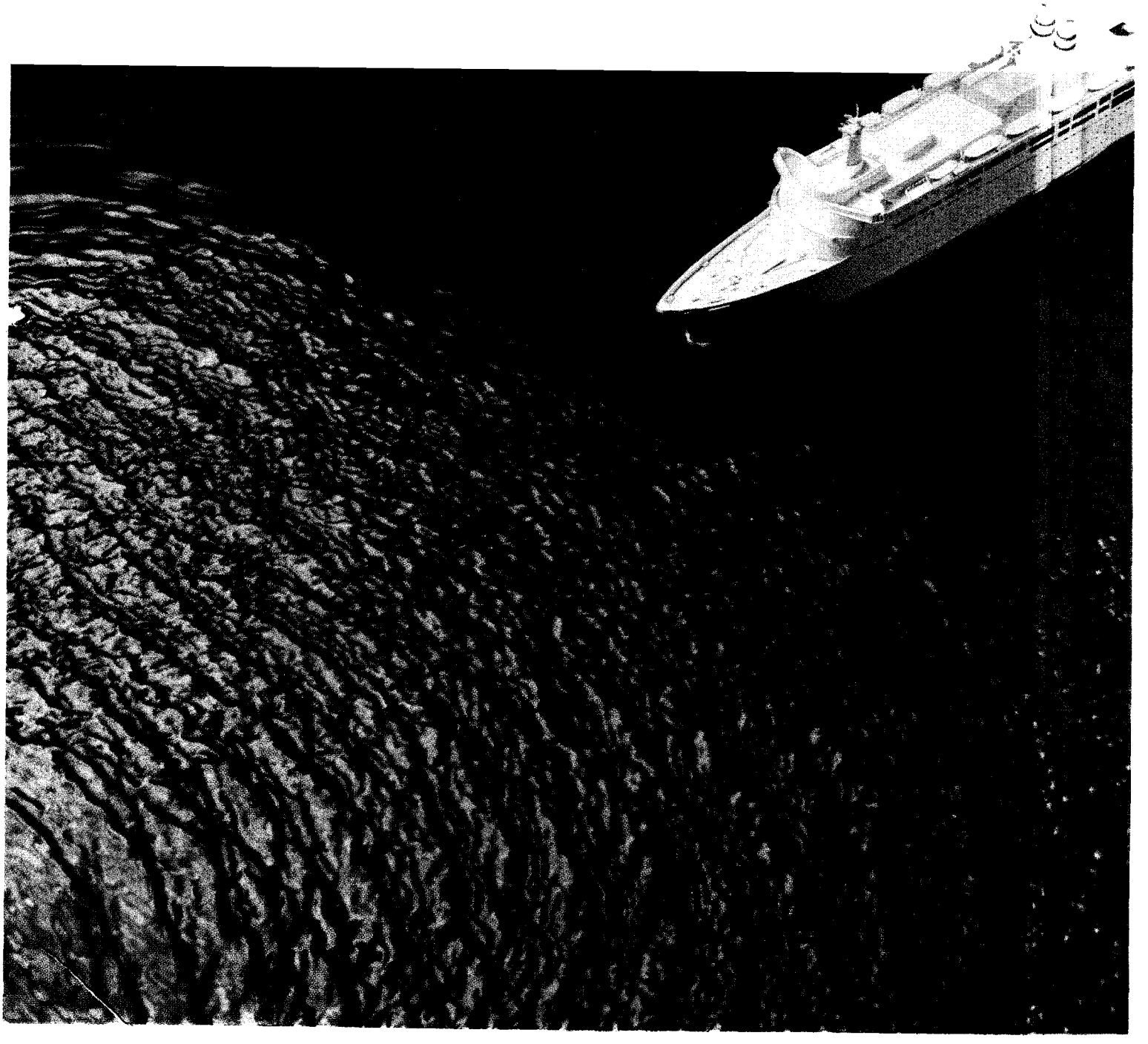
The outlook for the future can be described in these simple terms: encouragement of more self-help and reform, and more consistent concentration of outside assistance on the countries that do most for themselves.

THE clearest and most important lesson of the first two years has been that this program has succeeded best and most quickly when bold action within a country creates a healthy climate for effective utilization of foreign resources. The Alliance was never designed, nor can it succeed, as an operation to bail out countries whose governments shy away from difficult decisions. In its first year the program was used to tide several countries over budgetary crises, with little relation to their requirements for economic development. No doubt situations will occasionally arise in which emergency action of this type will again be required. But the rule is—and should be—investment in programs and projects of economic development. This requires, above all, action on the part of the countries themselves—in planning, fiscal policy and reforms, rural development, rational industrialization, and all the other areas staked out in the Charter.

The criterion for a country's claim on outside assistance should be its self-help record. Thus the key to faster

(*Continued on page* 116)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Once in a blue sea...a ship like Shalom

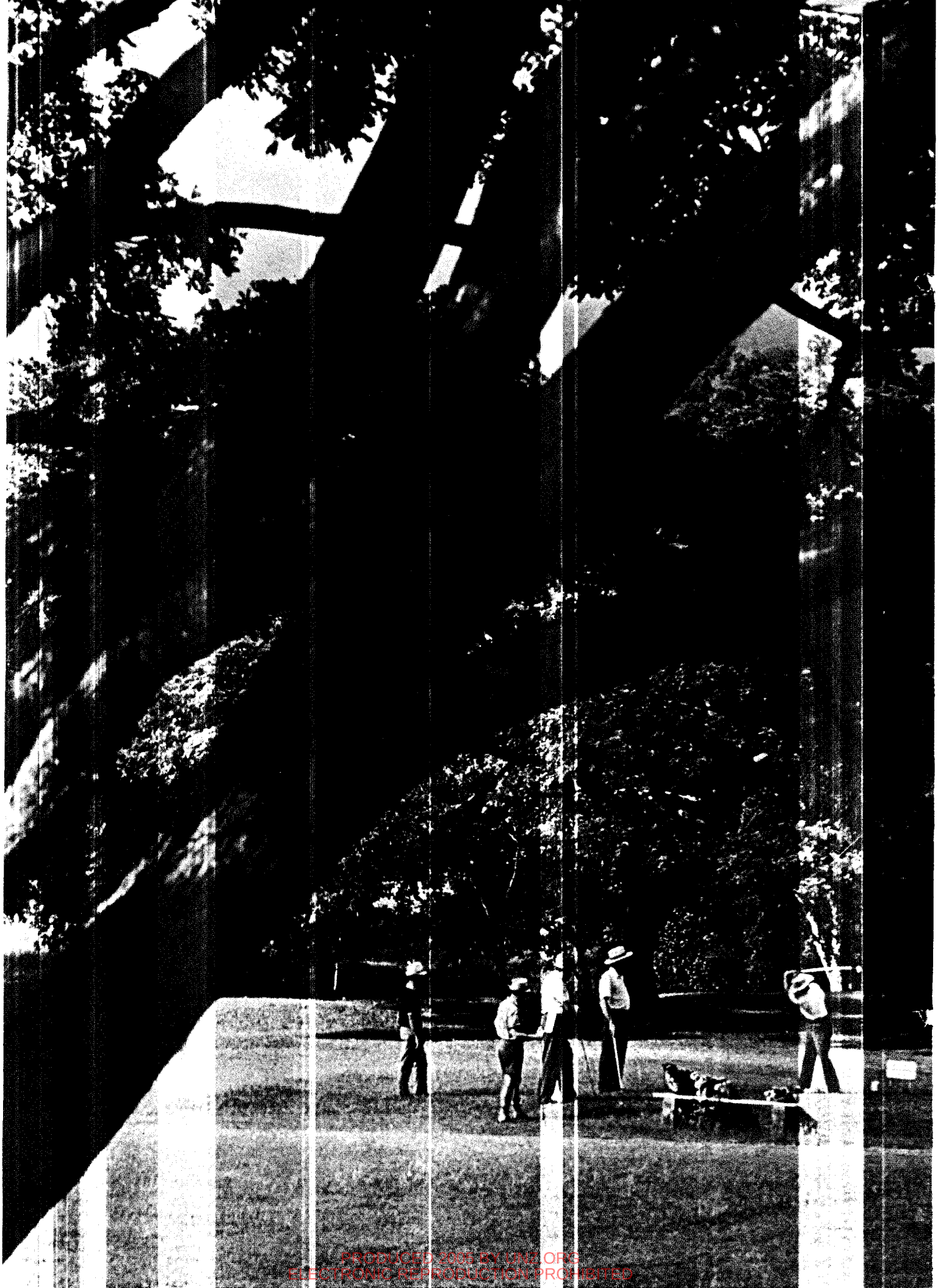
The Atlantic has a new love. Her name is Shalom. She flies the proud colors of an exciting young country—the colors of Israel. She reflects the unique spirit of that land—warm, adventurous, stimulating. Like Israel, she is totally new, but with a centuries-old heritage of hospitality and graciousness. Her crew is from her homeland. Master architects, artists and artisans from many countries have showered their talents on her. She is lavish and light-hearted—complete with every passenger-pampering detail. More than a luxury liner, she is an enchanting experience. Flagship of the Zim Lines, she will make her maiden voyage in the Spring of 1964, and will then sail monthly from New York to Israel and Mediterranean ports. Sail with her. Her name means peace. Israelis say "Shalom" when they welcome you, when they bid you farewell, when they wish you all the good things in life. Shalom.

ZIM LINES

BE A "GUEST"...GO ZIM

OWNER'S REPRESENTATIVE: AMERICAN ISRAELI SHIPPING CO., INC.: NEW YORK CITY, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, MIAMI BEACH, MONTREAL

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Executives of Union Carbide and Brunswick speak out after a round of golf

721 U.S. plants in Puerto Rico are *averaging* 28 percent annual return on investment. Such prosperity might make you think their executives have no time to play. Set your mind at rest. Our photograph shows Union Carbide and Brunswick executives at 6 P.M. on a weekday *in winter*.

UNION CARBIDE makes petrochemicals in Puerto Rico. Brunswick makes sporting goods. They compete only on the golf course.

To get an idea of the life their executives lead, we talked to these golfing rivals at the 19th hole.

Contented executives

"If you come here to live, throw away your winter woolies," says Ken West, Brunswick's General Manager. "I haven't felt the itch of long johns since I came here ten winters ago."

Union Carbide's Bob Sollenberger believes in being prepared. "Always keep your golf clubs and swimsuit in your car," he says. "You'll often want to take a dip or play a round of golf on your way home from work."

The sheer ebullience of Puerto Rico is what impresses Carbide's John Anthony.

"We've got mountains, beaches, rain forests, lakes, and some of the best fishing in the world. But sports apart, there's so much going on in the arts, in town-planning and in community education. You'd have to be a confirmed homebody to miss it all."

Is there a language problem? Oscar Castro, Jr., Brunswick's Personnel Manager is adamant on the subject. "Forget it," says this native-born Puerto Rican. "You don't need Spanish here any more than you need it in Chicago. We all learn English at school."

The enthusiasm of these executives has its workaday side, too.

When you are fighting commuter trains, they are breezing to work by car. When you are trudging back from lunch through slushy streets, they are taking a post-prandial sunbath. When you are *searching* for skilled workers, they are *choosing* from a labor pool screened for *their* needs by the Commonwealth Government.

Puerto Rico leaves no stone unturned to help manufacturers prosper.

Blue chips in Puerto Rico

Union Carbide, Brunswick, Parke-Davis, Sperry Rand, American Can, and Shell Oil are among 47 blue-chip firms already in Puerto Rico. They make excellent neighbors and good people to challenge at golf.

For manufacturers: "Puerto Rico '63"—a report to industry on productivity, profits and special incentives. Write on your firm's letterhead to: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. J1, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 19, N.Y.

← *Union Carbide takes on Brunswick at the attractive new Ponce Country Club in Puerto Rico. All four of these executives are less than 15 minutes from their desks. Photo by Tom Hollyman.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHERATON IN JAMAICA

SHERATON-KINGSTON HOTEL

Business is a pleasure here in lively Kingston! ■ All air-conditioned ■ Balconied guest rooms ■ Garden swimming pool ■ Great Golf ■ Confirmed room-and-rate reservations. Just call your travel agent or nearest Sheraton Hotel ■ Double room per person from $9.75 twin bedroom.

87 Sheraton Hotels in 57 Cities

MEDITERRANEAN AEGEAN SEA CRUISE/TOUR

SEA AND SUN FROM $799 ALL INCLUSIVE FROM NEW YORK VIA SAS JET

GREECE, RHODES, CYPRUS, ISRAEL, HOLY LANDS, ITALY. October through April, 17 to 22 days, 9 departures plus special Christmas and Easter tours. SAS Jet to Italy, then cruise from Venice aboard the ATHINAI. Florence, Rome, Naples, and Pompeii Extension. FIRST CLASS CRUISE AND HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS, all meals, all shore excursions, Maupintour's own Cruise Tour Director. For folder, see your SAS/Maupintour Travel Agent or write Dept.A082. MAUPINTOUR, 400 Madison Ave., New York City.

MAUPINTOUR

WORLD TRAVEL ON A BUDGET

Expertly planned and quality operated escorted tours, EUROPE, MIDDLE EAST, AROUND-THE-WORLD:

1964 Program

GLOBAL CIRCLE, 60 days around the world, 20 countries $2800
GRAND CIRCLE, 56 days in Europe, 18 countries $1585
CORONET CIRCLE, 35 days in Europe, 12 countries $1235
LANDS OF THE BIBLE, 22 days in the Middle East $1375

Shorter programs from $996 to $1195. Rates are complete and include ocean passage by ship or air.

Complete information from

Ditmann Travel Organization

DEPARTMENT L, DITMANN BUILDING
NORTHFIELD, MINNESOTA

(*Continued from page* 112)

progress is greater recognition by the countries and peoples of their own responsibility under the Alliance—the very problem illustrated by the episode described at the outset.

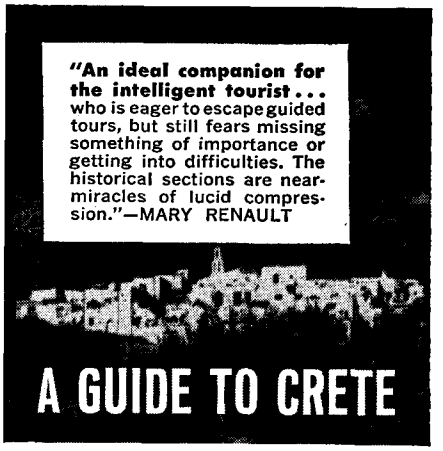
This problem was diagnosed and a therapy was recommended by former Presidents Kubitschek of Brazil and Lleras Camargo of Colombia. In examining what was missing in the Alliance, the two statesmen last spring came up with the same conclusion: inadequate Latin American involvement, and excessive identification of the program with the United States. To remedy the problem, they recommended the establishment of an organization similar to the Organization for European Economic Cooperation in the days of the Marshall Plan. Headed by a Latin American chairman, Latin Americans would be appraising each other's performance under the Charter. On the basis of this mutual appraisal Latin Americans would recommend the level of external funds to the respective countries. Clearly, these recommendations cannot bind outside institutions or foreign countries to specific outlays, but as in the case of the Marshall Plan they could not fail to exert a powerful influence on the decisions of the donor countries or institutions.

Only in this way, the two statesmen felt, would the Latin American countries find themselves deeply enough involved in the Alliance to consider it their program and to make fulfilment of the Charter's objectives their responsibility rather than Washington's.

In a few weeks we shall go to São Paulo, Brazil, a symbol of Latin American progress, to join with our Alliance partners in the review of the second year of operations. The proposals of the two ex-Presidents will be a key item on the agenda.

The main protagonists in this forthcoming and probably vital meeting will be our Latin American partners. If they can agree on a mechanism that not merely permits but invites their active and permanent involvement in the program and that places the main responsibility for its success on their shoulders, the Alliance will have come of age.

I believe that in São Paulo we shall be moving from the organizational, ground-laying phase of the Alliance for Progress into a stage of greater maturity, deeper all-around commitment, and faster-paced progress. Against this background, the United States must continue to meet its commitment and strengthen its faith in this solemn compact to transform a hemisphere half-starved and half-affluent into *one* new world of political, economic, and social democracy.


"An ideal companion for the intelligent tourist... who is eager to escape guided tours, but still fears missing something of importance or getting into difficulties. The historical sections are near-miracles of lucid compression."—MARY RENAULT
A GUIDE TO CRETE

By JOHN BOWMAN. Folding color map, 24 photographs. $4.95, now at your bookstore. PANTHEON

Largest operator of WORLD TOURS

AROUND THE WORLD with SITA — 31st Year

☐ 30-80 Days incl air. Round trip fr. $1988
Weekly Departures. Fully Inclusive.

☐ EUROPE	22-80 Days	$790
☐ ORIENT	20-30 Days	$1523
☐ AFRICA	20-53 Days	$1853
☐ SO. PACIFIC	8-58 Days	$844
☐ HOLY LAND	23-24 Days	$1327
☐ SO. AMER.	18-45 Days	$1020
☐ HAWAII	8-44 Days	$282
☐ MEXICO	15-18 Days	$299

☐ STUDENT TOURS: Low-cost Adventure and Study Trips to "Everywhere". 66 Day European trips incl. steamer from $798.

Ask Your Travel Agent

SITA WORLD TRAVEL
50 Rockefeller Plaza
Dept. R New York 20

Check folders desired.
Name
Address
City State

Embassy Holidays

OFF SEASON — ALL EXPENSE TRIPS

- **MAHRAJAH HOLIDAY, 17 days $589**
  Visit London, Spain, Gibraltar, Paris
- **SOUTHERN EUROPEAN ADVENTURE 21 days $645**
  Visit France, Italy, Spain
- **SPAIN, NO. AFRICA ADVENTURE, 21 days $749.70**
  Visit London, Madrid, Tangiers, Morocco, Paris
- **CANARY ISLANDS ADVENTURE, TOUR 21 days $792**
  Visit Madrid, Lisbon, Paris, Canary Islands

Write, Call for booklet "SR12"
Consult Your Travel Agent or

EMBASSY TOURS, INC.
147 West 42nd Street, New York 36, N. Y.
OXford 5-2121 (Our 24th Year)

2 EXCITING TRAVEL BARGAINS

Orient Travel—Rim of Pacific Tour: 30 adventurous days in 10 Oriental countries. Frequent departures—extensions to South Pacific or Round the World. From $1765 all expenses paid. **Special Student Trips to Europe:** Go with small group of college students and young adults sharing your interest. Economical 6 to 12 week all-expense trips $695 to $1495—by ship or air. For free details write to: AMERICANS ABROAD, INC.
Travel Service, 60 University Sta., Minneapolis, Minn.

BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Mahler's First, Bernstein's Second

THE virtue, not to say the luxury, of having two halls available for symphonic music at the same time was demonstrated as early as the first night of the first full season in which this happy state has prevailed for New Yorkers. While one audience gathered in Philharmonic Hall to hear the resident orchestra under Leonard Bernstein begin its second season with a Pension Fund "gala," another occupied Carnegie Hall for the first of four visits by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy (supplementary to their regular subscription season farther uptown). There were few empty seats to be seen in either place.

What is more to the point is that the concurrent activity provided anyone with such an interest the opportunity to hear two Mahler symphonies in a five-day span. This may have happened previously in New York—things rarely happen for the first time even in such programming—but not likely in a sequence which offered the first and the second in the order of their composition. It was the D-major that brought to a close the "Viennese" program by Ormandy, and it was the C-minor that made up the whole of the four subscription concerts by Bernstein later in the week.

Given the present state of repertory preferences, it is not improbable that the Mahler canon may, in a dozen years or so, become as familiar as the nine of Beethoven. Whether they will wear as well, or last as long, is quite another matter, but there is no doubt at all that there is much to be learned from such familiarity. Like the C-major of Beethoven, which is an affectionate backward look at the symphony as Haydn knew it, so the first of Mahler is a retrospect of the woods and fields in which German music, from the *Pastorale* (1807) on, spent much of the nineteenth century. Schubert and Schumann, Weber and Wagner come into it, of course, but it makes its points—such as the macabre funeral procession based on *Frère Jacques*—with admirable means and an almost consistently secure command of them.

It had, also, in Ormandy and the Philadelphia players, a composite of direction and execution that made its beautiful moments as singingly serene as a composer could ask and pointed its dramatic detail vividly but never in a way to jeopardize musical sonority. It was surprising to hear a horn fluff in the quartet passages of the first movement: such things are as unexpected with this orchestra as a fly in hospital milk. But the same horns played other more difficult passages with the resonant precision for which they are famous, and the double basses rumbled through the processional with a ghostly stealth that few other orchestras manage so well.

Though it would seem merely a matter of mechanics that would have no appreciable bearing on the outcome, Ormandy's use of a baton—for the first time, perhaps, since his Capitol Theatre days—had its part in the special appeal of this performance. It alters the sweeping motions to which he has been partial in the recent past and tends to restrict some of the hard, pumping, angular action that has drawn equally accentuated response from the players, especially the strings, on downbeats. There was, altogether, a more even flow of phrase, something that would be welcome as a permanent adjunct to the fine sound this orchestra habitually produces. All these values had their place in the attractive performance of the *Don Giovanni* overture of Mozart and the Fifth Symphony of Schubert, which shared the first half of the program with Schoenberg's Variations on a Theme of Handel. The last of these is tonal as tonality is measured in the later works of Schoenberg, but also abstruse, overcomplicated, anti-musical.

By contrast with the First, the Second Symphony is a forward look in the direction that would take Mahler eventually to such a pinnacle of musical expression as the Eighth. It is a complex of the many things fine and the many things gross in Mahler, with enough of both to justify the contention that he is a) a great composer, and b) not a great composer. Viewed in the context of his whole literature, the Second is, rather, the work of a man on the way to becoming a great composer who is already capable of greatness—and grossness.

The misfortune of Bernstein's frenzied, injudicious treatment was to aggrandize the grossness and minimize the greatness. This is not a work to be taken by storm, flayed into response, or dawdled over sentimentally. The opening was well-considered, on the verge of eloquent; but the first *fortissimo* was too loud to allow for a proper climax when the composer asks for a third *f* later on. Such exaggeration had its antithesis in the somnolent pace of the Andante Moderato, which has, also, the familiar Mahler warning: *sehr gemächlich* ("very comfortably"). At Bernstein's pace it was uncomfortably comfortable.

Much can be said for the drama, the energy, the musical sensitivity that Bernstein provided in abundance for the hour-and-a-half-long work. Such an undertaking is only for the zealot, with a passionate conviction of the musical worth of what he is doing. But, as on many past occasions, in such a work as this Bernstein tends to become more a participant than a controlling factor. As the long finale built to its climax of the *Resurrection* hymn, the perimeter of sonority was more than once breached by a kind of noisy tumult which draws bravos, but is nothing to cherish, musically.

BY much the most musical effort of the evening was Jennie Tourel's well-shaped, deeply expressive delivery of the *Urlicht* interlude. A performer who has retained the vocal means to make her broad experience work productively for the composer, Miss Tourel has said, sensibly, relative to Mahler: "One must be sincere and straightforward in dealing with this brand of *Weltschmerz*," and "It is important that the emotional content does not get the better of you." These are wise words which all Mahler interpreters might ponder. Lee Verona made a charming sound in the soprano sections of the Finale, and the Collegiate Chorale did well, also.

Reference to Philharmonic Hall in a bracket of quality with Carnegie may sound a surprising note to those accustomed to reading of its acoustical insufficiencies. However, the painstaking as well as extensive work that has been done in recent months has altered the characteristics of the auditorium more than a little, and all for the good. It has converted a space afflicted by tonal "leakage" (as, for example, the loss of the bass response) into a closed chamber—acoustically speaking—which gives back much more of the orchestra's total sonority. Some adjustments remain to be made, but it is now evident that they can be made.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS YEAR AT MONTEREY

Audience at Monterey—they had to wait for the good things.

By RALPH J. GLEASON

"YOU have to learn to close your ears and wait for the good things," Miles Davis remarked backstage, and that summed up the Sixth Annual Monterey Jazz Festival neatly.

It was necessary to close one's ears to the dull and the overly ambitious portions in order to appreciate the good things this festival really offered.

The dull moments were more frequent than usual this year, the exciting moments fewer. But there was still enough to make Monterey worthwhile. Certainly the 27,000 ticket-holders who paid a record-breaking $113,000 at the box office for five concerts seemed to think so.

But this year, for the first time since the initial Monterey Jazz Festival in 1958, the well-publicized Monterey attention to rehearsal, new music, and planning was not in evidence. There was no new music. Still, the appearance together Sunday afternoon of Laurindo Almeida, the Brazilian guitarist, and the Modern Jazz Quartet was at least a sensitive and lyric interlude of bossa nova, *Bachianas Brasileiras*, and John Lewis compositions in new arrangements.

Most of the rest of the festival consisted of good jazz groups performing their usual repertoire of set pieces and conventions for improvisation.

Except . . . and that "except" tells the story. It was the spur-of-the-moment, unplanned events that made the festival the artistic success it was and provided the real spice.

On Saturday afternoon, for instance, seventeen-year-old Tony Williams, drummer with the ultramodern Miles Davis Quintet, joined a trio of veterans led by banjoist Elmer Snowden. It was a quiet demonstration of the unity of jazz and the timeless ability of jazzmen of all ages to swing together. Snowden's banjo playing was warm and swinging. The clarinet solos by Darnell Howard, another venerable jazzman, were sprightly and provocative, and the solid bass of seventy-one-year-old George "Pops" Foster (old enough to be Tony Williams's grandfather and a veteran of jazz wars even before the time of Louis Armstrong) was delightful. It made for a rare jazz moment.

Baritonist Gerry Mulligan, who stands four-square in favor of music and against categories, played a set with Jack and Charlie Teagarden, Pee Wee Russell, and the brilliant pianist Joe Sullivan. Although not Mulligan's responsibility, he had organized the set and improvised a blues duet (clarinet and baritone) with Russell that was paradoxically delicate yet earthy, while swinging along with the loping ease of a greyhound. Musically it was more rewarding than many of the performances by long-established groups.

AGAIN, on the Sunday afternoon program, the Gerald Wilson big band, a unit from Los Angeles that served as house band for the weekend, opened its set in its usual competent but uninspired style when Dizzy Gillespie suddenly came on stage and began to blow in the trumpet section. He was followed by John Lewis, who took over on piano, and Connie Kay, who sat in on drums. Heady with the presence of these major players, the band took off for a wild, exuberant thirty minutes of big-band jazz. Blues singer Jimmy Witherspoon, half a day early for his scheduled appearance, then sang with the band, accompanied by blues guitarist Roy Gaines, whom master of ceremonies John Hammond spotted in the audience and brought on stage. None of this was planned. All of it was excellent.

There were other surprises. The Gildo Mahones Trio, which accompanies the vocal group of Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan, filled in as intermission act between stage set changes almost the entire weekend and never failed to come through with performances that lifted the audience emotionally. In bassist George Tucker and drummer Jimmy Smith, as well as in pianist Mahones himself, this unit has highly proficient individual players. They have melded together in a remarkable example of jazz cohesion and even outswung the big band on occasion.

Thelonious Monk, making his first appearance at Monterey, played with his quartet on Saturday night and again Sunday afternoon. Both times he was a total success, playing with that curiously mesmerizing style he develops on his own compositions and with his slapstick humor on ballads. Monk's sidemen, drummer Frank Dunlop, bassist Butch Warren, and tenor Charlie Rouse, seemed to play with unusual emotional intensity Sunday afternoon

---

Ralph J. Gleason, a well-known writer on jazz, is a columnist for the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

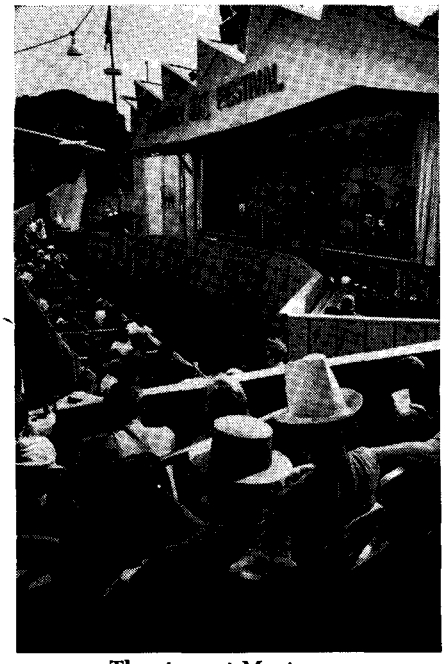
and attracted a huge backstage audience of musicians.

Miles Davis, also making his Monterey debut (and his first U.S. festival appearance in some years) was hampered by the overlong opening-night program. He did not begin until after midnight. Nevertheless, in the few numbers he played, Davis displayed sparkling virtuosity in a series of trumpet-drums duets with Tony Williams. The audience stood and cheered him, as it did the Mulligan quartet later in the weekend.

Carmen McRae and Jon Hendricks, who appeared on Sunday night, were excellent examples of superior jazz singing. Miss McRae was so effective in her performance of "What Kind of Fool Am I" that the 6,000 people in the Sunday-night house were hushed to almost total silence. She is obviously the Edith Piaf of this art, with a capacity to communicate lyrics as an emotional experience that has not been heard in jazz since Billie Holiday.

JON HENDRICKS twice gave moving vocal performances. On opening night he sang the Miles Davis trumpet solo from the Davis record of "Bye Bye Blackbird," making it into a taut essay on emancipation, and on Sunday he brought back the ancient popular song "I Wonder What's Become of Sally" in a performance that should revive interest in this long-dead composition.

But unquestionably the lack of planning hurt several of the concerts. Saturday afternoon was allowed to drown in sentimentality, with a cloying Teagarden family reunion, brothers Jack and Charlie, sister Norma and their mother, all of whom occupied the stage for an interminable length of time.



The stage at Monterey.

George "Pops" Foster, 71, with Tony Williams, 17.

Helen Merrill, a singer of doubtful quality, contributed an achingly dull set Saturday night, and the Japanese tenor saxophone star, Hidehiko "Sleepy" Matsumoto, was interesting only as a curiosity. There were numerous unexplained cancellations. The proposed panel on "What Happened to Dixieland" was dropped at the last minute, and neither trumpeter Lu Watters nor singer Mel Tormé ever appeared.

Nonetheless, Monterey was a success, even if esthetically less so than in previous years. The atmosphere was benign and the musicians were eager. Typical of the thoughtfulness that characterizes this festival – a community project of the city of Monterey—were the several moments of silence in memoriam to the Birmingham victims, the inclusion of John Hammond as a master of ceremonies (an implicit recognition that without the Newport Jazz Festival there would not have been a Monterey), and the attention to musicians' personal and artistic comfort.

As a natural festival setting, Monterey is unsurpassed. The community nature of the event results in social amenities and a lack of discrimination in any form. The musicians reciprocate by playing at their highest levels most of the time. They enjoy themselves and it shows in the music.

One may hope, however, that Monterey's success will not tempt it to follow the standard procedure of American business of building a superior product and then cheapening it. If next year Monterey returns to its previous dedication to planning and new music and retains its spontaneity, it will fully justify its claims to pre-eminence in this field.

The Enduring Novaes

CHOPIN: *Barcarolle, Op. 60,* DEBUSSY: *Les collines d'Anacapri, Soirée dans Grenade, Poissons d'or, Minstrels.* LISZT: *Forest Murmurs, Dance of the Gnomes, Liebestraum No. 2, Valse oubliée No. 1, and Hungarian Rhapsody No. 10. Guiomar Novaes, piano.* Decca DL 710074, $5.98.

CHOPIN: *Sonata No. 3 in B minor, Scherzi Nos. 1 and 3, Trois Nouvelles Etudes. Novaes, piano.* Vox PL 15000, $4.98.

BACH: *Prelude in G minor.* GLUCK: *Dance of the Blessed Spirits,* BRAHMS: *Intermezzo in B flat minor, Capriccio in D minor, Waltz in A flat,* BEETHOVEN: *Turkish March,* SAINT-SAENS: *Caprice sur des Airs de Ballet d'Alceste.* PURCELL: *Hornpipe,* PHILIPP: *Fireflies,* PINTO: *Memories of Childhood,* VUILLEMENT: *Hornpipe.* Vox PL 15010, $4.98.

To judge from the varying photographs on these disks, the "pianist" responsible for them must be spread across several decades of the Novaes family. They are, of course, a tribute merely to the long and illustrious career of this artist, who may soon—if she cares to—celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of her New York debut in 1915. There have, of course, been the inevitable erosions of time to which the photos bear evidence: but the art remains enduring and satisfying.

A cause for this may be deduced from the perspective of time presented by these three disks, of which the Chopin-Liszt-Debussy is the most recent as well as the first for Decca. Having never placed a premium on technical execution as such, she is still able to deal with the problems of Liszt in her own musical way. Having never sought recognition as a stylist or specialist, she brings a long perspective of the piano repertory to the Debussy preludes. She also brings to them that clinging kind of sonority which is her special gift to dispose on the music she favors. In the literature she has chosen the results—especially in the subtly insinuating *Soirée dans Grenade*—are as personal and satisfying as the sound of a beloved voice.

The Vox relistings invite comment but it is sufficient for present purposes to say that they retain the values for which they were admired when new. One may find this section of a Chopin scherzo or a Brahms waltz lacking in the appeal imparted to it by another pianist, but it is also a certainty that in almost every piece (as in the trio of the C-sharp minor Scherzo) there will be moments of perception inimitably her own.—I. K.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Gene Ammons: *Preachin'*. Prestige 7270. Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis: *Trackin'*. Prestige 7271. Illinois Jacquet: *The Message*. Argo 722. Shirley Scott: *The Soul Is Willing*. Prestige 7267. Sonny Stitt: *My Mother's Eyes*. Pacific Jazz 71. All, mono and stereo, $4.98.	All five albums have been made to the formula that is at present enormously successful, the instrumentation in each case consisting of tenor saxophone, organ, and rhythm. The performances are for the most part straightforward, the beat being firmly marked rather than implied. The first record, something of an exception, contains solemn, often lugubrious interpretations of hymns like "Abide with Me" and other "religious" material. Only on the final track, "The Light," does Ammons swing out in his usual manner. "Lockjaw" Davis plays the most varied, spontaneous and unpredictable set of the five, Paul Weeden (guitar) and George Duviver (bass) giving him particularly good support. Illinois Jacquet is as vigorous and forthright as ever, and on one blues he makes his recorded debut with bassoon. Some superfluous conga chatter is more than offset by excellent guitar solos from Kenny Burrell. Shirley Scott, the neatest and most accomplished of the five organists, is handsomely complemented by Stanley Turrentine, always a musicianly tenor player. The opening blues on the second side, taken at a good tempo, and "Secret Love" are especially successful. The Sonny Stitt album introduces an able new organist in Charles Kynard, and re-introduces Ray Crawford, the inventive guitarist heard previously with Gil Evans and Ahmad Jamal. Stitt plays with his customary confidence and drive, to the most effect here on up-tempo numbers.
Count Basie: *Basie in Sweden*. Basie, piano and leader, with 15-piece band. Roulette R 52099, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Recorded last year in Sweden, this album is of considerable interest in that it affords an opportunity of hearing Louis Bellson in the place of the much-criticized Sonny Payne. Where Payne's method normally has him filling every "hole" in an arrangement, Bellson's is looser, more relaxed and closer to that of Basie's earlier drummers. Several of the numbers were first recorded by Basie ten or more years ago with Jo Jones or Gus Johnson on drums, but it is instructive to compare the band and Bellson here with the band and Payne in a new 1963 collection of Quincy Jones arrangements entitled "Li'l Ol' Groovemaker . . . Basie!" (Verve V6-8549). It is Irene Reid, incidentally, who sings Bessie Smith's "Backwater Blues" on the Roulette.
Ray Charles: *Recipe for Soul*. Charles, piano and vocal, with big band, strings and the Jack Halloran Singers. ABC-Paramount ABC-465, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Mixed up here with the candy floss of "pop" music, the sentimental fiddles and singers, is the hard realism of the blues. Charles sings and plays his blue piano on "In the Evening" in an arrangement by Benny Carter that is the antithesis of most of the others. From a jazz viewpoint, "Ol' Man Time," also arranged by Carter, and "Where Can I Go?" are the only other enjoyable tracks. The dramatic "Ol' Man River" must be heard to be believed.
Bud Freeman: *Something Tender*. Freeman, tenor saxophone; George Barnes, Carl Kress, guitars. United Artists UAJ 15033, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	The instrumentation is not a gimmick but a sound musical idea, for the guitarists consistently aid without complicating or competing. The album title is properly descriptive of the contents, though some of the ballad performances are at times too tender or sentimental. Freeman's own "Disenchanted Trout" is an unpretentious composition with the good feeling for modest melodic content so typical of him, while the treatment of Ellington's "Satin Doll" brings out characteristics unexpected in that number. The two blues originals, "Dr. Paycer's Dilemma" and "Golden Retriever Puppy Dog Blues," also come off notably well.
Lionel Hampton and Charlie Teagarden: *The Great Hamp and Little "T"*. Hampton, vibraphone; Teagarden, trumpet; Bill Harris, trombone; Ronnie Di Fillips, piano; Carson Smith, bass; Tom Montgomery, drums. Coral CRL 57438, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	The addition of Lionel Hampton and Bill Harris presumably accounts for this being so superior to the earlier set by Charlie Teagarden on Coral (CRL 57410). Teagarden plays with more fluency, emotion and invention, and Hampton is very plainly enjoying himself. Besides pretty versions of ballad standards like "I Can't Get Started," "Memories of You," and "September in the Rain," there are two good blues on the second side—the opener and "Masked Grandma"—and an up-tempo "How High the Moon" which adequately displays the vibraphonist's virtuosity. Some of the other material, including the tedious gospel-type numbers, was decidedly expendable.
Claude Hopkins: *Swing Time!* Hopkins, piano; Bobby Johnson, trumpet; Budd Johnson, tenor saxophone; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Wendell Marshall, bass; Ferdinand Everett, drums. Swingville 2041, mono and stereo, $4.98.	Like the earlier Swingville albums by Hopkins (2009 and 2020), this is a swinging set of a kind too rarely produced nowadays. The tunes and tempos are well chosen and the personnel is homogeneous, so that for once there is no stylistically discordant element. Bobby Johnson, for some years a member of the Erskine Hawkins orchestra, takes several artistic, cup-muted solos which entirely justify his presence. Budd Johnson, however, is the outstanding musician on the date. In an exceptionally assured and imaginative mood, he commands the attention with each solo appearance. Vic Dickenson, also in brilliant form, plays with an easy authority in a style that can be humorous, poignant and scornful all in one chorus. Hopkins, as chief architect, is admirable in solo and accompaniment. A leader of a big band for many years, he has a feeling for time and economical statement almost as distinctive as Basie's. Indeed, though his playing is thoroughly individual, it is similarly rooted in the "stride" tradition.
Oliver Nelson: *Full Nelson*. Nelson, arranger and alto saxophone, with 25-piece and 17-piece band. Verve V-8508, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Nelson shows a wide range of aspirations in this album. Of his several alto solos, the best perhaps is in a slowed-down version of "Cool" from "West Side Story," which is immediately followed by the exciting "Back Woods," a feature for Phil Woods's alto. There is a tribute to Basie in the arrangement of "Miss Fine," and to Ellington in both "Paris Blues" and "Ballad for Benny," the latter having originally been commissioned by Benny Goodman. The overpowering brass of the bigger band (six trumpets, seven trombones and two French horns) sometimes arouses uncomfortable memories of Kenton, but considering that it is a studio-assembled group and not a band working regularly together, there is more swinging of richly scored ensembles than might be expected. Joe Newman and Clark Terry take good care of the trumpet solos.
Clark Terry: *More*. Terry, trumpet and flugelhorn; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Roger Kellaway, piano; Gene Bertencini, guitar; Bill Crow, bass; Dave Bailey, drums. Cameo 1064, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	This surprisingly restrained set contains some satisfying examples of the skills of Clark Terry and Ben Webster. The most rewarding performance is of "Hobo Flats," which benefits considerably from a vocal quartet's amusingly evocative imitation of a train whistle. Terry, with plunger mute, Webster and pianist Kellaway all solo convincingly on it. Best of the other performances are "The Lights Across the River," "Gravy Waltz," and the leader's two originals. "Meditation" is worth hearing still once more for the dialogue played by Terry on flugelhorn and trumpet.
Joe Williams: *Jump for Joy*. Williams, vocal, with big band, arranged and conducted by Jimmy Jones and Oliver Nelson. RCA Victor LPM 2713, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Arguments used to rage as to whether Joe Williams was or was not a blues singer. Few dispute that he is a very, very good singer, but since leaving Count Basie even the image of him as a jazz singer has been partially dissipated. Hard to define though the jazz singer is, the songs selected for this album show quite clearly that Williams's *forte* is jazz numbers like "Just a-Settin' and a-Rockin" and "Jump for Joy," which he sings with a masculine verve probably only Sinatra could approach. The arrangements by Jimmy Jones and Oliver Nelson are well played, but it is a pity solo space for some of the many fine musicians in the orchestra could not have been found. Another album (Roulette R 52102) casts Williams in a pit of strings and an even more unabashedly romantic role. An evergreen like Don Redman's "Cherry," hand-made, one would have thought for the singer, is here taken at so slow a tempo as to lose all its natural rhythmic strength. —STANLEY DANCE.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Great Sopranos of Our Time

Maria Callas

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf

Birgit Nilsson

Victoria de los Angeles

Joan Sutherland

Regine Crespin

Angel

These, and all of Angel's Great Sopranos of Our Time albums, are specially priced this month. Reductions of 25% at participating dealers.

No less than six of the most glorious singers of our day are to be heard on a fabulous new Angel disk: Victoria de los Angeles, Maria Callas, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Regine Crespin, Birgit Nilsson and Joan Sutherland. Some of the most beloved, spine-tingling operatic arias of all time are here for your constant pleasure. But this is just an introduction to the Angel sorority of the great sopranos of our time. There are scores of other wondrous Angel albums in which great sopranos are heard at their most thrilling best. Your favorite dealer has them on prominent display this month.

In addition to this new release, Angel album (S) 36135, you may want to hear Schwarzkopf sing in *Der Rosenkavalier* (S) 3563 D/L, or with Sutherland in *Don Giovanni* (S) 3605 D/L. And, in Angel album 3508 B/L, Callas sings in Puccini's *Tosca*. Victoria de los Angeles is *Madame Butterfly* in Angel's (S) 3604 C/L, and she sings *Carmen* in (S) 3613 C/L. Birgit Nilsson sings Beethoven, Weber and Mozart in Angel album (S) 35719. And Regine Crespin is The Voice of Wagner on (S) 35832.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

See Now, Hear Later

THIS YEAR'S New York High Fidelity Music Show, the fourteenth and largest of its kind, displayed two aspects of a welcome backward trend. As Edgar Villchur of Acoustic Research said in a broadcast from the show, "People are getting more and more interested in high fidelity's parent, music."

One aspect of this return to music was the increasing use of classical records for equipment demonstrations, and a somewhat decreased use of colorful "spectaculars" displaying the virtuosity of components but not their virtues. For the audiophile to judge how accurately a system recreates music, he must hear sounds that relate to his listening experience.

Visitors to the show were given two opportunities to make this comparison directly, through two series of live vs. recorded demonstrations. On the third floor, a quartet consisting of Don Heckman, Joe Cucuso, Barrie Phillips, and Don Friedmann played a program of classical works by Debussy, Corelli, and Villa-Lobos, and specially written jazz compositions by Peter Phillips under the auspices of the Institute of High Fidelity, the organizer and sponsor of the show itself. Since this was a gesture on the part of the industry as a whole, the components used for playback were cloaked in curtains and anonymity, but the curious audiophile could—and did—examine them between performances. At the Acoustic Research /Dynaco-sponsored concert on the third floor, however, the components—AR-3 speakers and Dynakit amplifiers and preamp—were prominent. Here, guitarist Gustavo Lopez performed a program of works by Albeniz and Bach, as well as a traditional flamenco number and his own arrangement of an Incan melody. This last was played as a duet, between Lopez "live" and his recorded counterpart.

Both demonstrations, unfortunately, were somewhat marred by imperfections in the recording. In both cases, the sounds of plucked strings were too prominent and too harshly metallic, and in the IHF-sponsored demonstration the reediness of the saxophone was lost entirely. The IHF program especially could have benefited from the outdoor recording techniques used by Jan Syrjala for the AR/Dyna concerts during the past several years. While none of the participants or sponsors would claim that a perfect match was maintained, it was encouraging to see how well two different systems of contemporary components could reproduce the sound of live music.

The IHF chose the occasion of the show to reveal the results of their pilot study on female attitudes toward component high fidelity. The fair sex's main objections seem to be directed less at music systems than at men, who play them too loudly and bypass the music to revel in technical complications. Women, it would appear, look on high fidelity either as furniture or as a means to music (when they are not completely indifferent to it), while hi-fi as a hobby remains largely a male province.

H. H. Scott's first ventures into high fidelity consoles would seem to qualify both as furniture and as reproducers. To please both men and women, a full complement of controls is divided into "operating" controls, such as volume, tuning, and function selector, and the more esoteric "adjustments," which are on a separate but adjacent section of the panel. The cabinets are heavy enough to reduce greatly the possibilities of acoustic feedback, and the only major compromise would seem to be the spacing of the speakers, which are rather close together for optimum stereo in many rooms. At the price ($950 for the 72-watt Exeter Series, $1,200 for the 80-watt Copley), few compromises need have been made.

Another interesting console line, from Matsushita, featured feedback from the loudspeaker to a matching amplifier, to reduce distortion and extend the system's frequency range. RCA, known previously for its consoles, introduced an all-in-one receiver as its introduction to component high fidelity, and EICO also introduced several receivers, one with a built-in paging facility that mutes all other program material automatically when the microphone switch is depressed.

For FM-owning apartment dwellers, whether with separate tuners or with receivers (which combine tuner and amplifier on one chassis), there were two new indoor antenna designs. The Antronics Multitron combines a printed-circuit antenna with a transistorized signal amplifier, while the Marantz Model 11 is an unamplified rotatable directional antenna. With an optional remote control, the motorized version of the Model 11 can be placed wherever reception is best, and rotated electrically by a switch at the side of the tuner. It is claimed that both antennas boost signal strength and reduce interference from reflected signals, but neither claims to be an adequate substitute for a directional outdoor antenna with a rotator. For those who can use a rooftop mounting, Jerrold-TACO showed their new Paralog antenna.

Several new cartridges made their debut at the show: the IMF Summation integrated arm-cartridge and IMF Deram cartridge—well reviewed abroad—both made by Decca of Great Britain; the Shure M44, one of the first cartridges to adopt the RIAA-recommended fifteen-degree vertical tracking angle for lessened distortion; and the Stanton 500AT Micro Fluxvalve cartridge, designed for automatic turntables with low mass tone arm systems.

The pros and cons of "solid-state" circuitry were much debated. "Solid state" is not—as one manufacturer put it—"a term used when transistor circuitry is engineered to 'space craft' reliability." It applies to all transistor circuitry, reliable or not; for transistors operate by maneuvering electrons within solid materials, rather than by tossing them through a gas-filled or evacuated space, as vacuum tubes do. One interesting solid-state tape recorder—the Freeman 200—was even more interesting mechanically than electronically. The transport of the 200 is mechanically symmetrical, designed to operate equally well in both directions for continuous playback of four-track tapes. The 200 also featured a variable-speed rewind for editing. All told, it was a show worth looking at, though as usual, final judgments on the performance of the exhibits would have to wait for later, less hectic, listening.

—IVAN BERGER.

in the World?

From the Amami Islands* to the Zulus of Africa**

...you will find it in Folkways' catalog of over 600 Long Playing authentic Folk records from almost every country, culture or ethnic group in the world. Also Science, Jazz, Literature and Childrens series. Write for complete free catalog.

*FE 4448 Music of the Amami Islands
**FE 4503 Africa South of the Sahara

FOLKWAYS RECORDS
121 West 47th St., New York 36, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Authors, Reading

CALLIOPE RECORDS has launched a new series of 33 1/3 rpm recordings that are about the size of a standard 45 rpm and play from about sixteen to as many as eighteen minutes. The idea seems to be to sell them in bookstores, much as paperbacks are sold, and to provide excellent recordings at the low-low price of $1.95. The trouble with the low-low price is that all four of these first four releases could have been engineered onto a single full-size 33 1/3 rpm long play, and since such discs generally sell for $5.95 (Pathways of Sound manages to list its full-size long-plays at $3.95), the same readings in the standard package would have come to $1.85 less. As straight comparison shopping, then, these "quickies" are hardly what Consumers' Research would call a "best buy," but there ends my only objection.

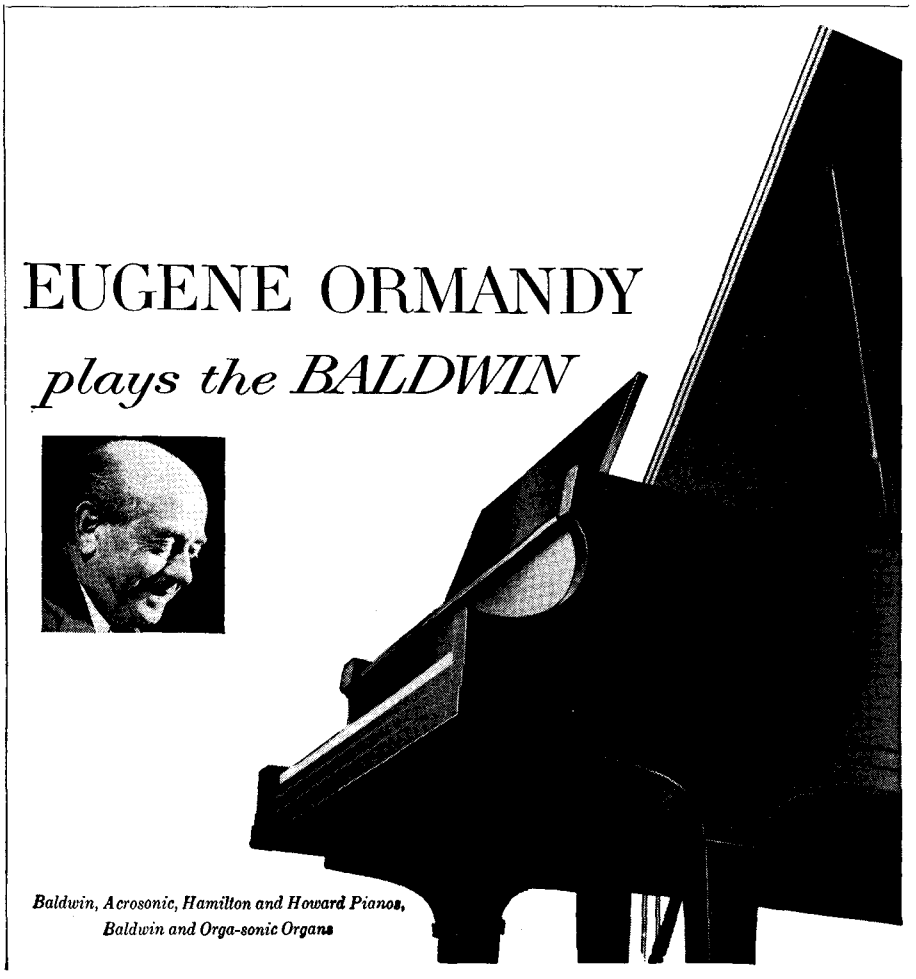
The readings themselves are superb. I have long been laboring to describe the difference I so often feel between readings by actors and readings by poets and authors. Here are four readings by leading authors that strike me as the perfection of what a good author does, as distinct from what all but the most superb actor does. The actor, as I have argued before, is trained to project a characterization, a personality: his natural concern is for the techniques of his own voice as an instrument of projection. The author, on the other hand, has set his words into cadences and has built his cadences into a narrative pace. Loving his words, his cadences, and his pace, he lavishes his affection upon them. They are, after all, his medium. He tends to resist adding tricks to his native medium. And by his very reticence he often achieves effects beyond the range of all but supreme actors. So for these four readings.

James Baldwin opens the series with a reading from *Giovanni's Room* (Cal 11). Nothing could be simpler, more reticent, more low-keyed than his reading, yet the effect is transporting. Instantly, one loses the sense that he is listening to something being read and feels instead that a man is talking his life in the voices of that life. I could swear that Baldwin does nothing but say the words, one after the other. Yet his voice touches them to life with such a quiet intensity and his pace sustains the telling and brings it to rest so surely that—well, it happens, it is made to happen. A great reading.

William Styron reads from *Lie Down in Darkness* (Cal 12) and Bernard Malamud from *The Magic Barrel* (Cal 13) in much the same low, reticent, yet sustained and moving way. If Baldwin's effect is more electric, it may be so because his is a first-person narrative, whereas Styron and Malamud are dealing with third-person narrative. Yet theirs, too, must be noted as superb readings. Neither makes any real effort to interpret the tone of voice of what his characters say. Both voices disclaim all pretense at dramatic enactment. Rather, they read lovingly and feelingly the sentences and cadences of their stories, and the rare thing grows—the love, the feeling, the human perception emerge from the saying, and one is left with an experience. It may seem paradoxical to say that it is as much an experience of the art of reading as of the art of fiction, but it is all the same. These voices clearly love the words of what they are reading, and somewhere in that act of love (and of respect for the word and cadence) the voice gets out of the way and lets the human enactment through.

It is Philip Roth reading from *Letting Go* (Cal 14) who turns out to be a double astonishment. Like the others, he begins with the simple, reticent, storyteller's voice to narrate the scene in which Levy and Korngold visit Herz to ask him to write what amounts to "a lawyer letter." And suddenly out of the telling, the voices of Levy and Korngold emerge as "portrayals"—each a timbre, an accent, a cadence, and a characterization of its own. Three men with three separately trained voices could not have read it better. A happy astonishment. If Roth were not so good a writer it would be the world's duty to force him onto the stage. And yet everywhere outside the dialogue he reads his story with the same reticent love one feels in the others on this list. That marvelous talent for catching the exact inflections of his characters is the unforeseeable bonus. And can one doubt that the perfection of Roth's ear is part of what lends such distinction to his written dialogue?

—JOHN CIARDI.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The loneliness of a little girl

Her name is Patricia Bright Eagle, a forgotten child with a proud tradition. Patricia's home is made of mud and sticks; her food consists mainly of fried bread and corn.

Like other six-year-old children, Patricia started school this year. It was a frightening experience for her. Unable to speak but a few words of English, Patricia suddenly found herself in a world where she became self-conscious and ashamed of her clothes, of her name, of her appearance...of herself. She stays apart, bewildered and lonely.

Patricia will soon learn to speak English, but there are some things school cannot give her, things that the other children have. She needs new shoes, decent clothes, money for school activities and school supplies—and for an occasional luxury such as a bracelet or a small toy. She needs the help of someone who cares... someone to give her the confidence and assurance she needs so desperately to participate in voluntary school and community services.

If not you...who?

You—or your club or office group—can give these things to Patricia or another needy Indian child through SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION. Your contribution of just $10.00 a month, $120.00 a year, will provide a child with funds to buy suitable clothing, books and a cash allowance for school activities.

You will receive a photograph, a case history, and progress reports on the child you sponsor. You may also correspond with the child, so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship. Won't you please help?

save the children

Serving Children for 31 Years
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute $120.00 annually to help an American Indian Girl ☐ Boy ☐
Enclosed is my first payment:
$10.00 a month ☐ $60.00 semi-annually ☐
$30.00 a quarter ☐ $120.00 annually ☐
I cannot sponsor a child; enclosed is a contribution of $_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____Zone____State_____
Contributions are tax deductible. SR-10-12-3

Far East of Boston

HOVHANESS: *Symphony No.* 16, Op. 202; *Prayer of St. Gregory*, Op. 62b; *Piano Quintet*, Op. 9; *Concerto No. 8 for Orchestra*, Op. 117. Poseidon Society, Box 354, Madison Square Station, N. Y. 10. $5.95.

Alan Hovhaness has always chosen a time and place alien to his native New England for his creative environment. While still in Boston he discovered his own Near Eastern heritage and evolved a highly personal style amalgamating Near Eastern forms and ecclesiastical traditions with pre-Bachian harmonic and contrapuntal practices. These he welded into an idiom so it became individual rather than eclectic.

In recent years his interests have turned farther east and he has immersed himself in the musical cultures of India, Japan, and Korea. But this orientation is not merely of superficial interest, since he has lived in these various areas for most of the past five or six years.

The influence is apparent in many of his recent works, particularly in his dramatically moving Symphony No. 15, which was introduced in Hawaii by Barati, and in New York last season by Stokowski. His succeeding work, the Symphony No. 16, was "inspired by the beauty of Korean mountains, the sublimity of Korean traditional music, the wisdom and nobility of Korean people." He states further that paintings in the Korean National Museum of "Mountains and Rivers without End," by Lee Sangchua, inspired the textures of sounds. The free pizzicato murmurings of strings does suggest a kind of mistiness. While this device which he has used in his *Magnificat* and numerous other works is indeed characteristically his, it begins to pall with repeated usage. The original instrumentation, that which we hear on this disc, calls for a string orchestra with *kayageum* (a *koto*-like instrument which may be substituted by harp for Western performance) and percussion.

By usual standards this is hardly a symphony, and the loosely woven episodes, while interesting in texture, are of less intrinsic musical interest than other works of this composer. This is decidedly lightweight music and would be excellent fare for movie or TV usage. The program note by the composer informs us that the first movement is in the form of a mountain and that the third movement is in the form of a mountain range. This reminds one that Villa-Lobos once set to music the New York skyline and a mountain range as the contours appeared on graph paper. But the Hovhaness procedure is more poetic than graphic. Mountains have always fascinated and inspired him and they figure in many of his titles, but the allusion, while interesting, is hardly relevant to the enjoyment of his work. In this present symphony one has the uncomfortable feeling that the composer may be experimenting with various devices that may be used to better advantage later but have not been thoroughly assimilated here.

This sixteenth symphony, combined with three other little-known works, has been recorded by an organization called the Poseidon Society. The recording is listed as a private issue and fails to identify the performing groups involved. Neither acoustically nor in terms of performance are they up to present recording standards, though they are an addition of interest to anyone curious about the development of the composer.

One hundred and ninety-three opus numbers earlier than the symphony is an unpretentious quintet that has a simple pastoral attractiveness. The Concerto No. 8 is a work that has moments of quite unusual beauty mixed with some rather plodding, banal sequences, at least as they sound in this recording. At a time when composers seem to be exerting more and more effort in tightening and polishing their works, it is both distressing and disarming to find a composer who is so prolific and so casual. One feels increasingly that the music of Hovhaness would benefit immeasurably if the composer were more self-critical and would extract the best and discard the less than best from his burgeoning creations. Here with this recording he is plagued, as an architect might be, for the works are exposed mercilessly when recorded. Since he is becoming one of the most performed of American composers, this zealous project of the Poseidon Society seems hardly necessary and adds little to his stature. As documentation it is of certain interest.

—OLIVER DANIEL.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Certificate. 2. Calculation. 3. Astronomers. 4. Astrologers. 5. Antiseptics. 6. Antipathies. 7. Annihilates. 8. Anaesthetic. 9. Alterations.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR's Check List

Continued from page 18

Bingham. Atheneum. Paperback, $1.45.

THE MEXICAN "MESTA": The Administration of Ranching in Colonial Mexico. By William H. Dusenberry. Univ. of Illinois Press. $5.50.

MEXICAN MURAL: The Story of Mexico, Past and Present. By Lois Hobart. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION, 1914-1915. By Robert E. Quirk. Citadel. $2.25.

WHAT HAPPENED IN CUBA? A Documentary History. Edited by Robert R. Smith. Twayne. $6.

Inter-American Relations

ARGENTINA AND THE UNITED STATES, 1810-1960. By Harold F. Peterson. University Publishers. $10. (Nov. 5.)

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY. By Alexander De Conde. Scribners. $12.

HISTORY OF CUBA AND ITS RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES. Vol. II: 1845-1895; From the Annexationist Era to the Second War for Independence. By Philip S. Foner. International Publishers. $5.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS IN MEXICO. By E. David Cronin. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. Paperback, $1.95. (Reissue.)

THE NEW EMPIRE: An Interpretation of American Expansion, 1860-1898. By Walter LaFeber. Cornell Univ. Press. $5.95. (Dec. 3.)

ORGANIZATION OF AMERICAN STATES. By Ann Van Winen Thomas and A. J. Thomas, Jr. Southern Methodist Univ. Press. $10.

PORFIRIO DIAZ VERSUS THE UNITED STATES. By Daniel Cosio Villegas. Translated by Nettie Lee Benson. Univ. of Nebraska Press. $5. (Nov. 20.)

THE REVOLUTION IN AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY: Its Global Range. By William G. Carleton. Random House. $6.95.

THE UNITED STATES AND LATIN AMERICA. Edited by Herbert L. Matthews. Second edition. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO. By Howard Francis Cline. Revised edition. Harvard Univ. Press. $6. Atheneum. Paperback, $1.95.

THE UNITED STATES IN CUBA, 1898-1902: Generals, Politicians, and the Search for Policy. By David F. Healy. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. $5.

THE WINE IS BITTER: The United States and Latin America. By Milton S. Eisenhower. Doubleday. $4.95.

Literature

THE EXISTENTIALISM OF MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO. By José Huertas-Jourda. Univ. of Florida Press. $2.

RICARDO GUIRALDES AND DON SEGUNDO SOMBRA. By Giovanni Previtali. Hispanic Institute-Las Americas. $5.

THE ROGUES' TRIAL: The Crimes of John Cricket and Other Rogues; Their Trial and the Intercession of Mary, Our Lady of Mercy. A Satire on Human Frailties in the Form of a Miracle Play Based on Ballads and Folk Tales of Northeastern Brazil. By Ariano Suassuna. Translated by Dillwyn F. Ratcliff. Univ. of California Press. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, $1.50.

RUBEN DARIO IN SEARCH OF INSPIRATION. By Dolores Ackel Fiore. Las Americas. $5.

SELECTED POEMS OF OCTAVIO PAZ. Bilingual edition. Translation by Muriel Rukeyser. Indiana Univ. Press. $5.75. (Nov. 25.)

SELECTED POEMS OF PABLO NERUDA. Edited and translated by Ben Belitt. Grove. $2.95.

SPANISH-AMERICAN LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION: A Selection of Poetry, Fiction, and Drama Since 1888. Edited by Willis Knapp Jones. Frederick Ungar. $8.50. (Nov.)

SUN STONE. By Octavio Paz. Translated by Muriel Rukeyser. New Directions. Paperback, $1.

WITH THE EARS OF STRANGERS: The Mexican in American Literature. By Cecil Robinson. Univ. of Arizona Press. $7.50.

Personal History

I WAS CASTRO'S PRISONER. By John Martino with Nathaniel Weyl. Devin-Adair. $4.75.

JOSE BATLLE Y ORDONEZ OF URUGUAY: The Creator of His Times, 1902-1907. By Milton Isadore Vanger. Harvard Univ. Press. $7.50.

JOSE DEL VALLE OF CENTRAL AMERICA. By Louis E. Baumgartner. Duke Univ. Press. $8.75.

THE KING DANCED IN THE MARKETPLACE: A Biography of Montezuma I. By Francis Gillmor. Univ. of Arizona Press. $6.50. (Dec. 30.)

MY WAR WITH COMMUNISM. By Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes. Prentice-Hall. $5.

"VIVA JUAREZ!" The Founder of Modern Mexico: A Biography. By Charles Allen Smart. Lippincott. $7.95.

Travel

FRANK'S FEELING AT HOME IN BRAZIL. By the Staff of Charles Frank Publications. Paperback, $1.75. (Dec. 15.)

FRANK'S FEELING AT HOME IN LATIN AMERICA. By the Staff of Charles Frank Publications. Paperback, $1.95. (Dec. 15.)

FRANK'S MODERN TRAVEL GUIDE TO BRAZIL. By Charles Frank Monteiro. Charles Frank Publications. $3.95. (Dec. 28.)

IMPRESSIONS OF LATIN AMERICA: Adventures and Observations of English and North American Travelers Through Five Centuries. Edited by Frank MacShane. Morrow. $5.95.

THE SUDDEN VIEW: A Traveller's Tale from Mexico. By Sybille Bedford. Atheneum. Paperback, $1.45.

TWO WEEKS WITH PAY, No. 1: Puerto Rico, Trinidad, Lesser Antilles, Voodoo in Bahía. By Lucrecia López. Charles Frank Publications. Paperback, $1.95.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

Press Telegrapher

Continued from page 55

some matters concerning the mandated Pacific islands that the Allies had acquired from the defeated German Empire after World War I. I had been copying details pertaining to the distribution of the South Pacific groups of islands, the tiny dots on the vast ocean west of the Hawaiian Islands. The story was dull. My mind was on other things as I mechanically put down the story on book after book of flimsy. I was proud of my proficiency and knowledge of Phillips Code, and I felt like an old pro. The story ended. I was in the midst of copying a feature story when the telegraph editor of the *News* came into our noisy cubicle and asked, "What in the hell is this?" He pointed to a line in the Washington story, to another. In all, there were exactly three references to "the Island of Yesterday Afternoon." There it was, right alongside beautiful Hawaii, somnolent Guam, romantic Tahiti, sun-drenched Papeete, and Polynesian Samoa. I looked at the flimsy sheet, and read it again: the Island of Yesterday Afternoon. I recognized it as my own copy. Had I been dreaming?

Then I realized what had happened. I had typed "the Island of Yesterday Afternoon" just as I had received it on the sounder. It was correct—except for a slight and terrible loss of memory. What I had put down as the island of yesterday afternoon should really have been transcribed as "the Island of Yap." Phillips Code for "yesterday afternoon" was YAP, just as YAM was "yesterday morning." And in my eagerness to show off my proficiency and knowledge of the code, I had mistaken a perfectly normal name like Yap for a certain time of day. The sender had prefixed the name of the island with the Morse symbol for *stet*, which meant the next word was to be written exactly as sent. He had taken it for granted that the receiving operators were intelligent and wide-awake citizens and would know where the Island of Yap was.

I sheepishly corrected the copy and soon afterward received some unwanted and derisive notoriety from my peers, who spread my fame throughout the length and breadth of the entire leased wire of the Associated Press.

Upon reflection and after many years, though, I find myself thinking that the Island of Yesterday Afternoon may really have been just as appropriate. After all, that's when all these adventures happened—on a yesterday afternoon way, way back in my youth.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bossa Nova

Continued from page 79

jockeys, song pluggers, blue suede shoe salesmen, bossa nova popsicle designers, a forest of microphones, lighting designed for a Black Muslim rally, the avant-garde in the front pews waiting to show how "in" they were by recognizing the tune of the one-note samba. Gilberto's tunes, the tunes he had made his very own in his unique recordings, they had each been done eleven times before he ever hit the stage. Most of the audience had left to go to Small's before the great Gilberto ever got on stage.

I couldn't stand it. I had to leave, too. My brother and I went home, played the old Gilberto record. We wept and then we did the samba all the way to the bathroom.

Bossa nova is better off dead. But samba antigua will rise again. And one day soon, Joao Gilberto, Jobim—these great originals—will move in at the Waldorf, the Americana, the Persian Room, in the same great league with Piaf, Elsie Huston, Henri Salvador, Yves Montand, Billie Holiday, Ray Charles, Lena Horne. The once-in-a-lifetime originals.

As for Macumba-samba, in the hills of Brazil, when an old man dies, according to legend, a bunch of young people play and sing the samba and dance around the deathbed. If the man doesn't get up and join them, he's certified dead and he's buried.

Even in cosmopolitan cities in South America, amid all the trappings of "civilization" you can always get a whiff of samba from the hills.

The brilliant Chilean playwright Luis Heiremans told me about having lunch once on this chic hotel terrace in Rio with a divinely fat Brazilian lady who had just come into a lot of money. Between courses she would rattle the spoon in her glass in perfect rhythm and sing a snatch of a favorite samba. While waiting between courses, she would get up, close her eyes, sing to herself, and dance a lithe and subtle samba around the table. As natural as breathing.

Can't you just see it? And the chain smoking tourists with their transistor radios, their tranquilizers, their laxatives, and those electric relaxers and massage machines in their luggage—they probably thought *she* was a character.

Studies in Success

Continued from page 58

and in fact had an audience with Mussolini ("We had a beautiful talk," he wrote his wife afterward. "[Mussolini] is full of force & charm & kindliness. It made my heart beat hard for a long time after I left him"); and that when he died he had long since grown accustomed to seeing himself referred to as "the late S. S. McClure."

What does count is that he was one of the best editors of his or any other day, and genius enough not to care who knew it. ("The editor-in-chief business I know down to the ground," he once wrote Mark Twain). As critical an editor as he was, however, it is difficult to imagine that he would not have summoned a great smile of approval for Peter Lyon's *Success Story*.

TRADE SECRETS: This month brings evidence that the Horatio Alger syndrome is far from dead. As Exhibit A, consider David Ogilvy's *Confessions of an Advertising Man* (Atheneum, $4.95), a wittily urbane collection of aphorism, anecdote, and advice by a man who in just fifteen years on Madison Avenue has earned a reputation as the Babe Ruth and boy wonder of the business. When he founded Ogilvy, Benson and Mather in 1948, he made a list of the five clients he wanted most: General Foods, Bristol-Myers, Campbell Soup, Lever Brothers, and Shell. Today he has all of them, as well as such other top-drawer accounts as Schweppes, Maxwell House, and Sears, Roebuck. His book tells how he did it, or at least as much of it as he thought safe to reveal.

Part of the secret lies, no doubt, in the heady vividness of Ogilvy's insights ("Many of the greatest creations of man have been inspired by the desire to make money"), but there's no ignoring his agency's ability to dream up memorable campaigns (*e.g.*, "At 60 miles an hour the loudest noise in this new Rolls-Royce comes from the electric clock").

Confessions of an Advertising Man will unquestionably be controversial reading among Ogilvy's fellow advertising men, but few of them will dare ignore his long, lively lists of rules for a good campaign. And, for the fledgling adman, there's even a chapter called "How to Rise to the Top of the Tree," which offers this *sine qua non* of advertising, or any other business: "You must be ambitious, but you must not be so nakedly aggressive that your fellow workers rise up and destroy you." Now that's the kind of advice even a non-adman can understand.

—James F. Fixx.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 60¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 52¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 54¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 56¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 58¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th Street, NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Avenue (at 79th Street), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

PROFESSIONALLY TYPED MANUSCRIPTS, tapes, letters, theses. Grammatical structure. Call 731-9723, Chicago, Illinois. Shirley Lome.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED ELECTROMATICALLY. Communications Typing Center, 342 Madison, NYC, Room 947, TN 7-7960.

MEMO TO WRITERS: Helpful, honest advice, from authors and editors plus market lists showing where to sell manuscripts, monthly in THE WRITER magazine, $5 yearly. Send $1 for 3-month trial subscription. THE WRITER, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts.

BOOKS

THE PAPERBACK SELLER—"If it's bound in paper —we're bound to have it." 148 Front Street, Hempstead, N.Y. We pay postage.

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN books. The Mail Order Library, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 5435 Upland Way, Philadelphia 31, Pa.

BOOKS FROM BRITAIN — any publications — at U.K. prices at standard conversion rate. Pay by your own dollar check against invoice to Stobart & Son Ltd, 22 Upper Thames Street, London, E. C. 4.

BOOKHUNTERS! Send Wants! Atlantic Book Service, 10K Cedar, Charlestown 29, Massachusetts.

FREE PAPERBACK CATALOGUE. New York Book Co., Mail Specialists, 4 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Matawan 2, New Jersey.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's French bookshop, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 70¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE — Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

GOOD BOOKS, Scholarly, Fine and Scarce, from stock. Kendall Gaisser, 1242 Broadway, Toledo 9, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT? Hard to find? We specialize in locating the difficult. Fast, reasonable. Ardsley Books, Box 4308, Sunnyside 4, N. Y.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Prices surprisingly low! INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

INEXPENSIVE AND EASY to obtain out-of-print books through book-collectors' magazine. One year subscription $2.00. Satisfaction Guaranteed! The Booklover's Answer, Webster 31, New York.

CAN'T GET IT, WE'LL FIND IT and fast. Special collections built your needs. Beacon Hill Booksellers, 84 Charles Street, Boston 14, Massachusetts.

BAER'S BOOK SEARCH, 2856 Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee, 38127. Book finders.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Michigan.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS FOUND. Extensive contacts — wide experience—quick action. Old Colony Bookfinders, 129 St. Botolph Street, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

BIBLIOPHILES: Extensive Research, no obligation. Free Search Service. Try me first! John Friend, Bookfinder, Box 2570-S, Long Beach 1, California.

TRANSATLANTIC BOOKSEARCHERS. Wants actively sought in England and America. Matawan, New Jersey.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

LOCATE BOOKS! Aardvarks Booksearchers, Box 668, San Diego 12, California.

FREE SEARCH SERVICE. Any book located. Thousands successfully found. Paul Revere Bookshop, 4 Brattle Street, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.

ART

JAPANESE PRINTS. Full scale, museum-authenticated reproductions of Sharaku, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. From hand-carved woodblocks using exactly same materials as originals. Illustrated pamphlet with 268 different subjects. $1.00 airmail. Adachi Institute, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan.

INDIAN MASK PRINTS—British Columbian. Free illustrated offer. Peter Dirlam, Southbridge, Massachusetts.

ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPHS and etchings; old, modern. Whistler, Chagall, Renoir, Rouault, etc. Moderately priced. Write for illustrated lists. Kirschner, 90-59 56th Avenue, Elmhurst 73, N. Y.

FREE ANTIQUITY CATALOGUE—Annotated Illustrations. Ancient Scarabs, Lamps, Figurines, Roman Glass, Coins, Weapons, Textiles and more! PLUS, Ancient Egyptian Jewelry colorfully displayed. Write: Dept. SRA-1, ALADDIN HOUSE, LTD., 520 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 10036.

RECORD MART

MUSIC FROM GERMANY on imported records by Telefunken, Polydor and others. Ask for catalogue. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, New York 28, REgent 4-2500.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, POLISH periodicals, newspapers. European Publishers Representatives, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

KEEP UP with life in Europe. Subscribe to German, Swiss, Austrian magazines. Catalogue on request. German News Company, 200 East 86th Street, New York 28, BUtterfield 8-5500.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS — Stock of 1,200,000 back issues. "BACK NUMBER" Wilkins, Danvers, Mass.

COLOR SLIDES

SENT ON APPROVAL! Complete your collection with the scenes you missed. Select from thousands of colorful 35 mm slides from 88 countries—all as beautiful as your best originals. You name it, we have it—restricted interiors—Holy Land narrations with new slides—Oberammergau 1960—Tahiti—exciting peoples of the Far East! Send 25¢ for the big 88-page, 8th edition Wolfe Catalogue of Hi-Fi slides in true, living color. For more than 10 years Wolfe slides have been sent on approval—they have to be good! Wolfe Worldwide Films, Dept. 7103-A, Los Angeles, 90025.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free Catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut.

GUITAR KIT $17.50 (F.O.B. NYC). Fine spruce and maple wood. All materials and detailed assembling instructions supplied. DO IT YOURSELF and save (Assembled Value $95). Also available to the trade. Hargail, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

DE BLAISE HARPSICHORDS: For Quality Craftsmanship, 453 West 21st, NYC 11.

FOLK GUITARS, BANJOS—Free brochure. Main Music, 4139 Main, Skokie, Illinois, 60077.

FOR THE GOURMET

INELUCTABLY ESCULENT! Look's "Atlantic" Maine seafoods. Norton Delicacies, New Milford, Connecticut.

ENJOY EXQUISITE DELICACIES from Europe. Ask for free Gourmet catalogue. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, New York 28, REgent 4-2500.

OPEN HEARTH COOKING? Herb Magic—miracle seasoning! Free brochure. Shaker Maid Herbs, Box 2145-SR, Terre Haute, Indiana, 47802.

HOBBIES

307 WORLDWIDE Different 25¢. Sensational approvals. Niagara Stamps, St. Catharine's 214, Ontario.

FREE—50 Different stamps, with approvals. Alfred Fahsing, Atascadero, California.

PERSONALS

FINNISH, DANISH, other hard-to-find cottons; Siamese silk. Irish handwoven tweeds and handknit sweaters; blankets such as you never dreamed of. Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont, 05346. Circular.

WORLD FAMOUS CLASSICAL GUITARS AND LUTES: Fine collection of the leading masters of Spain and Western Germany shipped on approval. Most reasonably priced. Write for particulars. Locker's—Importers, 21 South 18th Street, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania.

CALIFORNIA JOBS! Tell us field you want; we'll mail listings postpaid. Send $2 to California Employment Directory, 582 Market, San Francisco 4.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

(Continued on page 128)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 127)

FRENCH BY cultured Parisienne (Sorbonne). Expert training. Manhattan. TEmpleton 8-3988.

SHOWCASE THEATRE—Playwriting, Acting. Class and private. Showcases. 425 West 57th Street, NYC 19, COlumbus 5-0538, LExington 2-1100.

MATCH WITS WITH EXPERTS: Charades, Rebuses, Cryptograms, other word puzzle types. "Enigma," monthly; 6 issues $2. National Puzzlers' League, 292 Davis Street, Greenfield, Massachusetts, 01301.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free homestudy course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST FATHERS INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 18 East 76 St., NYC 21.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77th Street, NYC 21. REgent 4-3902. Established 1887.

NO TIME FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING? Find unusual, carefully selected gifts for all ages in our catalogue. House of Today, Box 354, Palo Alto, California.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Employers provide transportation and liberal vacations. Comprehensive new booklet, "Guide to Employment Abroad," covers all possibilities in sixty countries, all occupations. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Special reports on summer jobs, Government careers overseas, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial positions, English-language newspapers overseas, social work. Send $1.00. Airmail 30¢ extra. Money-back guarantee. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 22, ELdorado 5-3464-5-6.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS Import. Dolmetsch. Purcell, $5, $7.95 up! Student Special, Corelli, $3.95; Recorder Music. Methods. Guitar Music. Free Catalogue, 10-3-B, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

HAVE YOU OUTGROWN ORTHODOXY? American Humanist Association welcomes you! Nonpolitical, nonsupernatural. Local chapters, publications. Three month trial membership $1; year, $5. American Humanist Association, Dept. SR5, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U.S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952. RUSH $1.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $7.00. Manual, "How to Write a Resume," $1.00 or FREE, with yearly. Advancement Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, N. Y.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, all colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 NYC.

HARPSICHORD — Same as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA VICTOR. In kit form for home workshop assembly, $150. Clavichord kit, $100. Free brochure. Write Zuckermann Harpsichords, Dept. S, 115 Christopher Street, NYC 14.

STOPPERS — Glass Stoppers for Decanters. We can replace missing or repair broken stoppers, also china and glass covers. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 16.

"POEMS OF PESSIMISM," "The New Materialism," "Poems of People," "Poems of Pain," "Threnody," 25¢ each, $1 complete. Ed Stillman, Box 705, Hallandale, Florida.

MONEY, FUN AND FAME for appearing on TV. Need unusual contestants for quiz show. Are your marriage, job, opinions unique? Call Mrs. Garrett, YUkon 6-3535 NYC between 10 and 6 weekdays.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N. Y.

YOU CAN FIND OUT! Confidential information developed, any matter, person, problem anywhere. Officially licensed. Established 1922. Equitable Service Bureau, 135 Broadway, New York 6.

PERSONALS

PUTNEY SCHOOL HARVEST FESTIVAL, October 12th. WELLESLEY SHOPPERS SHOWCASE in Burlington, Vermont, October 15th and 16th. At these you can see some of the wares of Carol Brown ,Putney, Vermont, 05346.

FRENCH LESSONS by qualified French lady. TYrone 3-5581, MElrose 5-2706, NYC.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN, at a fraction of their American retail prices. $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money-back guarantee. Write for illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

DON'T PLAY SCRABBLE without our compact plastic clip-on Turner. Avoids scrambles; turns smoothly to each player. Ideal gift. $2 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Specialty Sales, 4002 6th Avenue, Brooklyn 32, N. Y.

FOOT COMFORT, newest free catalogue. 50 styles double deerskin moccasins, casuals, other slippers, shoes, boots. Cottage Crafts Shop, Rutland, Vermont.

SKILLED YOUNG BUSINESSWOMAN — seeks unusual, interesting position. Resume. NYC. Box E-131.

GRADUATE STUDENT UCLA needs part-time employment suited to liberally educated man. Box 1820, Beverly Hills, California.

DOCUMENTS usefully organized. Librarian will classify, index, bibliograph, dispose records. Write nontechnical abstracts for information retrieval. NYC. $6 hourly. Box E-428.

PRODUCER-INVESTOR seeks play for NY presentation. Forward all scripts to Box E-449.

WASHINGTON REPRESENTATIVE, woman, 45, personable, good connections. Experienced newspaper bureau, public relations. Box E-421.

NEW INDIVIDUALISM—a philosophy for our times. Scholarly, inspired, revolutionary. Free literature. P. O. Box 3052, Seattle, Washington.

WOMAN, 22, M.A. Math, equally interested Literature, desires interesting position. Box 127, Canadensis, Pennsylvania.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN seeks secretarial, Man-Friday position. Gracious living, travel. Box E-445.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS! Conversation—accent specialist—minimum grammar. Private—small groups. BUtterfield 8-0881 NYC.

WANT INSTANT PUBLICITY? For yourself? Your product? Business? Brainchild? Instant Publicity gets you free advertising, added sales, public recognition! We show you how. Send only $2. Box 614, Miami, Forida, 33137.

FOR SALE: Haines Bros. Ampico electric reproducing grand piano, dark mahogany, excellent condition. 1,000 Ampico rolls, purchased new around 1920 by our family. Morris Edwards, 1334 Broad Street, New Castle, Indiana.

RETIRED INDUSTRIAL LIBRARIAN wishes comparable employment. Resume furnished on request. Box E-431.

THOROUGH ACADEMIC and professional experience music, theatre, art, broadcasting. 6 languages (Government qualified in 3), military experience combat to staff. Seeks interesting position in arts or foreign. Box E-448.

OIL PORTRAITS, imported custom painting from photographs. $16.95 up, Jubilee, 1207 Sunset, St. Louis 17, Missouri.

SECRETARY-HOUSEKEEPER to couple or woman alone. Speedy typing from Dictaphone, tape or manuscript. Light cooking. Mature woman. Good salary essential. Box E-433.

MALE TEACHER preparing thesis M. Ed. (English) desires secondary or college position. Box E-438.

STAGE PLAYS SOUGHT by off-Broadway producers. Bold, provocative, epic style drama preferred. Jack Randall, Openstage Productions, 342 West 71st Street, NYC.

EXPERIENCED SECRETARY available—all phases office work, part time, mornings or afternoons. NYC. Box E-453.

PERSONALS

NEW IDEA IN BRIDGE TALLIES! Eight amusing bridge-banter predicaments. $1. Free score pad. Hermitage House, Box 9104, Richmond, Virginia.

NEWEST GIFT TIE is genuine suede leather imported from Spain. Two inch width with 3/8 inch fringed ends. Great with tweeds. Natural tan, bottle green, black and navy. $4.00 each, postage paid. Hermanos Imports, 939 Coolidge Road, Elizabeth 4, N. J., 07208.

HAVE FRIENDS in the oil business? 30-Grand Mud Co. pays 10% sales commission for mud assignments in West Texas. 2007 Western, Midland, Texas.

IMAGINATIVE BARNARD A.B.—Writer, editor, reviewer—needs job NYC. Box E-455.

BASIC AND CONVERSATIONAL French private lessons by native French lady. NYC. Box E-457.

NURSE (Licensed Practical) secretary available to live-in. Expert driver, free to travel. Age. 42. Boston-New York interviews. Excellent references. Box E-458.

FROM 5 TO 15 readily learn (by absorption) this lifelong everyday necessity—multiplication tables. Designed to attract and hold child's attention,"Smart Chart" is ever-ready, silent, everlasting. Approximately 17" x 30". Teachers enthusiastically approve. Only $1.25 plus 25¢ postage and handling. NoAMbish Ventures, Dept. M, 106 Rancho Road, Carmel Valley, California.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

IS THERE A YOUNG WOMAN who understands that science has become one of the great driving and shaping forces of human society, and that society for its own preservation must learn to control this force and use it constructively? Who would welcome an opportunity to contribute actively to solution of the problem? Who would type and take shorthand notes accurately yet possess enough imagination to assist the Science Editor of Saturday Review in the more creative aspects of his work? If so, will she please write to Box E-468, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y., 10036.

INDEPENDENT EDUCATIONAL research library in Southern California college community needs a librarian. Established library; new building under construction. Box E-263.

CAMP REPRESENTATIVE-REGISTRAR. Nationally recognized specialty Connecticut coed camp. Resume. Box E-425.

LONG ESTABLISHED Writers' Conference seeks a director 3 July days. Silver Lake Lincoln Foundation, Oak Haven, Route 3, Fairmont, Minnesota.

POSITION OPEN for qualified head librarian, Public Library, Prescott, Arizona. Mile high climate famed for relief of respiratory ailments in children. Salary $5,400. Box E-435.

WRITER: To assist in an important classic play. Salary + Bonus. State experience. Box E-427.

GIFTED CHILD'S PROJECT, Carnegie supported, seeks qualified educator as national director for growing chain summer day camps and year round follow-up programs. Also needed: director and additional staff for residence camp in Massachusetts. Write: 48 West 48th Street, Suite 507, New York 36.

"WORK SMARTLY." Each year, more than 70,000 women of all ages are assigned interesting, well-paid temporary work by Kelly Girl Service, Inc., a temporary service which accomplishes office and marketing support work for 60,000 business firms throughout the country. Now William Russell Kelly and Richard H. Kelly, who pioneered in this booming industry, have drawn on their wealth of experience to write a practical, comprehensive handbook for the girl or woman who wants to know how to prepare for, how to find and how to get the right kind of job for her individual situation. It's called "Work Smartly" and is available at all bookstores for $3.50.

SCIENCE WRITER, CORNELL UNIVERSITY. Career opportunity for the man with demonstrated achievement as a writer of scientific or technical material. He will work with faculty and research personnel organizing news stories and articles. He must be a creative and imaginative thinker with the ability to work well with University staff members and to effectively transmit their ideas. B.S. degree required and at least five years experience in the field of science writing. Salary flexible with opportunity for advancement. Free tuition for children, liberal vacation and fringe benefit program and an attractive university community make this an unusually interesting opportunity. Direct resume of background and training to: Miss Florence Butts, 110 Day Hall, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERMONT COUNTRY PLACES in Arlington, Shaftsbury, Sandgate area. Herbert Douglas, Arlington, Realtor, 375-2215.

IF YOU DESIRE a fine home that is well-built, with large rooms and center hall—perfect for formal or informal living, with a beautiful garden, then please call CHelsea 2-0179 NYC. Suitable for two families. Convenient NYC.

SOUTHERN VERMONT—Houses, acreage for skiing or retirement. Harold W. Ross, Bondville, Real Estate. 802-824-5457.

SOUTH ROCKLAND COUNTY—Large dwelling set in 5.3 heavily wooded acres. Magnificent Hudson view. $48,000. Write Box C, Sparkill, N. Y.

CAPE COD—waterfront estate reduced. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, garage, servants' quarters. Thirteen acres. $55,000. Box 354, Barnstable, Massachusetts.

SKIERS—GOLFERS. Manchester, Vermont. Modern new 4 bedroom, 2 baths. 10 acres, big view. Low 30's. 203-TO 9-7892.

CONNECTICUT — 1790 restored 10 room Colonial house, quiet retreat, Litchfield County. Writer-artist studios, barn, rock garden. Acreage. Owner. Box E-430.

WINTERIZED COTTAGE, heart of ski area, $3,500. Scida, Rochester, Vermont.

A WONDERFUL VIEW and rural setting for charming 6 room ranch. Cathedral ceiling, fireplace in living room. 1½ baths, large patio, double garage. $24,500. The Kramer Agency, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

NORTHERN WESTCHESTER—Ranch-type, 2 bedrooms, fireplaces, all electric. Four corner acres, woods, lake privileges. 53 miles to NYC, Ridgefield 3 miles. $26,500. Dyas, Realtor. 914-SO 3-3000.

For Sale—Furnished

SACRIFICE OFFERING of lovely, exquisitely furnished all year round home with income apartment on Magic Long Beach Island, New Jersey. Ideal for retirement. ALSO—some wonderful values in vacation cottages—all year round cottages and vacation rental units. Prices from $8,700. Barber Realty, 905 N. Bay Avenue, Beach Haven, N. J.

For Rent—Furnished

SMALL, MODERN HOMES, completely furnished for comfortable living in Arizona's mild winter, at CAVE CREEK RANCH, 62 miles northwest of Douglas, Arizona. Secluded in foothills of Chiricahua Mountains; specially attractive for birders, photographers, nature lovers. Open all year. Write CAVE CREEK RANCH, Portal, Arizona.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS—Beautiful house in primitive setting available now. 20 acres. Box E-441.

BELLEAYRE, N. Y. SKI SEASON — 4 room, gas heat, fireplace, 2 bedrooms, sleeps five. Also 2 room bungalow, electric kitchen, gas heat, shower, sleeps four (also summer season). Allen's Esso, Pine Hill 2671.

CARIBBEAN ISLAND HOME, completely private, available for short-time rental on unspoiled British Virgin Island. Fully equipped. 6 beds, 2 baths. Box E-447.

TROPICAL FLORIDA KEYS, 70 miles south of Miami. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, patio, carport, Air-conditioned. Seasonal rental November 1st to April 30th. John McKenzie, Tavern Stores, Tavernier, Florida.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

VACATION LOAN A HOME SERVICE. Exchanges arranged between reputable people. Box 556, Carmichael, California.

CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children. Inquire, visit, reserve now. Appel Farm, Elmer 1, New Jersey.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

SMALL HIGHLAND LAKE in Vermont. Private beach, adjoining building locations, open or wooded, large or small. Can build to suit buyer. ½ mile to quiet village. John H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

"UNIQUE!" 15 1-acre plots in Wilderness Community of Friends and like-minded people back of two hundred foot strip of common land along shore of unspoiled lake. Several cottages also. Write Kenneth B. Webb, Plymouth Union, Vermont.

VERMONT, WOODSTOCK AREA. FOR SALE: Two outstanding country properties, both old houses restored, acreage, view; one $35,000, one $65,000; unusual brick residence village edge, 15 acres, privacy, view. Offers wanted, immediate sale.

RENT, SKIING SEASON, delightful country house, 8 rooms, 4 baths, 2 fireplaces, equipped, furnished, $1,500. Further details, brochure on Vermont and N. H. country and village properties, write, phone: ROGER T. MAHER, Realtor, 1 the Green, Woodstock, Vermont. Tel. 457-2708.

RETIREMENT LIVING

WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping with good transportation. Meals, services and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: J. J. Boomgard, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom. friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

RETIREMENT HOTEL with the finest to offer in year-round living, low rates. The Manor Retirement Hotel, Asheville, North Carolina.

RETIREMENT LIVING. No cash investment. Couples, single persons. Church-sponsored, nondenominational. Beautiful surroundings, all new. Pay expenses like monthly rent. Write: First Community Village, 1800 Riverside Drive, Columbus, Ohio.

VACATIONS

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Excellent food. beautiful country. Rooms and cottages.

RIMROCK COUNTRY high in Poconos, scenery and solitude, cottages. Stroudsburg 5, Pennsylvania.

COME EARLY TO TUCSON before heavily booked season begins. Near the University. Charming rooms and patios; excellent food. American Plan. $11 to $15 a day. CHRISTOPHER SQUARE INN, 1035 East Mabel Street, Tucson, Arizona.

STOWE, VERMONT—Private ski lodge on 160-acre preserve facing valley and Mt. Mansfield, one mile from village. 4 suites, 2 dining rooms, 2 living rooms, library, children's playroom. Would reserve for group January, February, March or monthly. Fully staffed; cook, handyman, housekeeper provided. Four Winds, Stowe, Vermont. For information, telephone BRyant 9-0987/2524 NYC.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford. 635 Sutter Street.

BARGAINS: Great Smokies-Blue Ridge. Selected list rural inns, rates, map packet $1 postpaid. Southern Highland Vacations, P.O. Box 5256, Asheville, North Carolina.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada. Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

TIKI—YOUR TROPIC ISLAND HOME on lush Sanibel Island, Florida. Rent new, furnished cottage. Private Gulf Beach. Ideal swimming, fishing, shelling. Utilities, linens included. Week, Month, Season. Brochure. MAyfair 1-3252, L. I., SR Box A-90.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, A.P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Blazing foliage! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

TUCSON, ARIZONA. WILMOT INN. Desert pleasures with maximum creature comforts in patio rooms and apartments. Swimming, transportation to University events. Varied menu, European Plan. Exciting plays weekly in the Inn's Dinner Theatre. 330 South Wilmot.

VACATIONS

GOOD HOPE in Jamaica. A paradise for Winter riding. 60 saddle horses. 20 marked trails. Ancient manor house, richly furnished. Swimming, lawn sports, calypso singing. 2,000 acre ranch. 3 hours from New York, 2 from Miami. Write for information. Good Hope, Falmouth, Jamaica, W. I.

FARMS AND HOTELS for adults and families, near New York. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

ISLAND ADVENTURE at a gracious new inn. Bid good-bye to the cold and your big city's din. Subtropical climate, golf, birds and horse trails, tennis, hunting and boating, and fish by the pails. Swim in the pool or our safe, mild surf, beach-comb and cycle on slate-smooth sand 'stead of turf. We've forts and old graveyards and ruins and stuff; over 400 years for the history buff. Gourmet dining and all are in our new rate, so write for details and then set the date. THE ADVENTURE INN, Box S, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina.

TRAVEL

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place. NYC. Kitchenettes available. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. Consider The Duffys', a tropical guest house by the sea. Excellent beach, sympathique bar, casual island atmosphere. Box 2232, Loiza Station.

PLANNING A VISIT to New York . . . on a budget? Then Beekman Tower Hotel is for you—because it offers everything you'll want and more! In the heart of midtown Manhattan's East Side—bright and cheerful guest rooms and suites overlooking the East River and near everything of interest. Two excellent but moderate priced restaurants plus famous Top O' The Tower Cocktail Lounge with its spectacular views of the city's fascinating skyline. Best of all are the attractive rates—especially for groups and families. Inclusive 2 or 3 day weekend package combinations. And if you are driving to New York write for helpful city driving map. Color folder on request. Dept. SR-5, Beekman Tower Hotel, 49th Street, at First Avenue, New York 17. Tel. 212-EI 5-7300.

EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath: free swimming pool: family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

FREIGHTER TRAVEL GUIDEBOOK . . . Complete information on hundreds of lower cost trips from U.S. and Canada to all ports of the world. New, Winter 1963-64, 22nd edition is fully illustrated and contains 112 pages of descriptive information relating to the vessels, cost, departures, accommodations, length of voyage, ports of call, etc. Used as the "OFFICIAL GUIDEBOOK" by leading Travel Agents. Price $2.75 postpaid, subscription $5.00, two semi-annual issues (No C.O.D.s). Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook, Dept. 18, Box 505, Woodland Hills, California.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers quiet and privacy in the midst of town. Spacious air-conditioned accommodations with private bath, television and pantry. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan and monthly rates available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

TEACHERS—SUMMER 1964. Free travel to everywhere as tour leaders, with or without following. Call or write for weekend or evening appointment. Mrs. Ceroni, SITA World Travel, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, 212-265-7070.

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL, 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Single studio rooms, private bath, weekly $26 up, singles daily $7 up, doubles $11 up. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL—Longing for Tahiti? There's a South Seas Paradise within reach of your vacation schedule—and checkbook! Beachcomb tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboard magnificent 150-foot schooner, "TROPIC ROVER." Informal 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne, Dept. 10F, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, all with private bath. Singles from $6, doubles from $10. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. Write Mr. Earl R. Powers, Manager, Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street or phone 212-YU 6-8800.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1540

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. How Heine's blanket wrapped the lonely pine tree (4 wds.).

B. Exuding the fragrance of (2 wds.).

C. Word meaning *praise ye Jehovah*, as used esp. in the Anglican Church.

D. Family connections, plus friends (3 wds.).

E. A chiasma; crossing at an acute angle.

F. Famous soprano solo from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*.

G. Followed by Word K, the Duke's amazed question of Mariana *(Measure for Measure;* 3 wds.).

H. What the combo "Daddy" was adjured to "beat me" in recent hot jazz (4 wds.)

I. Having to do with the plastic operation of uniting a cleft palate.

J. Competence.

WORDS

90 11 107 173 38 82 45 156 48 76 23 92

113 131 68 174 108 60 163 159 125

27 142 119 194 175 135 71 1

199 103 14 147 141 5 54 20 179 101

116 4 198 75 134 26 52 146 100 209 24

201 166 168 63 35 193 136 98 77 44 91

145 16 149 105 203 34 129 73 172 25 182

124 138 96 19 152

148 165 202 95 178 139 130 121 58 183 195

87 30

49 95 55 185 41 120 111 144 22 31 3

46 169 72

10 112 205 42 86 12 79 164 64 104 50

43 177

DEFINITIONS

K. See Word G (2 wds.).

L. Said of a tooth which lacks the normal, intensely hard, outer layer.

M. Original word of which Word C is a variation.

N. Takes on more fuel, as in the days of pre-oil-burners.

O. General aim of the poor suicide (3 wds. after *to*).

P. Nickname of Giordano Bruno because of his birthplace.

Q. Chololiths.

R. "Circumambient airs".

S. Plateau of the Pamir region in Asia (4 wds.).

T. One who marries after the death of a first spouse.

WORDS

153 187 170 210 29 190 176

128 80 161 137 184 143 181 89 109 188

61 155 127 207 189 2 114 67 197 122

97 21 32 132 158 7 85

171 83 115 93 51 66 208 17

200 18 191 47 118

6 180 33 81 211 40 151 53 167 69

192 70 28 74 140 88 9 160 39 59

154 206 106 133 126 36 57 15 110 99 13

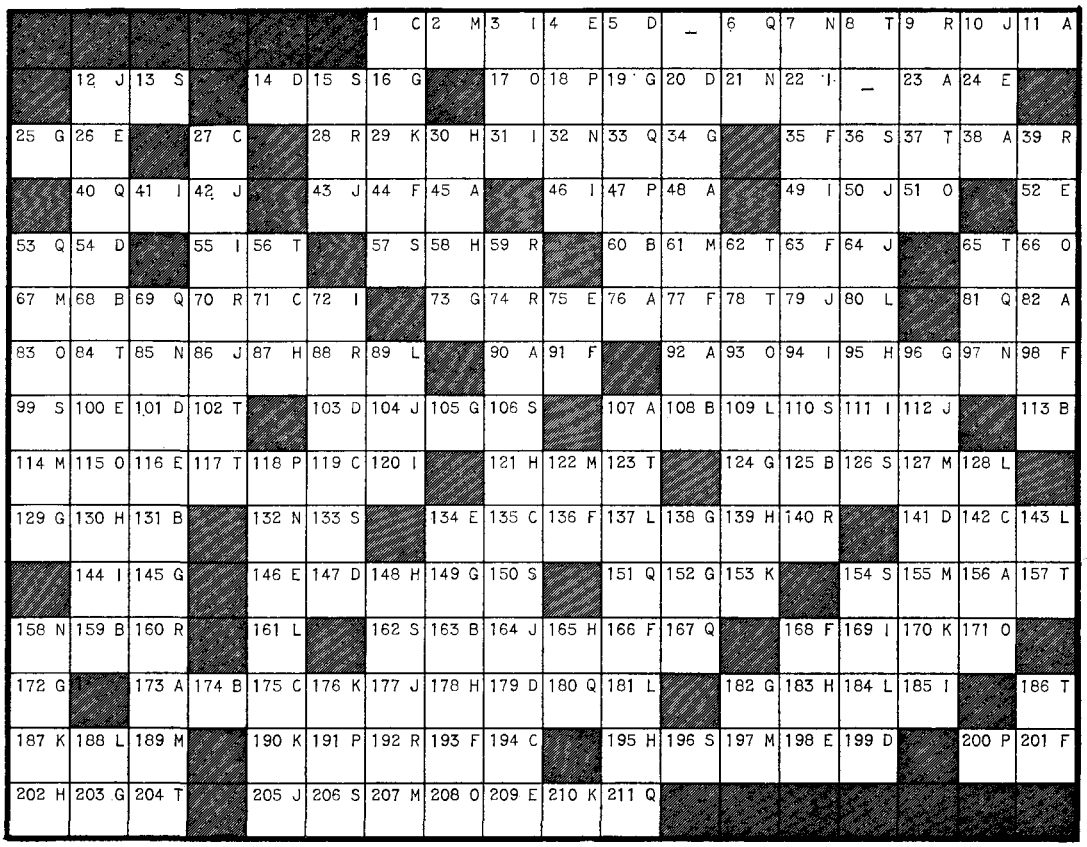
150 196 162

84 117 8 204 123 186 62 102 78 65 157

56 37

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

10 Ct. diamond (magnified 3 times) cut in Amsterdam, is worth $25,000. You can get fine diamonds there for much less, of course.

The Burgemeester of Amsterdam invites you to discover shopping treasures at Dutch prices

AMSTERDAM is the "shopping capital of the world." Burgemeester van Hall, Mayor of Amsterdam, invites you to come find out why.

Set your heart on a diamond—and buy it in Amsterdam, diamond center of the world...one reason why diamonds are less expensive there.

What else would you like to buy? Name it and get it in Holland. Antiques. (You can bring them home duty-free.) Delft blue and white china. Leerdam crystal. Dutch chocolates and liqueurs and cigars and pewter.

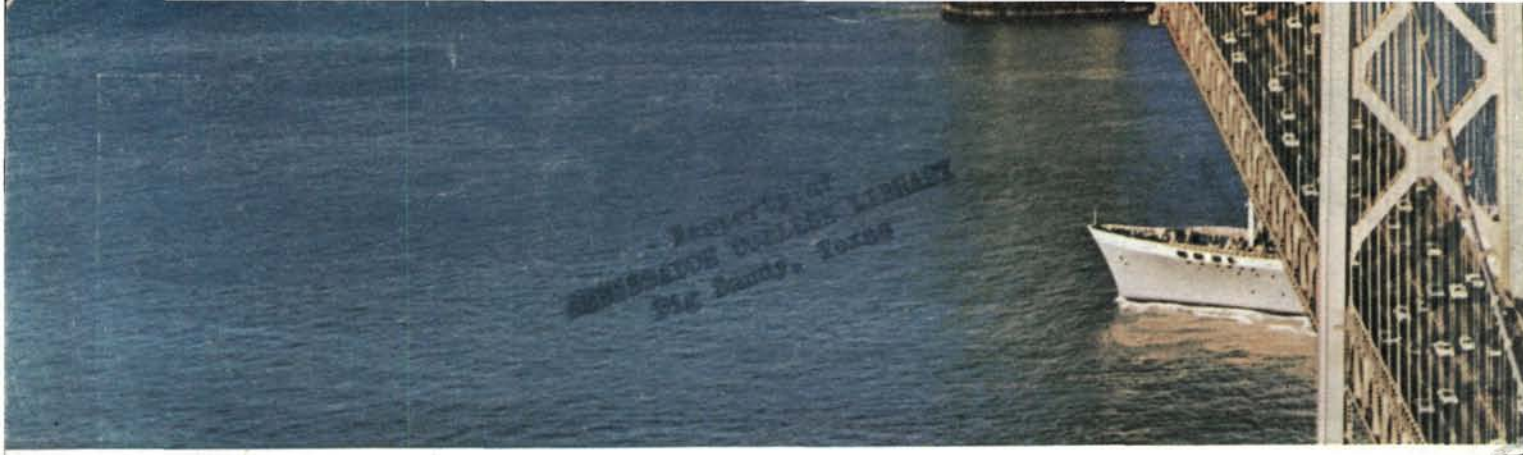
Or buy a tax-free car! Upon arrival at Amsterdam's International Airport choose from a wide variety of European cars. The paper work is all done, the cars serviced and ready to roll, and the savings are tremendous.

Everywhere you turn in Holland you'll find a bargain. Rent a yacht for a week for $200—skipper included. A 200-minute tour through windmill-land costs only $3.50. Filet mignon at a fine restaurant costs about a dollar.

Amsterdam is least expensive of *17* foreign cities for Americans to live in. So visit it soon. The Dutch await you. Especially Burgemeester van Hall, of Amsterdam.

For literature and information, see your travel agent, or write to Netherlands National Tourist Office, 605 5th Ave., New York 17, New York.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



COMING: 25% off

on APL Holiday Season Cruises

to the Orient

Book passage to the Orient between October and January—and you'll earn a special Holiday Season saving of 25%. This reduction applies when you sail aboard the SS PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, WILSON, CLEVELAND or HOOVER to any Orient port. And it brings the cost of a six-week cruise between San Francisco, Honolulu, Yokohama, Hong Kong and Manila to as little as $979, with *stop-over privileges included*. All the luxury features of a great President Liner—including radio, telephone and twenty-four hour room service—are now available at these reduced First Class, round trip fares. See your travel agent or American President Lines.

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • SEATTLE • PORTLAND • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • WASHINGTON, D.C. • HONOLULU

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED